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Virgilius Maro, Publius

THE
ÆNEIS.

—
BOOK VII.

VOL. II.

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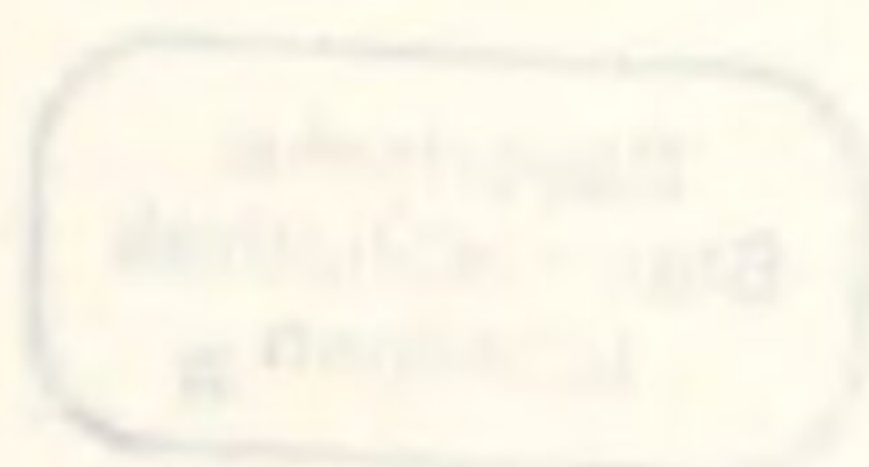
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THE

GENEAL

BOOK VII



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Synopsis.

From Orléans, the river of Alou, who this god is located in the plain, the promontory and the part of Calcut, adjoining to Orizaba and Lathum, derive their name. Sailing from this harbor, and passing the Mouth of Orizaba, Alou reaches the mouth of the Tiber, and, landing, discovers, by the completion of a prophecy, that he has at length attained the destiny prophesied to him by the Fates. The state of Lathum at that period is fully described. Alou settles the river on the coast, and sends ambassadors to Lathum, the aged sovereign of Lathum, to which period a settlement for the Trojans is attributed in the construction of the great, celebrated as was by prodigies and wonders. Lathum accedes to all the requisitions of the Trojan chiefs, and offers to him in marriage Lathum's daughter, and the harbor of the Lathum river. At this juncture, a storm of large and dangerous dimensions, from which the harbor of Lathum is saved, is sent by the agency of the Fates, Alou, the mother, and Tiber, (brother of the Fates) the lover of Lathum, are advised to oppose the will of the Fates, and the boundary of Lathum, which is sent by the Fates of a storm, and is finally killed by Alou, as he was treating, and is forced to make an effort to save the Trojans. In opposition to the requisition of Lathum, who is declared by the people and Tiber, and the people of Lathum, opposed by Alou. The Lathum river is killed, and the river is the lover of these and their other the mother of the Fates, and is finally killed.

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Argument.

From Caieta, the nurse of *Æneas*, who dies and is buried in this place, the promontory and the port of Caieta, adjoining to Campania and Latium, derive their name. Sailing from this harbour, and passing the island of *Circe*, *Æneas* reaches the mouth of the *Tiber*; and, landing, discovers, by the completion of a prophecy, that he has at length attained the country promised to him by the Fates. The state of Latium at that period is briefly described. *Æneas* fortifies his camp on the coast; and sends ambassadors to *Latinus*, the aged sovereign of *Laurentum*, to solicit peace and a settlement for the Trojans. In obedience to the commands of the gods, communicated to him by prodigies and oracles, *Latinus* accedes to all the requisitions of the Trojan chieftain, and offers to him in marriage *Lavinia*, his only daughter, and the heiress of the Latian throne. At this juncture, to disturb the league and disappoint the alliance, *Juno* solicits the assistance of *Alecto*. By the agency of this Fury, *Amata*, the mother, and *Turnus*, (prince of the *Rutuli*,) the lover of *Lavinia*, are excited to oppose the will of the Latian monarch; and the peasantry of Latium, roused to fury by the death of a tame stag unwarily killed by *Ascanius* as he was hunting, are induced to make an attack upon the Trojans. In opposition to the resistance of *Latinus*, war is declared by the people and *Turnus*; and the temple of *Janus* is opened by *Juno*. The Latian forces are collected; and with a catalogue of these and their allies the action of this busy book is concluded.

THE
ÆNEIS.

BOOK VII.

THOU too, whose fostering cares Æneas own'd,
Caieta! hast by death our shores renown'd:
And, where thy relics sleep, immortal Fame
Stands on the ground, and hallows with thy name
In great Hesperia: and in this rejoice;
If the cold urn be touch'd with glory's voice.

5

When, each sepulchral rite devoutly paid,
The pale dear ashes in the tomb were laid;
The pious chief, as tranquil seas prevail,
Releasing from the port, spreads every sail.
Through the still night propitious breezes play;
And the soft moon supplies her guiding ray.
From wave to wave the trembling splendors glance;
And strew the main with spangles as they dance.

10

Now, gently borne upon the wafting tides, 15
Close by Circæan shores the navy glides;
Where the rich daughter of the Sun resides:
Chants to her echoing groves, by man untrod,
The lays harmonious of her parent god;
Or in her palace plies the nightly loom; 20
While cedar lights breathe odors through the room.
Hence, startling night, resounds along the main
The roar of lions struggling with their chain.
Hoarse groans are heard, and howlings of lament,
That boars, and bears, and wolves in anguish vent: 25
Forms which, by spells from man to brute compell'd,
The cruel goddess in her fetters held.
To shun such monstrous fate, nor touch the port,
Haply too near the fair magician's court,
Neptune attends to Troy; and breathes the gales 30
That speed her vessels with distended sails:
Bear their swift flight beyond the foamy shore;
And safely to the unbroken seas restore.
Now blush'd the waves as, rosy on her road,
Aurora in her golden chariot glow'd: 35
When fell the winds, and, every breeze asleep,
The smooth oar struggles with the glassy deep.
And now Æneas sees a spreading wood,
Where, arch'd with foliage, Tiber whirls his flood:
And, rich with spoils from lands his waters lave, 40
Pours into ocean's breast his yellow wave.

Around, above, the natives of his plains,
Birds of rare plumage warble dulcet strains;
And, as the laurel shades reflect their notes,
Sweetly through air the liquid rapture floats. 45
Here with delight Æneas steers to land;
And in the shaded stream his vessels stand.

Now, Erato! attend: and as the lay
Would Latium's ancient state and chiefs display,
When first Troy's alien navies sought her coast; 50
And whence the flame that kindled either host;
Goddess! instruct the bard! of wars he sings;
Of fields, ensanguined by conflicting kings:
Of great Etruria roused to martial rage;
And all Hesperia rushing to engage. 55
A scene more grand unfolds upon my sight:
A mightier labor and a loftier flight.

The sceptre, now in age, Latinus sway'd;
And his mild rule the peace-lull'd realm obey'd.
He, as attested by tradition's tongue, 60
From Faunus and the nymph Marica sprung:
Faunus from Picus; and his blood from thine,
Great Saturn! author of the race divine.
Without male progeny to heir his state,
(His sons were snatch'd, in dawning life, by Fate,) 65
The Latian monarch saw beside his throne
One daughter, guardian of his house, alone.

She now with love, in prime of nuptial years,
Was sought by Latium's and Ausonia's peers.
But Turnus wooed with livelier passion warm; 70
Of regal lineage and illustrious form.

To join him to her blood, and crown his love,
With anxious zeal the royal consort strove:
But all the portents of the gods denied;
And still withheld the terror-guarded bride. 75

Deep in the palace, o'er its centre spread,
An ancient laurel rear'd its hallow'd head:
For years frequented by the people's vows;
Religion hovering o'er the reverend boughs.

This, when he raised his walls, Latinus found, 80
(So fame reports) possessor of the ground:

And, giving it to Phœbus' holy claim,
Hail'd his new city by Laurentum's name.
Now, (wondrous to relate!) a host of bees,
Borne with loud murmurs on the liquid breeze, 85

Besieged the plant; and from a leafy arm,
Knit limb with limb, depended in a swarm.
At once a sage exclaim'd, "From distant lands
A foreign lord shall come, and foreign bands:
From the same quarter seek the same domain; 90
And in our citadel presiding reign."

Beside, as on the altar, by her sire,
The royal virgin kindled holy fire,

Dreadful! the flame sprang fiercely on the fair;
Play'd through the rich redundance of her hair; 95
And round her crown, emblazed with jewels, shone,
Irradiate there with glory all its own.

Then, having wrapp'd her in its yellow arms,
Spread through the dome the god of fire's alarms.
This too is witness'd with religious awe; 100
And hence the seers portentous omen draw.

The fair, they say, renown'd by Fate and Fame,
Shall shine, but kindle war's devouring flame.

Struck with these prodigies, the troubled king
Seeks the dark woods that shade Albunea's spring: 105

There to consult his sire's prophetic shrine;
And learn from Faunus what the gods design:
Where, deep in silvan night, the sacred stream
Still murmuring flows, and breathes mephitic steam.
Hither, in doubt, from all the Hesperian lands 110

The nations throng to know the god's commands.
Here, when the priest, with holy offerings fraught,
The Powers propitiated has duly sought;
And, stretch'd on fleeces of new-slaughter'd sheep,
In the dumb night he lies entranced in sleep; 115

Strange phantoms, fluttering o'er his head, appear:
Unutterable voices meet his ear;
And, all their wonders to his vision given,
He blends at once with Acheron and Heaven.

Here now the monarch-sire, oppress'd with cares, 120
For counsel to the Powers divine, repairs.

A fleecy hecatomb first offer'd dies :

Then on the reeking hides reclined he lies :

When straight a voice re-echoes through the grove :

“ Plight not thy daughter to a Latian love. 125

My offspring thou ! to what I speak give heed !

Let not the expected nuptial rites proceed.

A foreign son-in-law, with foreign powers,

Comes to exalt to heaven his fame with ours :

From whom, with us, shall spring a race, whose sway 130

Shall rule whate'er the sun's broad eyes survey :

Shall bend earth's globe beneath its great controul,

From east to west, from Atlas to the pole.”

What thus his parent-god in night reveal'd ;

Latinus kept not in his breast conceal'd : 135

But gave to Fame ; who through the Ausonian states

Blazon'd abroad the counsel of the Fates ;

Even at the moment when the Trojan band

Bound their tired vessels to the grassy strand..

Here, shaded by a tree from scorching day, 140

Æneas with his son and chieftains lay :

And o'er the turf, beneath their banquet, spread

(So ruling Jove suggested) cakes of bread.

On these, their boards by Ceres' boon prepared,

They heap'd their rustic fruits, and gladly shared. 145

When all were now consumed, not yet content,
With eager hands their wheaten plates they rent;
And durst invade, as hunger had not ceased,
The fateful bread which held their scanty feast:
Whilst young Iulus, pleased with the conceit, 150
Cried, "Lo! our very tables now we eat!"
Nor added more: nor was there more required:
His words flash'd omen of their toils expired;
And, wondering at mysterious Heaven, with joy
The father caught them from the sportive boy, 155
And said; "Hail, land; by Fate's decree my due!
And ye, my household Gods! to Troy still true;
This is your country: here your house of rest:
For thus my sire the secret fates express'd:
"When, on an unknown land, by hunger's power 160
Goaded, my Son! your tables ye devour,
Then hope repose; and on that destined ground
Raise your first walls, and with a trench surround."
This is that hunger, Friends! and here remains
Our place of rest, and here shall end our pains. 165
Let us then, soon as morn restores the day,
O'er all the region speed inquiry's way;
And with glad search, to distance from the shore,
The land, the cities, and the men explore.
This hour indulge in joy, and spill the wine 170
To Jove; and hail Anchises' shade divine."

He said ; and, shading with a wreath his face,
Lowly besought the Genius of the place :
Old Earth, the Nymphs, the Rivers yet unknown ;
And Night, with all the stars that gem her zone. 175
Then he invoked great Jove, the Idæan lord ;
And Phrygia's mother, Cybele, adored :
And, lastly, to his parents paid the vow ;
The queen above, and demi-god below.
And now, thrice pealing from his heaven, aloud 180
Thunder'd the almighty Sire, and shook a cloud ;
Whose skirting fleeces, by his hand unroll'd,
Beam'd with the lustre of celestial gold.
Hence through the Trojan hosts the rumor flies,
That here at length their fated walls should rise. 185
With the glad omen cheer'd, they straight prepare
The genial board, and spread their festal fare :
Grateful and jocund, crown the brimming bowls :
And Bacchus laughs and revels in their souls.
When the next morning with her earliest light 190
Waked earth, reposing in the embrace of night ;
By divers tracks they pierce the land, and trace
The bounds and cities of the stranger race.
This was great Tiber : hence Numicus flow'd :
Of martial Latins this the famed abode. 195
A hundred then, the prime of all his bands,
With olive crown'd, and presents in their hands,

The prince commission'd to the regal seat;
To plead the cause of Troy, and peace entreat.
With zeal the chosen delegates obey; 200
And press with instant speed their destined way.

The chief, meanwhile, his purposed wall designs:
Sinks a deep fosse to guard the mural lines;
And, like a camp, with bastions and with mounds
His first arm'd station on the coast surrounds. 205

And now, the road o'ercome, the Trojan train
Behold the Latin towers surmount the plain.
Before the gates, the warlike youth their horse
Curb on the green, or guide the chariot's course:
Bend the tough bow, or launch the weighty spear: 210
With hands contend, or urge the foot's career.

A horseman now informs the regal sire,
That men of lofty height, in strange attire,
Were come: he straight commands them to his sight;
And mounts his throne in ancient grandeur bright. 215

High in the city, 'midst a holy wood,
Laurentian Picus' stately palace stood.
Around the sumptuous pile, in pomp sublime,
Its strength and grace, a hundred columns climb.
Palace at once and fane, from race to race, 220
Religious awe encircled all the place.
Here first the kings assumed their royal state:
Here, sceptred, first upon the throne they sate:

Here held their sacred feasts; and here, at boards
Stretch'd through the dome, their senate's hoary lords 225
Shared the slain ram: around, their fathers stand
On the carved cedar, a majestic band.

There Italus was seen: and, there, the hook,
That pruned his viny fields, Sabinus shook.

Here ancient Saturn smiles in peaceful state; 230

And double-fronted Janus guards the gate:

And all their kings, who for their country fought,
Seem here inform'd, by sculpture's power, with thought.

Here too, thick clustering on the columns, glow
Arms proudly wrested from the vanquish'd foe: 235

Axes, and plummy helmets, and glittering cars;

Javelins, and shields, and cities' massy bars;

And beaks of ships. High o'er them Picus stands
(The sacred staff and buckler in his hands)

In his short robe succinct; once famed for force, 240

The mighty tamer of the warrior horse:

Whom Circe, mad with amorous despair,

Sent, stricken with her rod, to rove through air,

In a bird's form, the vagrant of the skies;

And fondly strew'd his wing with various dyes. 245

High on his throne, within this costly fane,

The Latian king received the Trojan train.

Then, as they stood before him, first address'd;

And mildly thus his peaceful heart express'd:

“ Say, Trojans ! (for your state and race we know, 250
Nor unregarded through the seas ye plough :)
What seek ye ? speak your wants : what causes bore
Your ships through ocean to the Ausonian shore ?
By chance misled, or by the tempest’s force
(Such as full oft disturbs the seaman’s course) 255
Driven, have you anchor’d on our river’s coasts,
There to refresh awhile your wearied hosts ?
Fear not good Saturn’s hospitable kind ;
Who need not law’s rude fetters on the mind :
But, just by nature, of their own accord 260
Trace the soft footsteps of their ancient lord.
I now remember, too, what men of old
(Though time hangs darkling o’er its fame) have told :
That hence through Thracian Samos (now the place,
With name combined, is known as Samothrace) 265
Great Dardanus to Phrygia o’er the main
Pierced, and in Ida’s cities fix’d his reign :
That from our Tuscan Corythus he came,
Who now, exalted o’er the starry frame,
Lives in the golden palace of the skies ; 270
While flaming altars to his godhead rise.”

Thus he, and thus Iliqneus : “ O King !
Whose blood and state from sacred Faunus spring !
Not driven by storms, that ruffle ocean’s bed,
Or by the stars’ erroneous sight misled, 275

We seek your lands : but hither are we brought
By counsel's act and predetermined thought ;
Expell'd from realms, of late 'most proud in sway
Of all the sun's revolving beams survey.
From Jove our origin : our blood we trace 280
To Jove, great founder of the Dardan race.
'To him related in more close degree,
Our king, Æneas, sends us now to thee.
How fierce a tempest, from Mycenæ hurl'd,
Burst on the Idæan fields and shook the world : 285
How gather'd Europe, rising in her force,
O'er deluged Asia pour'd her whelming course,
Even he hath heard, who lives by seas disjoin'd,
On the world's limit, far from human kind ;
And he who breathes, if man can there be found, 290
Where culminating suns roll fiercely round,
And part earth's climates with a central bound.
Wreck'd by that storm and toss'd on ocean's breast,
We for our Phrygian gods solicit rest :
Some spot untill'd, which we our own may call ; 295
And air and water, Nature's gifts to all.
Nor fear dishonor from our granted claim :
More power will follow, and a growth of fame.
The gracious act will draw renown through time ;
And Troy will teach Ausonia's force to climb. 300

By our king's lofty fates, and arm of might;
His faith in peace, his prevalence in fight
I swear, that many a state, though suppliant now
(Contemn us not) before thy throne we bow,
Has wish'd, embodied with our powers, to blend; 305
And felt by us its fortunes would ascend.

But Heaven's own voice, and Fate's controlling sway
To these far regions have compell'd our way.
Hence sprung, obeying Phœbus' high command,
Now Dardanus reclaims his native land; 310
Fondly returns, a suppliant yet a king,
To Tuscan Tiber, and Numicus' spring.

Yet more, he gives thee of his former state
These relics, saved from Ilion's fiery fate:

Small, yet attesting that he once was great. 315
From this, Anchises, at the holy shrine,
Was wont to pour the consecrated wine.

In Priam's hand, this struck with sacred awe,
When the throned monarch gave the nations law.
These royal vestments, this tiara's pride 320
The toil and art of Phrygian dames supplied."

While thus the Trojan spake, in thought profound
The monarch's eyes were fasten'd on the ground:
Unmoved the embroider'd purple they behold;
And Priam's sceptre, rich with gems and gold; 325
Whilst on his daughter's nuptial dwells his mind;
And all that Faunus from his shrine divined.

This was the foreign chief by Heaven foreshown;
His destined son and partner on the throne:
And hence, decreed by Fate, the illustrious birth; 330
Whose vigorous virtue should prevail o'er earth.
Joyous at length he said: "Ye Gods! fulfil
My purpose, and the signs that speak your will!
Trojans! the boon you ask my word assures;
Your gifts I slight not, and the land be yours! 335
Prolific land beneath Latinus' reign,
To give you Phrygia's opulence again.
Let but Æneas, if his wish be great
To gain our love and join him to our state,
Hither repair, nor dread our friendly face: 340
Our peace will ripen in your king's embrace.
Tell him still more, one daughter crown'd my bed;
Whom to a prince of Latian birth to wed
Our oracles forbid; and fearful sights,
Of heavenly omen, check the nuptial rites. 345
Hence 'tis predicted, that our realm demands
A foreign son-in-law from distant lands:
Whose blood, with ours commix'd, shall raise our name,
In glory towering to the starry frame.
Your king I deem this prince to Latium due: 350
And, if the presage of my mind be true,
Not only do I deem, but wish it too."

He spoke: then choosing steeds from all his stud,
(Three hundred in his stalls, of noble blood,

High pamper'd shone) to every Trojan guest 355

He gave a horse in purple trappings dress'd ;

Whose necks depending links of gold infold ;

And all their foamy mouths champ polish'd gold.

To Troy's great lord a car of brilliant frame

He sends, with coursers that respire in flame, 360

Sprung from celestial seed : whose heavenly kind

Dædalian Circe from her sire purloin'd.

(By stealth submitting to the immortal steed

A mortal mare, she stole the mingled breed.)

Thus graced, the Trojans from the Latian court 365

High on their steeds return, and granted peace report.

But now from Argos, through the liquid day,

Jove's cruel consort held sublime her way.

Hovering awhile above Pachynus' brows,

Through boundless air the ken of gods she throws : 370

And sees the Trojan king, his labors o'er,

With joy elate on Tiber's distant shore :

Sees his glad legions, rushing from the main,

Plan their new walls, and grasp their promised reign.

Pierced with sharp grief, in sullen thought she lower'd ; 375

Then shook her head, and thus her passion pour'd :

“ Ah, hateful offspring of an odious line !

Ah, fates of Phrygia still opposed to mine !

Idly their blood has drench'd Sigeüm's plain :

Free are the captives : Troy has flamed in vain : 380

Through swords, through fires, they force their conquering
Then has my weary godhead lost its sway? [way.
Yes! thus it is—or, with infliction tired,
Haply my just resentments have expired!
These wretched exiles, o'er the billows thrown, 385
My rage has follow'd from their burning town.
I, wielding heaven and ocean to destroy,
Have wasted all my powers of storm on Troy.
What have the Syrtes? Scylla what avail'd?
My hope e'en dire Charybdis' self has fail'd. 390
Safe from the seas on Tiber's breast they lie;
And mock the feeble empress of the sky.
The god of battles, in his fierce array,
Could sweep the cruel Lapithæ from day:
And ancient Calydon to Dian's ire 395
Was freely granted by the almighty Sire.
And was the Lapithæ's offense so great?
So much did Calydon deserve her fate?
But I, Jove's awful queen, with each resource
Exhausted now of counsel and of force, 400
Am baffled by Æneas! If too weak
My own great powers, for others let me seek:
And, if the gods above their aid deny,
Be mine the assistance of the nether sky.
'Tis fix'd that Troy her Latian realm assume: 405
The Fates Lavinia to the Trojan doom.

Well! let it be:—but to delay the deed;
To make the people for their monarchs bleed;
To steep in gore the league 'tween sire and son—
Is yet allow'd; and this shall yet be done. 410

Virgin! be Troy's and Latium's blood thy dower!
Bellona, dress'd in all her pomp of power,
Shall wait, as bride-nymph, on thy nuptial hour.
If Hecuba conceived connubial flame,
Venus in this has rivall'd Priam's dame; 415
And, a new Paris springing from her womb,
Has borne the torch that shall her Troy consume."

So spake the goddess; and with fierce descent
Shot down to earth, on vengeful thoughts intent.
Then, from the Furies' bed in Stygian night, 420
She calls Alecto to profane the light;
That monster in whose bosom's darker hell
Discord and war and wily mischiefs dwell.

—III— to such dire deformities she breaks;
—III— to black her vast fertility of snakes; 425

Her eye so cruel, that their kindred pest
Even Pluto and her sister-fiends detest.
Her with new fury Juno thus inspires:
"Grant me the boon my injured state requires,
O night-born Maid! indulgent to my claim, 430
Guard my high honors, and assert my fame.

Let not the Trojan gain, pretending Fate,
The Latian nuptials, and the Latian state.
Thou 'gainst the brother canst the brother arm;
Change love to hate, and quiet to alarm. 435
Thou canst whole houses with thy wrath o'erturn,
As sounds thy scourge, and as thy torches burn.
A thousand wiles, a thousand powers of ill
Writhe in thy grasp, and wait upon thy will.
Now stir thy fertile breast! the league confound! 440
Sow springing discord on the fatal ground!
Let the roused youth, inflamed with martial rage,
Demand the field, and kindle to engage."

Alecto straight, with Gorgon poisons fraught,
The lofty palace of Laurentum sought; 445
And there the threshold of Amata press'd:
Who, with the woman heaving in her breast,
Felt fear and rage, lest alien Troy prevail;
And the hoped nuptials of her Turnus fail.
At her a snake the Stygian goddess threw, 450
Torn from the hissing forehead where it grew;
And deeply plunged it in her panting heart:
That thus, inflicted with the envenom'd smart,
The furious queen might all her powers awake;
Perplex the palace, and the monarch shake. 455
Through her unruffled vest the monster glides:
O'er her unconscious bosom smoothly slides:

Eludes the touch ; but, breathing subtle air,
Blends with the soul, and genders serpents there.
Now round her neck, as wreathing gold, it shines : 460
Now, as a band, her floating locks entwines :
Now, seising all the person, o'er her limbs
In undulating volumes softly swims.
Ere yet, with growing force, the fiery pest
Burn'd in her bones, and flamed through all her breast ;
With tears, a mother's tears, she thus deplored 466
Her child's affiance to the Phrygian lord :
" And must Lavinia then, O Sire ! be led,
A victim to yon exiled Trojan's bed ?
Canst thou, unmoved, thy suffering daughter see : 470
Untouch'd by pity or for her or me ?
For me ? who soon my ravish'd child shall wail,
When the first wind invites the pirate's sail.
Was it not thus the Phrygian shepherd bore
Ledaean Helen to the Trojan shore ? 475
Where is thy sacred faith ? thy wonted mind,
In sweet regard to Nature's claims inclined ?
Ah ! where thy hand that, owning kindred right,
So oft to Turnus gave a father's plight ?
If thou must seek a son from foreign lands, 480
Press'd by thy parent Faunus' high commands ;
All lands, that lie beyond thy realm's extent,
We deem as foreign, and the gods assent ;

And, if our Turnus to his source we trace,
Sprung from Acrisius foreign is his race." 485

When firm she found the king, though thus assail'd;
And nought persuasion's milder arts avail'd:
The serpent-plague now master of her soul,
The unhappy mother raged without controul.
With dreadful phantoms scared she mocks disguise; 490
And, raving, through the astonish'd city flies.
As when, on sport intent, the youthful throng
Urge the turn'd box, and ply the sounding thong.
O'er the void courts the little engine driven,
Still wheels in circles as the lash is given. 495

The whirling cone the beardless troop admire;
And wonder at the life their strokes inspire.
Not with more sleepy course, the infuriate dame
Through the mid city waked the crowd to flame.
Yet more: her mind on loftier mischief broods: 500
As Bacchus' votary, flying to the woods,
To check, or to defraud Troy's nuptial rites,
She hides her daughter on the shaggy heights:
There, "Evoë! Bacchus!" shouts, "for only thou
Art worthy, Bacchus! of the virgin's vow. 505
Knit in thy dance, thy thyrsus she shall bear;
And nurse for thee alone her sacred hair."

Fame blazed the deed, and its contagion spread:
At once their homes the Latian matrons fled;

And for new dwellings to the hills repair'd; 510

Their wild locks floating, and their shoulders bared.

Girt with rude hides, they shake the viny spear;

And lawless howlings madden on the ear.

High mid the frantic rout the furious queen,

With sanguine eye-balls and convulsive mien, 515

Erects a flaming pine, and mid the throng

Chants Turnus' and Lavinia's nuptial song:

Then cries, "Be mine, ye Latian dames! your rage,

If lost Amata can your care engage:

If for a mother's trampled rights ye feel, 520

Join in these orgies with my righteous zeal."

Thus mid the woods, and beasts' uncouth abodes,

Alecto drives the queen with Bacchanalian goads.

When here she saw the kindled rage abound,

Strong the king's house and counsels to confound; 525

Straight on her dusky plumes, through darken'd skies,

The goddess to the bold Rutulian flies.

His city's founders, as we learn from Fame,

Driven by the furious south from Argos came;

And call'd their rising walls by Ardea's name. 530

Her fortunes past, the illustrious name alone

Now lives the witness of her old renown.

Here, in his stately palace, Turnus lay

In sleep's soft folds, forgetful of the day.

Alecto now disarms her Stygian form 535

Of its black terrors, and its face of storm.

Tottering beneath the weight of years she bows :
Her forehead with dishonest wrinkles ploughs :
With snow-white wreaths her locks of snow confines ;
And round her head the sacred olive twines. 540

Like ancient Calybe in face and mien,
Who kept the fane of heaven's imperial queen,
Now sudden on the slumbering youth she broke ;
And, full within his vision, thus bespoke :

“ Turnus ! shall all thy glorious toils be vain ? 545
Transferr'd thy sceptre to Troy's abject train ?
Thy plighted fortune, and thy blood-earn'd fair
The king denies thee for a foreign heir.

Go ! now court danger in the bleeding fray !
Go ! and confound the Etrurians' thick array ! 550

And, when by thee his realms in peace shall rest,
Prove at the last the ungrateful monarch's jest !
By Juno sent, the great Saturnian power,
I thus address thee in thy slumbering hour.

But rouse ! arm all thy youth ! thy gates expand, 555
To pour the battle and assert the land !

Consume the invaders of our beauteous shore !
Let their ships sink in flames, their chiefs in gore !
So speak the gods : and if the king withhold
Thy promised fair, nor be by faith controll'd, 560

Let e'en Latinus by experience know
How dread in arms is Turnus as a foe.”

To the hoar priestess then, with youthful pride,
The haughty prince disdainfully replied :

“The tidings of the fleet in Tiber’s stream
Have not escaped me, as thy fancies dream.
Think not to shake me with such airy frights :
Juno herself is guardian of my rights.

But thou, good Mother! in the rust of years,
Impair'd by time, and paralyzed with fears, 570
With kings and wars dost idly plague thy thought;
A doting priestess from her temple brought.
Go to thy statues, and thy holy fires!

The care of them thy tending hand requires.
To man, thy sovereign, peace and war resign :
" 'Tis be to judge and fight—to pray be thine !"

As thus he spoke, Alecto's fury rose :
At once his joints all shook, his life-blood froze :
His eyes grew stone : so dire the form expands ;
So curl'd with snakes the Stygian horror stands. 580
With a fierce glance, that shot a withering flame,
She hurl'd him back, and, as he strove to frame
Faltering excuses, rear'd her scourge of blood,
(While upright on her head her serpents stood,)
And thunder'd mid the sounding strokes, " Lo ! here,
Whom time impairs with paralyzing fear ! 586
With kings and wars who idly plagues her thought ;
A doting priestess from her temple brought !

See! from the direful sisters' caves below
I come! my hand bears conflict, death, and woe!" 590

She spoke, and at the youth a firebrand cast
Black with hell-flames, which through his vitals pass'd.
Shock'd sleep straight fled his couch, and terror's dew,
Chill from each pore, his trembling limbs suffuse.
Frantic he raves for arms, and, unrepress'd, 595
The sword's dire passion revels in his breast.

As when the flames, with crackling wood supplied,
Fiercely embrace the boiling caldron's side;
The watery power, exulting from the fire,
Foams o'er its bounds; and dusky fumes aspire. 600

First, of his youthful peers the prime he sends,
To say, the peace with false Laurentum ends:
Then rouses into arms his realm's array,
Latium to save, and chase the foe away.
Himself alone of ample power he boasts, 605
To crush Latinus and the Trojan hosts:
And, lastly, at their shrines, with offer'd vows,
He calls the gods his quarrel to espouse.

Through all the people spreads their leader's flame:
One his high race engages, one his fame: 610
This by his youth and graceful form is moved:
That by his arm, so oft in combat proved.

While Turnus thus his fierce Rutulians wrought;
The Trojan camp the black-wing'd Fury sought;

And, on new wiles intent, explored the place 615

Where young Iulus urged the silvan chase.

There on the nostrils of his dogs she threw

The tainted gale, which well their instincts knew;

And, with their game, supplied the cause that fired

The peasant's soul, and first the war inspired. 520

A stag of beauteous form and branchy head,

Young from its dam, the sons of Tyrrheus bred;

(Tyrrheus, whom, trusted to his guardian sway,

The royal pastures and their herds obey.)

This stag, accustom'd to her plausible hands, 625

Their sister, Silvia, dress'd with flowery bands:

Comb'd his soft bosom; and would fondly lave

Her glossy favorite in the limpid wave.

He, conscious of the hand that thus caress'd,

And at his master's board a wonted guest, 630

Would o'er his native forests freely roam;

And, though in dusky night, reseek his home:

Him, far excursive from his guardian's care,

Iulus' eager dogs now snuff'd in air;

And found, as haply in the crystal tides 635

He wanton'd, and allay'd his sultry sides.

Ascanius, with the love of praise elate,

Strain'd his curved bow, and sped the shaft of fate.

The officious Fury, present at the deed,

Gave the dart aim, and wing'd with deathful speed. 640

Singing it reach'd the mark, and, driven with force,
Through the deer's ribs and bowels held its course.
The wounded quadruped in anguish fled;
And, groaning, shelter'd in his wonted shed:
There bleeding lay; and with complaining cries 645
Fill'd all the house, that murmur'd with his sighs.
Silvia first saw him, and, with wringing hands,
Call'd out the rustic tenants of the lands.
They (for the Fury, latent in the wood,
Kept her near station to incense their blood) 650
With instant phrensy gather from the fields:
All seise what arms suggesting passion yields;
And one a knotted club, and one a firebrand wields.
Tyrreus himself roused all the peopled plains,
The peasant-subjects of his wide domains; 655
And, brandishing an axe with which he clove
A prostrate oak, to combat fiercely drove.
But now the Fury seised the pregnant ill,
That smiled, propitious to her cruel will.
On the high dome, her strong Tartarean breath 660
Inspired the rustic horn with blasts of death.
So loud the peal, that all the forests shake:
Pale Trivia hears it in her distant lake.
On the white Nar's sulphureous wave it rings:
Velinus feels it in his shivering springs: 665

While mothers mid their fond endearments start ;
And strain their infants closer to the heart.
As the dire signal stirs their savage minds,
From every quarter rush the weapon'd hinds :
And from her opening camp, for just defense, 670
Troy breaks in arms, and bands around her prince.
And now the plain no more a rustic fray
Displays, where clubs and brands dispute the day ;
But with the double-biting axe they wound :
War's iron harvest bristles on the ground : 675
Shields, helms, and lances flash a brazen gleam ;
And hurl again to heaven the solar beam.
As, whitening first upon the ruffled seas,
The tempest grows and strengthens by degrees :
Till by its force the mighty billows rise ; 680
Leave ocean's depths, and rush upon the skies.
Now Tyrrheus' eldest hope, young Almon, fell,
As in the battle's van he fought too well.
In the mid throat, the feather'd shaft of death
Stopp'd life, and barr'd the dewy pass of breath. 685
Around him numbers bled : the combat's rage
Spared not the mild Galæsus' virtuous age :
Pierced, as between the hosts he fondly strove
To lead their angry passions back to love.
Most just, and wealthy of the Ausonian swains, 690
He furrow'd with a hundred shares the plains ;

And to their pens and stalls at evening led
Five flocks, five herds that on his pastures fed.

As thus in equal fight the foes contest;
The Stygian goddess, of her wish possess'd, 695
(Her faith absolved, since on the bloody ground
War's infant brows exulting Death had crown'd,)
Soars from Hesperia to the etherial skies;
And there in triumph thus to Juno cries:
"Lo! to thy wish, my proud commission done, 700
The glorious wretchedness of war begun!
Now go! and make my work of discord cease!
Speak, if thou canst, the nations into peace!
Since Troy is redden'd with Ausonia's gore.
Declare thy purpose! shall I yet do more? 705
Say! shall I rouse the neighb'ring states to arms?
Soon shall they quicken with war's mad alarms:
In fierce assistance rush from every side,
As my breath kindles, and my hand shall guide."

To her thus Juno: "Terror now and Fraud 710
Have done their parts, and Discord is abroad.
War in its cause is vigorous: hand to hand
They fight, and blood has stain'd the virgin land.
Such hymeneals wait Latinus' heir;
Venus' famed offspring and his plighted fair! 715
But thou retire! for heaven's almighty King
Will bear no more the license of thy wing.

Whate'er remains of fortune in the fray,
Myself will order and my godhead sway."

She spoke : her serpent-wings the Fury spread : 720
Shot from the light, and to Cocytus fled.

Deep in Italia, far by Fame renown'd,
Girt with stupendous precipices round,
Amsanctus' vale beneath a night of woods
Lies, and is shaken by its rushing floods : 725

Which, issuing from its centre, fiercely pour
O'er rocky fragments, and in tumult roar.
Here Pluto's cavern yawns in dread display ;
Through which the panting god inhales the day :
And here, of Acheron, the stream of woe, 730
Bursts a large poisonous whirlpool from below.
Here now, the Fiend, by lust of darkness driven,
Plunged, and relieved at once both earth and heaven.

Nor less Saturnia with her regal hand
Confirms the war's wild seisure of the land. 735

Now to the city all the shepherd train
Press from the fatal conflict with their slain :
Bear Almon, and Galæsus stain'd with gore,
Adjure Latinus, and the gods implore.
Turnus is there, and, as their rage exclaims, 740
Heightens the dread of menaced blood and flames :
And cries, that Troy had banish'd him the realm,
Which Phrygia's bastard brood must soon o'erwhelm.

Now too (so great in name and power the queen)
The sons of them, who, in the enthusiast scene, 745
Struck and astonish'd by the frantic god,
Raved mid the woods and shook the mystic rod,
Collect and call for war : for war the crowd
Shout, against Fate and Heaven perversely loud.
With cries for blood they make the palace ring ; 750
And press on every side the leaguer'd king.
He, by the storm of tongues unmoved, remains
Fix'd as a rock, that ocean's rage sustains :
Rears its proud head amidst the howl of tides ;
And throws the shiver'd sea-weed from its sides. 755
But when too strong he found the torrent ill,
Borne on its course by Juno's cruel will ;
Much he adjures the gods, and, to the skies
Lifting his feeble hands, in anguish cries :
" The storm o'ercomes me : adverse fates confound :
But soon your triumph shall in blood be drown'd. 761
Thou, Turnus ! thou shalt rue this guilty day ;
And vainly to the gods with late devotion pray.
On thee, on those unhappy men will fall
The righteous vengeance crime suspends o'er all. 765
Safe in the port of age, my only doom
Can be to lose the honors of a tomb."
No more he said, but sorrowing broke away,
And to the infuriate crowd resigu'd the sway.

A custom through Hesperia's realms obtain'd ; 770
Which Alba held as holy when she reign'd :
Now Rome, whose hands the world's dominion wield,
Observes ere Mars conducts her to the field:
Whether her storm of war o'er Dacia lowers ;
Or threats the Hyrcanian, or the Arabian powers ; 775
Or, seeking realms where first Aurora flames,
Her standards from the Parthian's grasp reclaims.
The fane of war, so call'd, two portals close,
O'er which the terrors of the god repose.
A hundred bolts of steel, and brazen bars 780
Secure the dreadful avenues of Mars ;
And, the fane's sleepless guardian, Janus waits,
True to the threshold of the eternal gates.
These, when the fathers of the state decide,
That the stern fortune of the field be tried, 785
The consul, in his pomp of office dress'd,
The Gabine cincture and Quirinal vest,
Himself unlocks, and bids the nation arm :
The youth collect and kindle at the alarm :
While brazen trumpets, through the afflicted air, 790
To realms aghast the trembling tidings bear.
These portals now, to speak the birth of war,
The people press'd their monarch to unbar.
He from the guilty touch abhorrent fled ;
And deep in darkness hid his anguish'd head. 795

But heaven's fierce Empress, bursting from the skies,
Herself achieves the fateful enterprise.

Each sullen bolt, beneath Saturnia's hand,
Recoils; the hinges roar, and the dread folds expand.

Calm and unmoved before, Ausonia glows; 800
And breaks in madness from her long repose.

To the new field her youth in fury speed;

Part rush on foot, part spur the fiery steed.

All furbish their old arms with instant zeal:

Some on the stone new edge their axe's steel: 805

Their shields and spears, with oil's deterrent stream,

Some cleanse; and teach them once again to gleam.

The glittering standards all delight to rear;

And the fierce trumpet charms the general ear.

Five potent cities, as the rage provokes, 810

Ply their hot anvils with incessant strokes,

Forging new arms. Antemnæ's towery state;

Tibur the haughty, and Atina great:

Crustumeri and Ardea rouse their might;

And toil, impatient for the coming fight. 815

Helmets some hollow: some strong osiers tame,

In twisted braids to form the buckler's frame.

Others to breast-plates and to cuishes beat

The brass, and then with silver studs complete.

The share and sickle now unhonor'd lie: 820

The forges nought but falchions can supply.

The watch-word passes; clarion signals sound:

War in procinct is every where around.

One from the beam, where long had been its rest,

Unhooks the casque, and shakes its mouldering crest:

Another yokes his coursers to the car; 826

And glitters in the panoply of war.

The shield and cuirass blaze around their lord;

And by his side depends the trusty sword.

Now, Powers of Helicon! unlock your spring: 830

Muses divine! inspire me while I sing,

What princes roused to war, what hosts they led;

How great e'en then the race Italia bred.

Inform me, Goddesses! for, throned on high,

Ye throw through time the far-pervading eye. 835

Ye know, and ye can speak: we only hear

Fame's feeble voice, that falters on the ear.

First of the field, Mezentius arm'd his bands;

A godless tyrant from the Etrurian lands.

Lausus, his son, came next: in form and face 840

Excell'd alone by Turnus' matchless grace:

Lausus, great master of the bounding steed;

Whose shafts were wont to make the forests bleed.

He from Agylla to the martial plain

A thousand warriors led, but led in vain. 845

His virtues o'er his parentage aspire:

Bless'd, had he never call'd Mezentius sire!

Then Aventinus drove along the field
His victor steeds, by laurell'd traces held.
Sprung from the great Alcides' strong embrace, 850
His stern proud beauty spoke his godlike race.
On his broad shield his father's bearing flamed,
A hundred snakes and hydra yet untamed.
Him in dark Aventine's protective shade
(The god commingling with the mortal maid) . 855
The priestess Rhea bore, when, Geryon slain,
The mighty victor reach'd Laurentum's plain;
And Tiber bellow'd with the herds of Spain.
With divers arms his troops to fight advance :
Some wield the pile ; some shake the lighter lance ; 860
And some, like Sabines arm'd, the field invade
With the shaft tapering in the slender blade.
He o'er his head and shoulders mantling threw
A lion's spoils, whose yawning jaws to view
Bared the white teeth, that in tremendous rows 865
Menaced with hideous grin above his brows.
The youth, thus shaggy in the Herculean guise,
Enter'd, and struck the palace with surprise.

Then from high Tibur's walls two brothers came,
(A third gave Tibur its illustrious name) 870
Coras and fierce Catillus : born afar,
With Argive blood they rush amid the war :

Like two strong Centaurs, of the cloud-sprung race;
When they, as fury fires their kindling pace,
From Omole's or Othrys' snowy brow,
Burst in a tempest on the fields below.

875

The crashing forest, yielding to their force,
Shivers, and strews its branches in their course.

Nor did Præneste's founder then abstain
To mix in combat on the dusty plain,
Great Cæculus: as Vulcan's son renown'd,
Since on the blazing hearth the babe was found.

880

Him follow'd to the war his rustic bands,
From high Præneste, and the Sabine lands
To Juno dear: and they whose labors till'd
Cold Anieue, and the watery field

885

By Hernic rocks: and they whose lighter pains
Reap'd the rich produce of Anagnia's plains:
And they to whom, with thy prolific flood,
Thou Amasenus! gavest their easy food.

890

Not arm'd entire the host: some seek the war
Without the buckler or the rattling car.

These sling the leaden ball of death through air;
And those two darts for closer combat bear.

To give the helm's protection to the head,
O'er their rough locks the wolf's brown shag they spread.

895

Their left foot meets in nakedness the sight;
Of untamed hide, a sandal guards the right.

But he, who vaunted Neptune for his sire,
Not doom'd to feel the stroke of steel or fire, 900
Messapus, mighty tamer of the horse,
In juster battle ranged his numerous force :
To novel war inflamed his people's heart ;
And shook once more his own puissant dart.
Fescennia's hosts beneath the chief's commands 905
March'd, in firm union with Faliscum's bands.
To fill his ranks, from high Soracte's towers,
And Ciminus descend their warlike powers.
Their hills and lakes, where late they wont to rove,
Flavinia's pastures and Capena's grove, 910
They leave, athirst for fame and fired with martial love.
Their order'd step attempering music sways ;
And, as they move, they chant their monarch's praise.
Like snowy swans, when they, through fields of air,
Back from their pasture to the floods repair : 915
Sweet strains flow trilling through their lengthen'd throats,
And pleased Cayster warbles with their notes.
So justly in their ranks the troops engage,
They seem not men that feel the battle's rage :
But birds resemble, when the plumy host 920
Steers in close phalanx to some distant coast.
See where, illustrious with the blood of kings,
His mighty forces Sabine Clausus brings !

Himself an army ; who, in Rome's embrace,
Shall proudly spread the Claudian tribe and race. 925

Him follows Amiturnum's numerous host :
The powers old Cures and Eretum boast :
They who frequent Mutusca's olive shades ;
And they who crop Velinus' Rosean glades :
Nomentum's citizens: the swains who plough 930
Rough Tetrica and high Severus' brow :

They who in rocky Foruli reside ;
Casperia hold, or drink Himella's tide :
Or bathe in Fabaris or Tiber's flood :
Hortina's tribes, cold Nursia's warlike brood : 935
The Latins ; and who dwell where Allia flows ;
Allia, sad name, immortalized with woes.

Countless the troops, as are the Libyan waves ;
When fierce Orion in the tempest raves :
Or thick as ears of corn, when summer reigns 940
On Hermus' banks, or Lycia's golden plains.

Their struck shields echo, and the trembling ground
Beneath their footstep yields a hollow sound.

Next Agamemnon's son, Halesus, yokes
His fiery coursers, and the war provokes. 945

With native hate to Troy, in Turnus' cause,
A thousand warriors, fierce in arms, he draws :
Those who the fields of Massic Bacchus tend ;
And those who from the Auruncan hills descend :

Those, too, who till the Sidicinian meads ; 950
And those whom warlike fame from Cales leads :
And those who dwell, where, eddying o'er his shoals,
Amid his viny banks Vulturnus rolls.
Array'd with these the martial Oscans stand,
And, rude Saticulus ! thy hardy band. 955
With thongs adapted to recall the wound,
Their short light darts the rushing foe confound.
Their left arm guarded by a Libyan shield,
Bent scimitars in closer fight they wield.
Nor, as unworthy of the tuneful tongue, 960
Shalt thou, O Æbalus ! be pass'd unsung :
Whom, as 'tis said, upon her father's shore,
To Telon's love the nymph Sebethis bore ;
When he, of the Teleboan throne possess'd,
In Capreæ gave his warlike age to rest. 965
But, not sufficed with his paternal sway,
The ambitious son made other realms obey :
Stretch'd his dominion o'er the peopled plain,
Where roving Sarnus leads his liquid train :
O'er Ruffræ, Batulum, Celenna spread ; 970
And where, with orchards crown'd, Abella lifts her head.
In the fierce fight, his troops were wont to rear
The ponderous death of the Teutonic spear.
Of cork their helms, their shields in brazen pride
Flash'd, and rich falchions glitter'd by their side. 975

And thee, for trophies won illustrious far,
Great Ufens! Nersæ sent to meet the war:
Nersæ rock-fenced; whose sons, prepared for blood,
Even o'er the peaceful plough in armour stood.
In rapine and the chase they pass'd the day; 980
And beast and man were made their equal prey.

There too, aspirant in the field of fame,
Umbro, obedient to his monarch, came.
Archippus' subject, and Marrubium's priest,
The sacred olive clasp'd the hero's crest. 985

His wiles could charm the snake's envenom'd breath:
Lull his fell rage, and rob his fang of death.
But vain against the Dardan's mortal steel
Were all his charms, and all his arts to heal.
To save him then his sleep-compellers fail'd; 990
Nor, cull'd on Marsian hills, his herbs avail'd.
For thee, Anguitia's grove; for thee, the tide
Of glassy Fucinus with sorrow sigh'd:
For thee, the lakes, thy foot was wont to trace,
Felt the tear dimple on their limpid face. 995

And there Hippolytus' bright offspring shone,
Virbius, whose beauty made his lineage known:
Whom, where Egeria's dewy groves o'ershad
The placid altar of the huntress maid,
Aricia bore; and, fondly nursing there, 1000
Now sent to battle her illustrious care.

For when Hippolytus, as Fame imparts,
Fell the chaste victim of his stepdame's arts;
And, by his coursers dash'd upon the shore,
Glutted his father's vengeance with his gore; 1005
By Pæon's herbs and Phœbe's love renew'd,
Once more the ethereal light of heaven he view'd.
Then the great Father, who indignant saw,
In the raised dead, a breach of nature's law,
Hurl'd with his lightning to the Stygian wave 1010
Him, whose bold hand had thus unlock'd the grave.
But the dear youth Diana's guardian love
Hid with Egeria in her secret grove.
There in the Hesperian shades, withdrawn from fame,
Hippolytus, now lost in Virbius' name, 1015
Inglorious and remote from dangerous praise,
With love sequester'd pass'd his tranquil days.
From Trivia's temple, hence, and sacred wood
They chase with hostile hate the courser's brood:
Since, scared by monsters issuing from the main, 1020
With the crush'd car their master they had slain.
Yet not the less intent on martial deeds,
The son to battle rush'd with fiery steeds.
In the war's front, to all the hosts he led
In hero-grace superior by the head, 1025
Great Turnus wields his arms: above his crest
Chimæra pours her flame-engendering breast:

And, as the rage of conflict fiercer grows,
More fell she looks, and more inflamed she glows.
On his broad shield, in sculptured gold portray'd, 1030
Illustrious argument! sad Iö stray'd.
'The nymph, now changed, a heifer's form belied;
And sleepless Argus watch'd her as she sigh'd:
While, finely wrought as fluent, round the gold
Her father, Inachus, his waters roll'd. 1035
Behind the hero, as he march'd, was seen
A storm of warriors, lowering o'er the green;
And helms that nod to helms, shields knit with shields,
Waved like a billowy ocean o'er the fields.
There throng'd the youth of Argos' ancient blood: 1040
The Auruncans there, and fierce Rutulians stood.
There the Sicani, proud of former sway,
With the Sacranians, spread their wide array.
There march'd with painted shields Labicum's ranks;
And they who, Tiber! plough thy fertile banks: 1045
And they who roam where, deep in holy shades,
Numicus' waters murmur through the glades:
And they whose shares Rutulian summits climb;
And they who till Ciræum's brow sublime;
With those who dwell where rules Anxurian Jove: 1050
Where proud Feronia vaunts her blooming grove:
Where Satura her dusky lake expands;
And gelid Ufens, gleaming through the lands,

Steals on his winding way mid vales profound
To the blue main; and in its depths is drown'd. 1055

To these Camilla brought her Volscian aid;
Squadrons of horse in flamy brass array'd:
A martial virgin who, to battles train'd,
Minerva's distaff, for her lance, disdain'd.
In fight or chase accomplish'd to prevail, 1060
Her foot outstripp'd the pinions of the gale:
Light o'er the standing corn could urge its speed,
Nor in its flying passage bend the reed:
Could sweep the swelling bosom of the main,
Unlaved, and printless on the liquid plain. 1065

As, by the Graces deck'd, she pass'd along,
The fields and houses pour their mingled throng.
Matrons and boys with restless gaze admire
At once the warrior's and the queen's attire:
The royal purple floating o'er the fair; 1070
The clasping gold, that holds her copious hair;
The Lycian quiver o'er her shoulder thrown;
And the swain's myrtle-staff that, steel'd for combat, shone.

END OF THE SEVENTH BOOK.

THE
ÆNEIS.



BOOK VIII.

Argument.

ALARMED by the preparations of the Latins and uncertain what measures to pursue, *Aeneas* is comforted in a vision by the river-god, *Tiber*; who directs him to solicit the assistance of *Evander*, an Arcadian prince now established with a colony on the future site of Rome. To this prince, therefore, *Aeneas* repairs; and experiences from him the most amicable reception. *Evander*, as he is offering sacrifices to *Hercules*, relates the death of the robber *Cacus*, effected by that hero's might; and explains the antiquities of a district, which in after ages was to be renowned by the power and magnificence of the capital of the world. Forming an alliance with his Trojan guest, *Evander* sends his son, *Pallas*, with a body of Arcadian horse to attend his new ally to the war; and dismisses him to the camp of the Etrurians, who were waiting for a foreign general to lead them against *Turnus*, the protector of their exiled oppressor, *Mezentius*. In the meantime, *Venus* obtains for her son celestial armour from *Vulcan*. These arms, and the shield, on which is sculptured the principal events of the Roman history, supply the subject of much fine and interesting description, which extends to the termination of this episodical but most beautiful book.

THE
ÆNEIS.

BOOK VIII.

As, by the daring hand of Turnus raised,
The combat's signal on Laurentum blazed ;
As the fierce trumpets pour'd their thrilling war ;
As clang'd the chieftain's arms, and rush'd his car ;
At once the soul of Latium felt the alarm, 5
And all her furious youth conspiring arm.
Messapus, Ufens, and, the gods' proud foe,
Mezentius, with the zeal of leaders glow :
Press all the region for auxiliar force ;
And pining Ceres from her swain divorce. 10
Then Venulus to Arpi's court they send,
To make the mighty Diomedes their friend :
To say that Troy had grasp'd Ausonia's coast ;
That, with his vanquish'd gods and vagrant host,
Æneas had arrived ; and proudly spread, 15
That Fate had crown'd him as Italia's head :

To add, that Latium felt his potent name ;
And numerous nations had avouch'd his claim :
That, should success exalt the aspiring man,
To whom might stretch his conquest's growing plan 20
Was better to the Ætolian monarch known,
Than to the kings that fill'd the Latian throne.

The Dardan chief, while thus his foes array'd,
With troubled thoughts the unfolding storm survey'd.
Restless and toss'd on care's tumultuous tide, 25
His mind, quick glancing, shot from side to side.
As when, in polish'd brass, the trembling stream
Reflects the radiant moon, or solar beam ;
The sportive ray plays fitfully around :
Now strikes the roof, now flutters on the ground. 30

'Twas night ; and, by the toils of day oppress'd,
All breathing nature sought repairing rest :
When tardy slumber seal'd the hero's eyes ;
As, rack'd with cares, on Tiber's bank he lies ;
The turf his pillow, canopy the skies. 35
Then from the poplars, that his waves o'ersshade,
The river's god his reverend form display'd.
His limbs an azure mantle loosely dress'd ;
And his green locks a crown of reeds compress'd.
Then with assuasive voice, approaching near, 40
He thus breathed comfort on the chieftain's ear :

“ O Progeny of gods! who, snatch'd from fate,
Bring'st back our Troy, and Ilion's deathless state:
O long expected by our Latian land!
This is thy home, and here thy throne shall stand. - 45
Fear not the threats of war! the storm that raged,
Of heavenly vengeance, is at length assuaged.
And now, behold! lest haply thou may'st deem
What thus thou hear'st the illusion of a dream,
Unclosing with the dawn, thine eyes shall find 50
A milk-white swine beneath my shades reclined,
With thirty young, all white, that press the teat:
There is thy labor's goal, thy city's seat:
And issuing thence, when thrice ten years roll round,
Ascanius shall his far-famed Alba found. 55
Believe me! sure is my prophetic speech.—
Now mark! and how to conquest thou may'st reach
In brief I will unfold. Arcadian bands,
Evander's comrades, hold the neighb'ring lands.
From Pallas sprung, the high-descended race 60
Exchanged their country for this chosen place:
Here mid the hills their infant city wall'd;
And Pallanteum from their Pallas call'd.
But here in vain they seek their wish'd repose;
Press'd and endanger'd by their Latian foes. 65
With them ally, and swell with them thy force.
Myself will waft, and guide thee with my course:



Will smooth my wave, and check its downward sway,
That so thine oar may overcome the way.
Rise, Goddess-born! and, when the stars shall fade, 70
To Juno let thy suppliant vows be paid:
Subdue her threats and vengeful soul with prayer;
And, when in victory expires thy care,
To me absolve the grateful honors due;
Me, whose proud flood now rolls beneath thy view, 75
Tiber, heaven-loved! whose crown, in times to come,
Shall be the world's great city, glorious Rome."

He spoke; and in the torrent plunged his head.
Slumber and night at once Æneas fled.
Rising, he gazed at day's ascending beam: 80
'Then with his pious hands he scoop'd the stream;
And raising them to heaven with fervor said;

"Ye Nymphs! whose urns supply the river's bed:
Laurentian Nymphs! and thou, O Tiber! hear!
Whose sacred current to the gods is dear: 85
Receive Æneas as your own, and spread
Your guardian influence o'er his menaced head.
O! through whatever lands thy waters roam;
Whatever fount thou makest thy crystal home,
Where pity touch'd thee for my anguish'd state; 90
King of Hesperia's floods! august and great!
Still shalt thou flow my ever honor'd theme;
Still shall my offerings float upon thy stream.

But ah! be present in this needful hour;
And aid me now with thy peculiar power." 95

He said; and chose two vessels from his fleet,
With oars equipp'd, with troops and arms complete.
But now a sudden portent struck his sight;
Beheld at once with wonder and delight.
Lo! on the shaded bank reposed a sow, 100
With her large brood, all white as spotless snow.
Her with her young, to thee a holy due,
Great Queen of heaven! the pious chieftain slew.

Through all night's dusky length the obedient flood,
Held by its god, in mute stagnation stood: 105
Forgetful of the sea, restrain'd its pace;
And a still lake expanded on its face.

The unlaboring oars the liquid plain divide:
The sailors shout, and proudly o'er the tide
The structured pines in easy triumph ride. 110

At the new sight of ships and martial brass,
The waves and forests wonder as they pass.
One night, one day, they ply the assiduous oar;
Winding along the mazes of the shore:

And, as they press the placid river's bed, 115
See groves of various leaf o'erarch the head.

Now flamed the sun from his meridian height:
When distant walls rose gleaming on the sight;

And low-roof'd houses, tenants of the ground
Which Roman might has now to heaven renown'd; 120
Then the rude seat of poor Evander's reign;
A cottage-city, scattering o'er the plain.

The Trojan pilot sees and turns the helm,
To seek the palace of the Arcadian realm.

It chanced that on that day, within a grove 125
Before the city, to the son of Jove
Alcides, and the gods, the sovereign paid
Religious honors in the fuming shade.

His little senate by the kingly sire,
And his son, Pallas, fed the sacred fire; 130
And all the youthful nobles bathed the shrine,
With liquid incense and the blood of kine.

Soon as they saw, beneath the darksome wood,
The tall ships gliding o'er the silent flood;
Scared by the unwonted sight, they rose in fear; 135
And left the tables with the unfinish'd cheer.

But dauntless Pallas calm'd the affrighted board;
And order to the holy rites restored:

Then seised his lance, and, rushing to explore,
Call'd from a mound which overlook'd the shore: 140

"Speak, Strangers! whence, and who? and wherefore float
Your alien galleys on our tide remote?

Your race, your country tell! your purpose here!

Come ye as friends? or lift the hostile spear?

To him Æneas, from the lofty prow, 145
Stretch'd in his hand the peaceful olive's bough,
And said; " 'Tis Troy, you see, by Latian foes
Now chased: our arms the Latian pride oppose.
We seek Evander: for his aid, report,
Troy sends her suppliant leaders to his court." 150

Struck with the mighty name, " Whoe'er thou art,"
Pallas replied, " be welcome to my heart!
Before my sire be all thy wish express'd:
Land! and be honor'd as our favor'd guest!"

He spoke, and mingled in the chief's embrace: 155
Then, through the grove they sought the banquet's place.
There first the Dardan lord the silence broke;
And thus assuasive to the monarch spoke:

" Best of the Grecian race! to whom I plead
My suppliant cause as Fortune has decreed! 160
Arcadian though thou art, and born my foe;
Though in thy veins the blood of Atreus flow;
Yet have I shunn'd thee not: my conscious worth;
Thy virtues blazon'd by loud Fame o'er earth;
Our kindred sires, the Fates, and Heaven's commands, 165
All led me here, and all unite our hands.
Troy's founder, Dardanus, our far-famed head,
Sprung, Jove's great increase, from Electra's bed;
So Grecian records vouch: and all proclaim
Atlas her sire, who props the starry frame. 170

Your father, Hermes, was produced to light
By beauteous Maia on Cyllene's height:
And Maia's sire, if aught be true we hear,
Was the same Atlas who supports the sphere.
So from a common sire our races run; 175
Distinct their currents, but their fountain one.
Embolden'd thus, I scorn'd the vulgar arts,
Which monarchs use to fathom monarchs' hearts:
No legates sent, with subtle trains to wind
Around thy purpose, and explore thy mind. 180
Myself I come to make my wishes known;
A suppliant here, surrender'd at thy throne.
Thy Daunian foe, if victor of our force,
May through Hesperia hold uncheck'd his course:
From shore to shore extend his haughty reign; 185
Lord of the northern and the southern main.
One therefore in our cause, O! take and give
A prince's faith; and one in glory live!
Bold are our youth, accustom'd to the field;
Train'd by experience and by labor steel'd." 190

While thus Æneas spoke, o'er all the man
The monarch's gaze with wondering pleasure ran;
And briefly thus he said; "With honest joy,
My arms embrace thee, greatest son of Troy!
How, as thy voice I hear, thy features see, 195
I own Anchises living still in thee!

For, when Troy's monarch, young and high in fame,
To see Hesione, his sister, came ;

From Salamis the princely train pursued
Their devious course, and cold Arcadia view'd. 200

I well remember, then a beardless boy,
How much I wonder'd at the lords of Troy.

All struck my gaze, and Priam I admired :

But high o'er all Anchises' form aspired.

My youthful mind was straight on fire to gain 205
The hero's friendship, and his hand to strain.

With reverence I approach'd, with fondness press'd ;

And led him to my city as my guest.

There, a bright quiver, stored with Lycian darts ;

A cloak gold-wrought, the work of Phrygian arts ; 210

And, with their bits of gold, two sumptuous reins

(Gifts which my Pallas still with pride retains)

The hero gave me : then thy wish receive !

My hand of amity to Troy I give :

And, soon as early morn unfolds the lands, 215

Hence shalt thou march with our auxiliar bands.

But in these rites now share ; and, as a friend,

Well pleased, even now begin with us to blend ;

Feast at one board, and at one altar bend."

He ceased ; and then commanded to replace 220

The sacred banquet and the wine-crown'd vase.

On the soft fragrant soil's enamell'd breast

He ranged in order each inferior guest :

But on a maple couch, and near his side,
Placed great Æneas on a lion's hide. 225

Then chosen youths, assisted by the priests,
Supplied the roasted entrails of the beasts;
And baskets by indulgent Ceres crown'd:
While Bacchus, foaming o'er the bowl, flow'd round.
On victim entrails and the massy chine, 230
Æneas and his youthful warriors dine.

When satiate hunger fled the genial board;
Evander thus address'd the Dardan lord:

“As to so great a god our victims bleed,
Not blind religion prompts the holy deed; 235

Religion that to Powers, she knows not, bows:
From conscious hearts our just devotion flows.

Saved from dire ills, we bid our altars blaze;
And gratitude inspires our annual praise.

See first! where yonder rock with nodding brow, 240
On rocks suspended, threatens the vale below:

Where massy piles of stone, surmounting stone,
Look like gigantic ruin's craggy throne:

There misshaped Cacus dwelt in depths profound;
There dived his cave in Stygian darkness drown'd. 245

Drench'd with incessant slaughter reek'd the floor;

And the gate stream'd, from human heads, with gore.

Vast was the monster: Vulcan was his sire;

And his black jaws emitted dusky fire.

But time at length the needful succour brought; 250
And gave us in a god the power we sought.
For here, exulting with the wealth of Spain,
Where threefold Geryon by his arm lay slain,
Glorious with trophies, and forerun by Fame,
The avenging victor, great Alcides came: 255
Here drove his herds; and, pausing from his toils,
Fill'd all the valleys with his bellowing spoils.
But furious Cacus, with a robber's pride,
That thought of daring guilt might pass untried,
From the great victor's stalls by stealth purloin'd 260
Four bulls, four heifers of excelling kind:
And, lest their footsteps might his den betray,
Back by their tails he dragg'd his struggling prey.
The hero sought his beasts, but sought in vain;
His search eluded by the backward train. 265
But when, at length preparing to remove,
From their wide pastures all his herds he drove,
The region round complaining bellowings fill:
The forest rings, and vale replies to hill.
The peals of roaring pierce the robber's den; 270
And thence one beast was heard to roar again.
The theft thus told, at once Alcides fired;
Black rage and vengeance all his soul inspired.
His arms he seised, and grasp'd his knotted oak;
And, like a whirlwind, on the mountain broke. 275

Then first the monster own'd superior might :
Our eyes first saw him then aghast with fright.
By terror wing'd, more swift than winds he fled ;
Sought his dark den, and there immersed his head.
Scarce had he burst the massy chains, and flung 280
On the cave's mouth the rock, that o'er it hung,
Poised by his father's art ; and firmly barr'd,
With ribs of steel within, the stony guard ;
When fierce Tirynthus, with his soul on flame,
Rush'd to the gate and strove to force its frame : 285
In vain : Vulcanian power his power defied.
His teeth he gnash'd, and here and there he tried :
Thrice raged round Aventinus' shaggy brow,
Exploring access to his monstrous foe :
Thrice idly struggled at the rocky gate : 290
Thrice in the valley, spent with labor, sate. 295
Close at the cavern's back, in spiry height
Sprung a sharp cliff, and tower'd upon the sight : 300
Within whose crannied surface birds of prey,
And direful omen, shunn'd the glare of day. 295
This from its roots, as toward the left it bent,
With struggles from the right the hero rent :
Then, with a sudden impulse overthrown,
The crashing ruin bursts and rushes down.
Loud thunders air : the vale results below ; 300
And Tiber's trembling waters backward flow.

Now the dark depths of Cacus, yawning wide,
Bared all his palace in its gloomy pride :
As to the centre if some power should lay
Earth's deep dominions open to the day : 305
Disclose the infernal seats, Death's pale abodes,
The world of horror hateful to the gods ;
And with a hideous gulf astound the sight :
While the ghosts tremble at invasive light.
Him now, by day's unwelcome lustre shock'd, 310
Uttering strange yells, and in his cavern lock'd,
Alcides from above with battle plies ;
With shiver'd trees, and rocks of mighty size.
But he, since flight was here to hope denied,
Pour'd (wondrous !) from his jaws a fiery tide : 315
Roll'd through the den a storm of billowy smoke ;
And his own night with streamy flashes broke.
Alcides bore it not ; but, where the cave
Heaved with the tumult of the blackest wave,
Sprung with a dreadful bound ; and, griping fast 320
The wretch, whose fires were impotent to blast,
Intwined him round ; and forced with knots of death
His starting eyeballs, and his strangled breath.
Then burst the gates ; and, from his den of night,
The beasts, with oaths denied, are led to light. 325
On his fell carcass, dragg'd upon the plain,
Our gaze insatiate feeds and feeds again :

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The beasts, with oaths denied, are led to light. 325
On his fell carcass, dragg'd upon the plain,
Our gaze insatiate feeds and feeds again :

His form, his bulk, his bestial shag admires ;
His ghastly eyes, and jaws' extinguish'd fires.
Hence to the god we vow'd this day of praise ; 330
And the glad son his father's worship pays.
Potitius first and the Pinarian race,
The appointed guardians of the hallow'd place,
This altar built, which we and all our state
Surname, and which shall ever be THE GREAT. 335
Then to such high desert with grateful souls,
Youths ! bind your locks, and lift the sacred bowls !
Invoke our common god ! and let the wine
Flow in libation to the Power divine !"

He spake ; and straight the Herculean poplar's bough
Crown'd his own head, and circled every brow. 341
Then, as he grasp'd the goblet, all adore
The mighty god, and glad libations pour.

Now evening o'er the skies soft twilight shed :
When all the priests, Potitius at their head,
Advance with torches, and, as use enjoins,
With shaggy skins, for cinctures, round their loins.
The banquet they renew ; and, as before,
The festal board is heap'd with plenteous store :
While from full chargers, of capacious frame, 350
They feed with copious gifts the holy flame.
The Salii, then, around their altars' fire
Dance, crown'd with poplar, to the varied lyre.

The young and ancient, with responding lays,
In double chorus chant Alcides' praise: 355
How the two snakes that on his cradle rush'd,
(Juno's first ministers of wrath) he crush'd:
How mighty cities next his war o'erthrew,
Troy and Æchalia: how his labors grew;
By stern Eurystheus and the Queen of heaven 360
Still plunged in toils, and still on dangers driven.
"Thy hand, unconquer'd Hero! also slew
Hylæus, Pholus, and the cloud-born crew.
The Cretan monster fell beneath thy shock;
And the vast lion in his Nemean rock. 365
At thee Styx trembled to its utmost shore:
To thee, hell's guard, now terrible no more,
Crouch'd o'er his ravin in his den of gore.
No forms could daunt thee: not the wondrous size
Of arm'd Typhœus, rushing on the skies. 370
Thee unalarm'd the snake of Lerna found,
Though all his host of heads were hissing round.
Hail, genuine Son of Jove! who, throned in heaven,
Shinest, a new glory to the immortals given.
Hear! and be present at thy votaries' prayer! 375
And them, and these thy rites, benignly make thy care!"
Thus they their holy harmonies prolong:
The hero-god the subject of their song:
And chiefly do they dwell on Cacus' death:
His cave of slaughter, and his fiery breath. 380

Charm'd was still Evening's ear; and, as they sung,
The woods and hills with tuneful accents rung.

Accomplish'd now the rites of praise and prayer,
Back to the city all the crowd repair.

The hoary king, with cumbrous years oppress'd, 385
Walks slowly with his son and princely guest;

And, as their minds upon his converse pore,
Beguiles their progress with instructive lore.

Though its great fates sleep viewless on the ground,
Æneas throws his curious glance around: 390

Explores each place; and, as he pleased surveys,
Questions and hears of works of ancient days.

Then thus Evander, sire of embryo Rome:

"These woods, of Fauns and Nymphs the native home,
Once shelter'd a barbarian race of men; 395

Who, sprung from rocks, were tenants of the den.

Lawless and fierce, in life's first arts unskill'd,

The bull they yoked not, or the furrows till'd.

Strangers to thrift, now gorged and starving now,

They prey'd upon the chase, or pluck'd the meagre bough.

Till, flying from his son's superior might, 401

An exile from his native realms of light,

Saturn descended here: he first subdued,

Drawn from their shaggy haunts, the indocile brood:

With laws constructed social order's plan; 405

And rear'd the biped savage into man.

Latium he call'd the realm, since latent here
He lived, and reign'd beyond the victor's fear.
Sweet Peace sat smiling by the monarch's throne :
And then the far-famed age of gold was known ; 410
Till envious time the social lustre stain'd ;
And rage of war, and lust of rapine reign'd.
Ausonians then, and then Sicanians came ;
And oft the land of Saturn changed her name.
Then various kings the shifting rule possess'd ; 415
And savage Thybris tower'd above the rest :
Thybris, from whom our flood its name derives ;
Whilst ancient Albula no more survives.
Me, doom'd the extended ocean's range to prove,
As exiled from my country's arms I rove, 420
Almighty Fortune and resistless Fate
Compell'd to settle in this distant state :
And here Carmentis and the Delphic god,
From both their shrines, command my fix'd abode."
Proceeding as he spoke, the shrine he shows, 425
And gate, which Rome as her Carmental knows.
In honor of his mother-nymph they stood,
Carmentis ; who, in her diviner mood,
Had sung of Troy advancing to be great ;
And future Pallanteum's glorious state. 430
Thence to the grove they came, whose ample shade
Fierce Romulus the famed Asylum made.

Then the king points to where the mountain's brow
 Hangs o'er Lupercal in the vale below ;
 So by the Arcadians from Lycaeus named, 435
 Pan's sacred city, where his altars flamed.
 Then Argiletus' wood he shows with pain ;
 And tells how Argos, his sad guest, was slain.
 Thence to the Capitol their progress led ;
 Where the Tarpeian lifts his regal head. 440
 Horrent with bristly copse, the summit rose,
 Which now, array'd in golden splendor, glows. 441
 Even then the dread religion of the place 442
 With holy horror struck the peasant race : 443
 Even then, the guarded mountain as they saw, 444
 Their panting bosoms thrill'd with secret awe. 445

"Those shades, that rock some god—(what god, un-
 Evander cried, "has made his dreadful throne. [known"
 The Arcadians think that Jove himself is there ;
 Superbly seen amid the storm of air : 450
 As bickering flames his brandish'd ægis throws ;
 And pours deep night with tempest round his brows.
 Yon ruin'd heaps, that strew the hill and plain,
 Were once two towns, whose wrecks alone remain.
 This Janus built, and that Heaven's exiled son : 455
 One call'd Janiculum, Saturnia one."

As thus with converse they deceived the road,
 They came to poor Evander's low abode ;

And saw herds graze where now, in high command,
Rome's forum and the rich Carinæ stand. . 460

There at his seat, "My Guest!" the monarch said,
"This threshold once Alcides deign'd to tread:

This, as his palace, held his victor state.

Dare to spurn wealth, and like the god be great!

Ah! kindly take the welcome of the poor." 465

He spoke; and leading through his humble door

The great Æneas, placed him on a bed,

Stuff'd with soft leaves, and with a bear-skin spread.

Night, swiftly borne upon her sable plume,
Now rush'd, and earth reposed beneath her gloom. 470

But Venus, not with causeless fears alarm'd, ,

Saw fierce Laurentum menacing and arm'd ;

And in her golden chamber, breathing love,

Her tongue's sweet accents thus her Vulcan move :

"While Grecia's chiefs made wretched Ilion bleed, 475

And wrapp'd her towers in flames, as Fate decreed ;

My voice, O dearest Consort! then forbore

To task thy power, and fruitless aid implore.

Then I besought thee not for arms divine :

Though much I owed to Priam's hapless line ; 480

And oft have wept the toils my son sustain'd.

Latium at length his weary foot has gain'd,

By Jove's command: and now my love implores

Thy potent godhead, which my heart adores.

For arms I sue, a mother for a son ; 485
As Thetis once, and once Aurora won.
See how the nations league ! what hosts combine
To storm his walls, and ruin me in mine !”

The goddess spoke ; and, waking all her charms,
’Threw round the pausing god her snowy arms, 490
And held him in soft folds : aroused desire
Shot instant through his nerves in wonted fire :
Quick as, when bursts a cloud by thunder’s might,
The blazing outbreak streaks the dark with light.
She felt her power, in conscious beauty strong ; 495
While thus immortal love inform’d his tongue :

“ Why seek for distant reasons to persuade ? ??
And wherefore, Goddess ! thus distrust my aid ? ??
Hadst thou, when Troy was fighting on the field, ??
Besought me thus to forge the spear and shield, 500 ??
No power had stay’d my hand ; and Jove and Fate
Not yet had levell’d her majestic state :
Unshaken still her bulwarks had remain’d ;
And Priam for another ten years reign’d.
And now, if war alarm thee with its storm, 505
Whate’er my force or science can perform,
Whate’er my hands for war’s effect can frame
From metals, conquer’d by excited flame,
Be certain shall be thine ; nor thus with prayer
Suspect thy power, and doubt if thou art fair.” 510

He said ; and sank entranced upon her breast ;
And sleep there wrapp'd him in delicious rest.
Then, when the night had finish'd half her course,
And sleep resign'd his first restoring force :
What time the matron, who her life sustains 515
By the loom's art, and hard Minerva's pains,
Awakes her drowsy hearth, robs night for toil,
And tasks her maidens by the flaming oil ;
That thus her blooming infants may be fed,
And kept unsullied her connubial bed ; 520
The god of fire from pleasing slumber breaks ;
And, rushing to the forge, his couch forsakes.
Near Lipare, and by Sicania's side,
With smoking rocks an isle high-brows the tide.
Cyclopean fires exhaust the ground beneath ; 525
And Ætna's caverns there in thunder breathe.
Hence may be heard struck anvils' shrilling tones ;
The panting furnace, and the fire that groans :
The tumult of the boiling metal's wave ;
And all the various din that shakes the cave. 530
The dome of Vulcan this, that bears his name :
And hither from the skies he shot like flame.
In the huge vault, their toils, in naked pride,
Pyracmon Steropes and Brontes plied,
The master Cyclops of the forging bands. 535
The thunder now was swelling in their hands :

Jove's dreadful weapon, when incensed he throws
The fiery vengeance on his guilty foes.
Finish'd in part, in part as yet unframed,
The bolt with only half its terrors flamed. 540
Then for the growing weapon points they form,
Three of condensed, and three of liquid storm :
Three of fierce wind, and three of ruddy fire :
And add, to make the missile death entire,
Terror, blaze, sound, and flamy-pinion'd ire. 545
Another laboring band prepared the car,
And the fleet wheels that whirl the god of war ;
As, shaking cities in his fierce career,
He kindles fury, and he scatters fear.
Some the dread ægis forged, that shields the breast 550
Of wrathful Pallas, when for vengeance dress'd.
Raised into serpent scales, they fret the gold ;
Then writhing serpents for the braces mould ;
And, for the boss, the direful Gorgon cast ;
Slain, yet with living eyes that roll and blast. 555
"Leave all your works unfinish'd as they are,"
The master cried, "and turn to other care,
Ætnean Cyclops! from your plastic hands
Immortal arms a hero now demands.
Your force exert: exhaust your artist skill; 560
And haste your master's purpose to fulfil."
No more was needful: all, with instant mind,
Bend to the toil, and share the task assign'd.

Brass runs in floods ; gold's radiant fusion glows ;
And deathful steel within the furnace flows. 565

With folds on folds they form the mighty shield,
Singly to stand the tempest of the field.

Some teach the inflated bellows to inspire
The blast, then pour it on the madden'd fire.

Some with tenacious prongs the masses take ; 570

And plunge them hissing in the quenching lake :

Or turn them flaming ; and with hammers beat

The metal, docile from subduing heat.

With wondrous force, alternate and in time,

They raise their arms, and make their anvils chime. 575

Loud Echo wakens, as the din provokes ;

And the huge cavern groans beneath their strokes.

While thus the Æolian forges are bestirr'd ;

The morn's white ray, and song of earliest bird

Awake Evander in his lowly shed ; 580

And the hoar monarch rises from his bed.

Thrown o'er his limbs the mantling fleeces meet ;

And Tuscan sandals clasp around his feet.

A sword, Arcadia's work, adorns his side ;

And o'er it waves a panther's spotted hide. 585

Accoutred thus he passes through the gate ;

Two guardian dogs attendant on his state ;

And, with his promise treasured in his breast,

Hastes to the chamber of his Dardan guest.

Not less alert or scornful of repose, 590
Æneas with the blushing morn arose,
And met the king: their interview to share,
On one Achates waits; on one, his heir.
Their hands they mingle; and within, apart
From every meaner ear, disclose the heart: 595
And first Evander; "Mighty Chief! with whom
Living and vigorous, still his Troy must bloom!
Small is our power to aid; inferior far
To Fame's report, and to so great a war.
Here, straitening us, the Tuscan river flows: 600
There press upon our walls Rutulian foes.
But by my care shall wealthy realms be thine;
And mighty nations stretch thy battle's line:
An aid which chance supplies beyond our thought;
And here thy presence by the Fates is sought. 605
Hence not remote, the work of ancient hands,
Agylla's city towers above the sands.
There in old times, a race, for arms renown'd,
From Lydia came, and reign'd on Tuscan ground.
This realm, for years by smiling Fortune bless'd, 610
Mezentius' cruel sovereignty oppress'd.
Why should I speak the horror of his deeds?
'The pains that groan? the guiltless life that bleeds?
On his dire head, ye Gods! his acts return!
And through his tainted house let vengeance burn! 615

Even living bodies to the dead he tied ;
Hands ranged with hands, and mouth to mouth applied :
Infliction strange ! and in the embrace of woe,
Mid reeking death and foul corruption's flow,
Kept the sad victim, till, with suffering tired, 620
Life slowly in contagion's arms expired.
At length, while thus the tyrant's fury glows,
The wearied citizens in vengeance rose :
Slew his associates ; and with fire and sword
Assail'd the palace of their hated lord. 625
He through the flames and slaughter safely fled ;
And shelter'd in the Daunian court his head.
Protected there by Turnus' friendly hand,
He mock'd the justice of his injured land.
But, greatly moved, Etruria, like a flood, 630
Rose all, to claim with arms her tyrant's blood :
And to her myriads, thus for war combined,
Their leader, thou, Æneas ! shalt be join'd.
Already on the coast her numerous fleet,
With ensigns waving for departure, meet. 635
But an old augur, versed in fateful lore,
Suspend their sails that swell to quit the shore.
" Ye Youths !" he cries, " Mæonia's chosen host !
Who, sprung from heroes, hero-virtue boast !
To whom Mezentius gives a righteous cause ; 640
And just revenge for wrongs to combat draws !

By no Italian must your hosts be led :
So Heaven ordains : then seek a foreign head."

Thus over-awed, and hinder'd in their course,
On yonder plains have camp'd the Tuscan force : 645
And Tarchon's legates, with their proffer'd throne,
To me have brought the sceptre as my own :
And to the Etrurian camp I should repair,
Received and welcomed as a monarch there,
But slow, cold age, that martial force denies, 650
With envy robs me of the imperial prize.
My son should seise it, but his birth restrains ;
His Sabine mother circling in his veins.
Thou, then, to whom the power and right are given
By age and race, required by Fate and Heaven, 655
Rise ! and thy glorious destinies enjoy !
Great chief at once of Italy and Troy !
With thee, the hope and solace of my age,
Pallas shall march, and by thy side engage :
Tutor'd by thee in arms, thy deeds admire ; 660
And catch, in youth, from thee a hero's fire.
My aid I give, two hundred chosen horse ;
And Pallas, as his own, shall lead an equal force.

He spoke ; and, musing on the toils of Fate,
Æneas and Achates pensive sate : 665
Till Cytherea, from heaven's cloudless height,
Gave a glad omen in a burst of light,

With thundering clashes : all the scene around
Shakes ; and in air the Tuscan trumpets sound.
Upward they gaze : again loud clangors crash 670
From arms, that mid the skies are seen to flash.
While shrink his friends aghast, the hero knew
His mother's signal, to her promise true ;
And said ; " My Host ! let no vain fears alarm ;
Nor deem the portent boding future harm. 675
Heaven calls me hence : for, if the war should swell,
My goddess-mother promised thus to tell ;
And bring me, all the shock of foes to stand,
Celestial arms from Vulcan's forging hand.
Ah ! what black fate o'erhangs Laurentum's wall ! 680
What dire revenges shall on Turnus fall !
Tiber ! I see thy stream suffused with blood ;
And helms and shields and heroes choak thy flood.
'Tis well ! from plighted peace they now may start ;
And court destruction with a perjured heart." 685
He ceased, and rose : then waking on the shrine
The Herculean fires, renews the rites divine :
Repairs well-pleased to where, in humble state,
The household gods his adoration wait :
There joyfully his sacred homage pays ; 690
And sheep, selected for the victims, slays.
At once, Evander and the youth of Troy
Blend in the rites, and catch his holy joy.

Then, measuring back his steps, he seeks the strand ;
Regains the ships, and joins his patriot band. 695
Of these, the prime he chooses for his train,
'To meet the Tuscans on the tented plain.
The rest upon the downward stream he sends
To bear Ascanius tidings of his friends.

The band, that to the Tuscan camp proceeds, 700
Are mounted by the king on martial steeds :
And one, of the Parrhasian stalls the pride,
O'er whom, with paws of gold, a lion's hide
Mantled, and richly all his form o'erspread,
Is, in distinction, for Æneas led. 705

Fame flies before them, with her loud report
That thus for war they seek the Etrurian court.
The little city pants with strong alarm :
Around the shrines the suppliant matrons swarm.
Danger, more nearly seen, awakes affright ; 710
And Mars in terror grows upon the sight.

Dissolved in tears the reverend monarch stands ;
And, speaking, strains the parting hero's hands :
" O ! that propitious Jove would now renew
That youthful vigor which in arms I knew ! 715
Such as I was when, in Præneste's fields,
I crush'd the ranks, and burnt a pile of shields ;
And Herilus, their king, a wondrous foe,
Sent to associate with the shades below :

A chief, Feronia's son, to whom she gave 720
Three lives, to rise thrice victor of the grave.
But thrice he fell beneath my conquering force;
And thrice the spoils I ravish'd from his corse.
Such were I now, with nerves for glory's race,
No power should tear me from my son's embrace: 725
Nor had Mezentius then with murders spread
My neighbour realms; and scorn'd my hoary head.
But, O ye Gods! and thou, whom gods obey,
Great Jove! with pity listen as I pray!
Respect the monarch's and the father's prayer! 730
If Pallas' safety be your heavenly care;
If to infold him in these arms again
I live, for life I sue with all its pain.
But if some dreadful fortune be design'd,
Now, now, while hope still soothes my cheated mind; 735
Ere yet the future shall its fates unfold;
While thus my son, my last, sole joy, I hold;
O! break life's chain at once, and let me go,
By darkness shrouded, from the death of woe!"
Thus spoke the parting sire, and overcome 740
His menials bore him fainting to his home.
Now through the gates the horse-array proceeds;
And great Æneas, with Achates, leads.
Next march the Trojan chiefs; and Pallas then,
In pictured arms conspicuous, heads his men: 745

Bright as the star of morn, to Venus dear
Beyond all stars, that gem the etherial sphere :
When, keen from ocean's wave, his sacred light
Flames in the front of heaven, and chases night.
The trembling matrons to the ramparts throng ; 750
And trace the warriors as they flash along.
They o'er the shaggy heath, in close array,
Straight to the embattled scene pursue their way.
The shouts of war arise: the trembling ground,
Beat by the numerous hoof, returns a hollow sound. 755

Near Cære's gelid stream a grove aspires,
Hallow'd from ancient time by Latium's sires.
The grove on every side high hills confine ;
And black above it nod their brows of pine.
When hither first, so speaks the voice of Fame,
To Latium's bounds the bold Pelasgians came ;
They to Silvanus gave the votive shade ;
And here the shepherd's god their annual rites survey'd.
Not distant far the Tuscan legions lay,
Seen from the neighb'ring heights in wide display ; 765
And here Æneas and his warrior-train
Rest, and refresh their horses on the plain.

But, with her present fraught, the Queen of love
Now shot from air, and lighten'd through the grove :
Then on her son apart in lustre broke, 770
As by the stream he sate, and thus bespoke :

“Lo! all my promise answering to thy heart,
The bright production of my consort's art!
Now hear Laurentum's threats without alarm;
And brave the force of Turnus' vaunted arm.” 775

She said; and, fondly seeking his embrace,
Ranged by an oak her gift, that fired the place.
Thus bless'd and honor'd, with insatiate gaze
The heavenly arms, transported, he surveys:
Admires, and poises in his hands the frame 780
Of the high-crested helm, that vomits flame;
The deathful falchion; and the brazen coat,
O'er whose broad surface sanguine splendors float:
Illustrious as a cloud, that, richly bright,
Glows with the sun, and melts in liquid light. 785
The spear and cuishes then his mind absorb;
But most the shield's unutterable orb.

For there the god of fire, whose vision, sent
Through the deep future, saw the unborn event,
Had wrought Italia's deeds in days to come; 790
And the long triumphs of eternal Rome:
Ascanius, living through his glorious line;
And all the battles of his race divine.

There, in the cave of Mars the wolf was laid;
And round her teats the two bold infants play'd. 795
She o'er her human charge, caressing, hung
With neck reclined, and form'd them with her tongue.

Rome next was shown ; and, mid her sacred games,
Her lawless soldiers seise the Sabine dames.
Hence sudden war ensues ; and, stung with rage, 800
Old Tatius' hosts with Romulus engage.
Then at Jove's altar arm'd each monarch stands :
And o'er the bristly victim join their hands ;
And hold the ruddy goblet. Next were seen
The severing cars, and Metus stretch'd between. 805
The faithless man resentful Tullus tore
Through the thick copse, whose brambles dropp'd with gore.
Porsena there, in banish'd Tarquin's cause,
His legions round the straiten'd city draws :
While, strong in virtue and for freedom warm, 810
The Æneïans brave the monarch's hostile storm.
Him might you see, distinguish'd from the rest,
With rage and menace in his mien express'd,
As Cocles singly durst the bridge maintain ;
And Clœlia swam the flood, disdainful of his chain. 815
There, for the fane of Capitolian Jove,
On the Tarpeian summit Manlius strove :
And by his side, with recent thatch o'erlaid,
The low Romulian palace was portray'd.
With silver pinions on the golden wall 820
Flutter'd the bird, that spoke the advancing Gaul.
Through the rough copse, by night's protecting power,
The Gauls were present, and possess'd the tower.

Gold was their length of hair, and richly glow'd
The embroider'd cloaks that o'er their shoulders flow'd.
Their snowy necks with chains of gold are bound : 826
Each with two Alpine javelins aims the wound ;
And their long shields the rushing foe confound.
Next rose, upon the historic buckler's face,
The Salian chorus and Lupercan race : 830
The fleecy crowns ; and, by the Immortals given,
The shields of destiny, that fell from heaven ;
And there the matrons, guiltless of a stain,
Borne on soft litters, led the holy train.
At distance thence, the sculptor-god display'd 835
The realms of Dis ; the world of Stygian shade,
Where guilt is doom'd to woe ; and thou wert seen,
Fell Catiline ! with horror-writhing mien ;
As, strain'd upon a rock, thou shrunk'st in dread
From fire-eyed Furies hovering round thy head : 840
And, far apart, in bright Elysium's breast,
Cato appear'd, presiding o'er the bless'd.

O'er the broad shield, amid these sculptures, roll'd,
With hoary-headed waves, a sea of gold :
Where silver dolphins seem to cut the brine ; 845
Or, gamboling, above its surface shine.
There, rushing on the sight, with brazen prows
Embattled ships in Actium's conflict rose :
And Mars, convulsing high Leucate's brow ;
And pouring tumult on the deeps below. 850

Here Cæsar, leading great Italia's bands,
(Rome's state and gods confided to his hands,)
Shines on the deck, while, streaming from his head,
Auspicious flames effusive glories shed;
And o'er his beaming front, illustrious far, 855
Expands the radiance of the Julian star.
High on another prow Agrippa towers;
And guides, with favoring winds and gods, his powers:
Waves the proud ensign of command, and shows
The naval crown, that glitters on his brows. 860
From the morn's regions and the red-sea coasts,
There in barbaric pride, his various hosts
Antoniùs leads; and to the conflict brings
The furthest east, and Bactra's subject kings.
Him Ægypt follows, and (O blushing shame!) 865
His alien consort, Ægypt's royal dame.
At once the navies shock, and beaks and oars
Dash the white waves, and roll them on the shores.
You might the uprooted Cyclades have thought
Were floating, or that mountains mountains fought; 870
In such proud state the towery structures ride:
Driven with such ponderous force they clash amid the tide.
A storm of steel and fire the foemen pour:
And ocean blushes with unwonted gore.
The queen amid the press of warriors stands; 875
And with her tinkling sistrum calls her bands:

Nor yet (ah! blind to Destiny's decrees)
The deathful serpents close behind her sees.
Gods of all monstrous forms, in fight array'd
'Gainst Neptune, Venus, and the martial maid, 880
Rage with the dog Anubis at their head:
Round iron Mars the sanguine horrors spread.
The hovering Diræ rain Tartarean fire:
Exulting Discord raves in rent attire;
And fierce Bellona, where the Furies urge, 885
Drives her red steeds, and lifts her gory scourge.
From Actium's heights surveying all below,
Apollo bent at once his dreadful bow.
Scared at the sound, that clangs along the sky,
The Ægyptians, Indians, and Sabæans fly. 890
Before her hosts in ready flight was seen,
Invoking all the winds, the trembling queen.
Her mid the carnage, with death's omen pale,
As o'er the waves Iäpyx swells her sail,
The god had sculptured; and, in bold relief, 895
Opposed great Nilus in majestic grief;
As his wide arms, unfolding all his vest,
Invite the conquer'd to his sheltering breast.
But Cæsar, with his glories wafted home,
His threefold triumph leads through gazing Rome; 900
And to the gods that rule her destinies,
True to his vows, bids countless temples rise.

Joy laughs along the streets, with chaplets crown'd;
Games glitter on the sight, and shouts resound.
In chorus round the shrines the matrons lead; 905
And grateful hecatombs, for victims, bleed.
On the white threshold of Apollo's gate,
The mighty victor sits in laurell'd state:
Respects the people's offerings, and arrays
The trophied columns in the golden blaze. 910
In long procession pass the captive throng;
Nations in habit various as in tongue.
For Vulcan's art had there distinctly shown
Afric's dark tribes, impatient of the zone:
The Lelegæ, and Carians' martial rows: 915
The wild Geloni with their dreaded bows:
The Dahæ, who at length their conqueror found;
And the fierce Morini from earth's last bound.
There great Euphrates' humbled waters gleam; 13 810
And the horn'd Rhenus shows his double stream: 920
And there, prone rushing from his steepy ridge,
Pours fierce Araxes, and disdains the bridge.
These sights the chief on the Vulcanian shield,
With wondering, though unconscious eyes, beheld;
And, fitting to his arm the gift divine,
Bears the proud fates and glories of his line. 926

END OF THE EIGHTH BOOK.

THE
ÆNEIS.

BOOK IX.

Argument.

DURING the absence of *Æneas*, *Turnus* is excited by *Iris*, under the commands of *Juno*, to attack the camp of the *Trojans*. Unable to storm their lines, he attempts to set fire to their ships; which are preserved and changed into sea-nymphs by *Cybele*, with whose sacred trees they had been built. Struck with the prodigy, and influenced by the approach of night, he suspends the assault, and prepares for its renewal on the following morning. During the night, *Nisus* and *Euryalus* undertake to penetrate through the careless enemy, and to bring tidings to their absent monarch of the distressed state of his forces. Their enterprise, which at first promises success, terminates in the death of both the young heroes. In the subsequent conflict, *Turnus* discovers wonderful prowess; and, being inclosed within the *Trojan* entrenchments, makes a great slaughter of his enemies. Overpowered at last by numbers and compelled to retreat, he leaps with all his arms into the *Tiber*, and returns in safety to his friends.

THE
ÆNEIS.

BOOK IX.

WHILE thus, at distance, moved the eventful scene;
Iris descends from heaven's Saturnian Queen,
To daring Turnus. Where the sacred wood
Of old Pilumnus in a valley stood,
The chief then haply linger'd: on his sight 5
There broke the goddess in a stream of light;
And thus address'd him, while her lips disclose
The blush at once and fragrance of the rose:
"Turnus! beyond the reach of heavenly thought,
The wish'd occasion lo! by time is brought. 10
Abandoning his city, friends, and fleet,
Æneas seeks Evander's distant seat:
Nay more, to Corythus' remoter plains
Pierces, and arms for battle Lydia's swains.
Why pause? this moment claims the steed, the car: 15
Haste! seise the astonish'd camp, and overwhelm with war."

She said, and heaven-ward sprang; and, as she flies,
Throws a broad arch of glory o'er the skies.
The conscious youth uplifts the hands of prayer;
And thus pursues her glowing wing through air: 20

“Iris, the charm of heaven! what gracious Power
Has sent thee hither in this smiling hour?
Whence is the sudden radiance I survey,
Thus proudly bright above the noontide day?
I see the blaze of heaven's unfolding breast; 25
And the pole sparkling in its starry vest.
Whoe'er thou art that call'st me to the foe!
I hail thy omen, and with transport go.”

He spake; and, passing to the river's side,
Scoop'd in his hollow palms the lucid tide: 30
Then, raising them to heaven, devoutly bows;
And importunes the gods with vows on vows.

Now issues on the field his whole array;
Potent in horse, in painted armour gay.
Messapus glitters at the legionæ' head: 35
The rear is by the sons of Tyrrheus led:
Whilst in the central battle Turnus stands,
Towering in arms; and high o'erlooks the bands.
As mighty Ganges, when his sevenfold tide
Swells o'er the realms in calm, majestic pride: 40
Or Nilus, when his voice from Ægypt's plain
Calls his rich waters to their bed again;

So spread the gathering hosts : when Troy beheld

A dusty tempest darkening all the field ;

And first Caïcus from the walls exclaims : 45

“ What cloud, my Friends ! rolls hither, shooting flames ?

The foe, the foe draws near ! be instant all !

Haste ! ply your weapons and ascend the wall !”

Straight with loud clamor all the Trojans ran,

To close the portals and the ramparts man : 50

For at his parting such their chief's command,

To shun the unequal conflict hand to hand,

Nor tempt the dubious fortune of the plain ;

But on their guarded walls the foe sustain.

Then, though their spirits boil, and shame and rage 55

Prompt their bold hearts to issue and engage,

Observant of their lord, the gates they bar ;

And, arm'd, upon their towers expect the war.

Before his hosts, disdainful of delay,

Turnus, with twenty horsemen, breaks away ; 60

And rushes to the walls with furious speed :

Beneath him foams a spotted Thracian steed ;

And, high above his golden helm, in air

His dancing plumage sheds a sanguine glare.

“ Warriors ! who dares with me ? who first will throw 65

War's missile ruin on yon hated foe ?

Behold !” he cries aloud, and hurls his lance :

And challenges the field with bold advance.

With shouts his troops avow the war begun ;
And deathful clamors through the legions run. 70
Much they admire the Trojans' firm repose ;
And eye reproachfully their cautious foes :
Who shun the encounter, equal shield to shield ;
And, cherishing their camp, refuse the field.
Now here, now there, the stormy hero flies ; 75
And all accesses to the rampart tries.
As when a wolf around the sheepfold prowls ;
And in black midnight at the barrier howls,
Beat by the wind and rain : the unconscious lambs,
Removed from danger, bleat beneath their dams. 80
Savage and wild, the excluded murderer raves :
His rage in vain the expected ravin craves :
His hollow sides collected famine draws ;
And hot thirst parches his unbloody jaws.
As round the guarded camp the Daunian wheels, 85
So burns his fury, such the pains he feels.
All means to draw the Trojans to the plain,
Or force their lines, his mind explores in vain.
At length their vessels by the rampart's side,
With mounds protected and the encircling tide, 90
He marks ; and, pointing to his shouting bands,
Seises a flaming pine, and calls for brands.
Instant all run ; and, as their chief inspires,
Despoil the hearths, and hurl the smoky fires,

Thick pitchy flames on every side arise ; 95

And Vulcan mounts on ashy clouds the skies.

What god, O Muses ! in that trembling hour,
Saved Troy's doom'd navy from the fiery power ?
Say ! for the fact, believed by ancient days,
Immortal Fame through every age conveys. 100

What time Æneas, from the Idæan woods,
Prepared his fleet to traverse distant floods ;
The Mother of the gods to heaven's high Lord
Bow'd, suppliant at his throne, and thus implored :
" My Son, who owest Olympus to my care ! 105

Grant thy loved mother what she craves with prayer.
On Ida's loftiest summit spreads a grove,
For ages hallow'd by my rites and love :
Where, deep embower'd in oak and dusky pine,
My votaries wont to offer at my shrine. 110

This to the Dardan youth well pleased I gave,
When, asking ships, he sought to cross the wave.
With fond solicitude now heaves my breast :
Ah ! let my prayers prevail to gain it rest.
O ! grant this favor to my sacred trees, 115

Not to be torn by storms, or whelm'd in seas.
Safe let them ride in my protection still ;
The sanction'd offspring of my holy hill."

To her, the Sire who wields the etherial state :
" Why, Mother ! seek to change the laws of Fate ? 120

Can ships, constructed by a mortal hand,
Imperishable destinies command?
Or can Æneas, privileged by Jove,
Uncertain perils, free from peril, prove?
This to indulge exceeds the power of Heaven: 125
But at thy suit shall all I can be given.
Whatever ships, survivors of the main,
Shall bear Æneas to Laurentum's reign;
Them to immortals will my hand transform;
Powers of the sea, superior to the storm. 130
Then, like Nereïan Doto, shall they glide
Through ocean's depths, and reign amid the tide."

He spoke; and by his Stygian brother's waves,
(The flood that, wrapp'd in pitchy darkness, raves,)
Swore, and inclined his head: the attesting god 1.
Olympus felt, and trembled at the nod.

Now then, the period of the Fates entire,
Was come the day thus promised by the Sire:
When Turnus' insult warn'd the heavenly dame
To snatch her sacred vessels from the flame. 140
Straight a new splendor from Aurora's bed
Rose on the skies, and wide in glory spread.
Amid the illumined clouds, re-echoing round,
Strains of Idæan minstrelsy resound:
And the scared Trojans and Rutulians hear 145
An awful voice thus thundering on the ear:

“Desist, O Trojans! nor, with vain alarms,
To save my hallow'd ships exert your arms.
Despise yon boaster's threats: as soon the seas
Turnus shall burn, as my immortal trees. 150

Go then, my pines! Heaven's parent bids you go:
And traverse, Goddesses! the deeps below.”

At once the galleys from their moorings drive;
Then, dolphin-like, beneath the billows dive
With plunging heads; and, springing thence to light, 155
Wondrous! in virgin forms surprise the sight.

Each brazen prow become a face divine,
They smile, and wanton in the curling brine.

Pale terror seises the Rutulian bands:

With startled steeds, aghast Messapus stands; 160
And Tiber, pausing with religious fear,
Checks his hoarse waters in their prone career.

Turnus alone, with spirit yet entire,
Upbraids the hosts, and re-inflames their fire:

“This portent threats alone yon Trojan band; 165
Reft of all aid by Jove's own lifted hand.

Needless is here the hostile torch and dart:
For us, Heaven acts the sure destroyer's part.

To them one half of all the world is lost:
And, in such myriads swarms Italia's host, 170

That all the land, as ours, we justly boast.
Nor Heaven in oracles my mind o'erawes;
The vaunt of Phrygia to support her cause.

That Troy should reach Ausonia's golden shore,
The Fates and Venus claim, nor ask for more. 175
I too have Fates; and 'tis by them decreed,
The base purloiners of my bride shall bleed.
For not alone the house of Atreus knows
The shame and anguish of defrauded vows:
Nor to Mycenæ can alone belong, 180
To vindicate with arms a consort's wrong.
But Troy has perish'd once, let that suffice:—
Then should she not have thus offended twice;
But, hating woman, shunn'd the wrecking vice.
Let our awed foes, who in their walls confide, 185
(Those slight delays of Fate's advancing tide,)
Think how their Troy, though raised by Neptune's hand,
Sunk in a blazing ruin on the land.
But who with me, my chosen Friends! will rush
Foremost their trembling battlements to crush? 190
I ask not arms divine, or need employ
A thousand ships to raze this second Troy:
No! though Arcadia on her side engage;
And all Etruria in her battle rage.
Nor let them fear, in night's insidious gloom, 195
Their famed Palladium's and its guardians' doom:
We lurk not in the fraudulent horse's womb.
Stolen victory we scorn: in day's broad light
We hurl our fires, and drive the storm of fight:

And such shall be our war, they soon shall know 200
Not Greece invades them, but a fiercer foe :
Greece, whose assault for ten long years was vain ;
Detain'd by Hector on the doubtful plain.
But now, since day is fading in the sky,
Hence ! and with food and rest the nerves supply ; 205
And, pleased with what is happily begun,
Expect the triumph of to-morrow's sun !"

Then, to observe the gates with nightly care,
He bids Messapus to the watch repair ;
And kindle fires around the leaguer'd town. 210
Twice seven Rutulian leaders of renown
Attend their chief : by each, a sumptuous band
With purple plumes, a hundred warriors stand.
To change the guard they run from post to post :
Then on the turf recline the festive host ; 215
And ply the goblet : whilst encircling fires
Inflame the skies, and shoot in ruddy spires.
The watch, carousing through the night, they keep,
And quell with revelry the powers of sleep.
The Trojans from the wall discern the foe, 220
In shadowy terror, through the flames below.
All arm'd they man the ramparts, and connect
The towers with bridges, and each pass protect,
And store with weapons : while, with martial art
Arranging and enforcing every part, 225

Mnestheus and bold Serestus, (to whose hand,
Should war prevail, the labors of command
Their prince had given,) to each his share assign
Of trust and toil along the wakeful line.

As guardian of the gate young Nisus stands, 230
Of dauntless spirit and unconquer'd hands,
The son of Hyrtacus : whom, yet a boy,
His mother Ida, huntress-nymph of Troy,
Sent to attend Æneas on the field,
With hands that aim the shaft or javelin wield. 235
Near him Euryalus awaits, in face
And form the loveliest of the Trojan race :
O'er whose soft cheek the mantling down began
Just to show youth maturing into man.
With kindred hearts, by pure affection join'd, 240
One pulse they felt and sympathy of mind.
Together went to trace the field of blood,
Together now upon the guard they stood :
When Nisus spoke : " Euryalus, my friend !
Is it from Heaven our impulses descend ? 245
Or are our passions, with their strong controll,
The gods we feel in action on the soul ?
To combat, now, or dare some deed of fame
My spirit prompts me, and my mind is flame.
Seest thou how Fortune, with her witching smiles, 250
Our foes to haughty confidence beguiles ?

Their fires scarce gleam : in wine and slumber drown'd,
Supine they lie ; and silence lulls the ground.
Hear then the purpose of my thought's debate !
Our leader's absence shakes the general state : 255
And to recall him to the dubious fight,
By some of trust who can report aright,
Princes and people in one wish unite.
Now, would they grant what I for thee require,
(Since glory is alone my heart's desire,) 260
The path beneath yon mound I would essay ;
And wind to Pallanteum's walls my way."

Surprised, Euryalus at once express'd
The love of fame that kindled in his breast :
" From me, my Nisus ! would'st thou proudly run : 265
Nor hold our dangers, as our glory, one ?
Shall I commit thee singly to the foe ?
Nor shield thy bosom, or partake the blow ?
Far other spirit from my sire I caught :
Not this the lesson which Opheltes taught ; 270
When, mid the shock of Greece and Troy in arms,
He train'd my infancy to war's alarms :
Nor such with thee has been my recreant state ;
Æneas' follower through the paths of Fate.
No ! in my bosom lives the scorn of breath ; 275
Which holds that fame is cheaply bought with death."

To him thus Nisus : " In my conscious breast
No thought injurious to thy worth can rest :

So may the gods regard me! and high Jove
Restore me, proud in triumph, to thy love! 280
But if, (thou know'st that perils strew the way,)
Chance or some god should snatch me from the day,
I wish more life for thee, whose opening bloom
Claims not to wither in an early tomb;
That thy kind hand may sepulchre my corse, 285
Won from the foe by ransom, or by force:
Or, should by Fortune my remains be lost,
Please with a grateful cenotaph my ghost.
Thy mother's anguish too my heart would spare;
Who feels for thee a more than mother's care: 290
Who, singly of our matrons, braved the seas
For thee, and scorn'd Acestes' proffer'd ease."

"In vain," the generous boy replied, "my friend
Seeks the firm purpose of my soul to bend.
Haste! let us go!" He said, and instant speeds 295
To rouse the guard that to his post succeeds:
Then hurrying, with his Nisus for his guide,
Seeks the pavilion where the chiefs abide.

Now, o'er earth's surface each inferior race
Their toils and cares forgot in sleep's embrace. 300
But the great lords and noble youths of Troy
In anxious counsel all their minds employ:
How best they may the endanger'd state defend;
And whom to seek their mighty leader send.

In the camp's central field the heroic band, 305
 All arm'd and leaning on their javelins, stand :
 When Nisus and his friend with earnest zeal
 Press for admittance, plead the public weal,
 And, whilst their audience claims the council's pause,
 Assert that great and pressing is the cause. 310
 Iulus first receives the panting pair ;
 And asks of Nisus what their purpose there.
 Then thus Hyrtacides : " Ye 'Trojan Peers !
 Slight not our offer as beyond our years.
 Stretch'd on the plain, o'erwhelm'd with sleep and wine,
 Lie the Rutulians, silent and supine. 316
 The two-fold road which near the gate divides,
 Where the wave murmurs by our bulwark's sides,
 Heedful we have observed : there, flame no more
 The ruddy piles, but sable columns soar. 320
 Should your consent but grant us to pursue
 What smiling Fortune offers to our view,
 To Pallanteum will we force our way ;
 And, red with slaughter and enrich'd with prey,
 Soon shall your prince be here : the frequent chase 325
 Has taught us all the windings of the place ;
 And, tracing through the vale the devious tide,
 Its course we know, and have the town descried."
 Hoary and sage Aletes heard with joy,
 And fervent thus ; " Ye guardian Gods of Troy ! 330

Still, still I see you hovering o'er our state,
And willing it to know a longer date :
Since to our youth such noble souls ye give ;
Proud to live glorious, more than fond to live."

Then straining both the youths in his embrace, 335
Whilst as he spoke tears trickled down his face,
"Illustrious Spirits ! what rewards can mate
Such noble daring, and deserts so great ?
Your own rich conscience of the glorious deed,
And the bless'd gods must give your brightest meed. 340
The next to find will be our sovereign's care ;
And the long bounty of his grateful heir.
"Yes !" cries Ascanius, "for my sire restored,
By all the gods Assaracus adored ;
By hoary Vesta's venerable shrine ; 345
Whate'er of fortune or of hope be mine,
Nisus ! I swear into thy lap to pour :
Give me my father, and I ask no more.
Bring him, my soul of safety, to my sight,
With whom all fortunes please, all toils are light, 350
And two large bowls, of sculptured silver wrought,
By my great sire from sack'd Arisba brought ;
Two tripods, and two talents of pure gold ;
With a rich goblet, cast in days of old,
(The gift of Dido,) shall the deed requite. 355
But if, victorious in the coming fight,

My sire shall haply grasp Hesperia's throne,
Divide the spoils, and feel the realm his own,—
Thou saw'st the steed that golden Turnus bore,
The helm, the shield, the corslet that he wore, 360
Then shall that steed, that shield, those arms divine,
Nisus! exempted from the lot, be thine;
With twice six dames, selected for their charms;
And twice six captive youths with all their arms.
These shall my father's grateful hand bestow; 365
With all the lands Latinus' oxen plough.
Thee, honor'd Boy! in manhood yet unblown,
Of years near mine, my love shall make its own.
Here I adopt thee, with my fates to blend:
Grow with my fortunes, with my power ascend. 370
In war, in peace, attendant on my side,
Thy will shall govern, and thy counsel guide."
To him Euryalus: "No time shall prove
My future deeds less worthy of thy love;
However Fortune, that disposes all, 375
May crown me with success, or doom my fall.
But one great boon my earnest prayer would gain;
One, without which all other boons were vain.
My mother lives, of Priam's royal blood,
Who, braving for my love the stormy flood, 380
Scorn'd her dear Phrygia and Acesta's town.
Her, with my dubious enterprise unknown,

I leave defrauded of a son's caress :
For, ah ! be witness all, I here confess,
My firmness cannot stand a mother's fond distress. 385
O comfort her ! and, if to bleed my fate,
Respect, and cheer her solitary state !
Promise but this ! and let me seek the foe,
Nerved by the assurance for the stronger blow."

With instant sympathy each bosom glow'd : 390
From every eye the tear of nature flow'd.
But young Iulus, touch'd beyond the rest,
Felt all the pious son within his breast,
And cried ; " All all to worth like thine I owe ;
And all, conceded to thy heart, I vow. 395
Thy mother shall be mine ; Creüsa's name
Alone deficient to the perfect claim.
Be with whate'er event thy daring crown'd,
She who bore thee shall ever be renown'd.
Yes ! by my own and by my father's head 400
(That oath which binds us with religious dread)
I swear, whate'er I promise should'st thou live,
That to thy mother and thy race to give."

Weeping he spoke ; and, as his gift, unhung
A gold-wrought sword, across his shoulder slung : 405
Forged by Lycaon's art, the temper'd death
Conceal'd its splendor in an ivory sheath.

To Nisus Mnestheus gave a lion's hide ;
And old Aletes, with a veteran's pride,
Changed helmets with the youth : then bright in arms 410
They issue to the field, and breathe alarms.
Them to the gate the chiefs in honor send ;
And young and old with fervent vows attend :
Whilst fair Iulus, provident and sage,
In the mind's manhood ripe beyond his age, 415
Trusts many a private mandate to their care :—
But all was lost, and made the sport of air.

Now o'er the trench the hostile camp they sought,
Conceal'd in night, and with destruction fraught.
By wine and sleep oppress'd, and scattering round 420
Diffusely on the plain, the foe they found.
The unguarded chariots stand upon the shore ;
Close by the reins and wheels the warriors snore :
And arms, with intermingled goblets, lie,
Spangling the grass, to court the spoiler's eye, 425
Hyrtacides remarks, and gives the word :
"The time, Euryalus ! now claims the sword.
Occasion smiles. Lo ! here our path display'd.
Watch thou behind, lest any there invade ;
And throw thine eye around. Myself will lay 430
This track in blood, and open wide thy way."

He spake, and dropp'd his voice : then instant drew
His ready sword and haughty Rhamnes slew :

Who, on rich carpets piled into a heap,
Pour'd from his heaving breast resounding sleep : 435
Rhamnes of double sway as prince and seer :
A royal augur held by Turnus dear.
But all his auguries were vain to show
Death now impending, or avert the blow.
Three servants next of Remus, as they lie 440
In careless ease mid scatter'd weapons, die.
Then too the chieftain's armour-bearer bleeds ;
And charioteer, surprised beneath his steeds.
Their pendent necks are sever'd by the sword ;
Which in an equal fate confounds their lord ; 445
Whose headless carcass palpitates in gore :
While crimson torrents dye the couch and shore.
Then Lamyrus and Lamus breathe their last ;
And young Sarranus, who in play had pass'd
Night's early hours ; but now in heavy rest 450
The ruddy god's supremacy confess'd :
Beauteous of form, and happy, had his play
Exhausted night and met the blush of day.
Thus the gaunt lion mid the crowded fold,
By famine madden'd, rages uncontroll'd ; 455
And, as in dumb affright beneath his paws
The prey lies panting, roars with gory jaws.
Nor less Euryalus for slaughter glows ;
And pours his rage on crowds of nameless foes.

'Then Fadus and Herbesus yield their breath ; 460

And Rhœtus sinks, with Abaris, in death.

Those in unconscious sleep the sword despatch'd ;

But Rhœtus as with eyes aghast he watch'd ;

And trembling strove the fatal stroke to ward,

With a capacious flagon for his guard. 465

Him, as he rose, the steel, with force impress'd,

Received, and storm'd with copious death his breast.

Falling, his bosom pours life's purple flood ;

And issuing wine commingles with the blood.

Then the flush'd victor bends his silent course 470

To where encamp'd lay great Messapus' force :

Where the pale fires just gleam expiring rays ;

And, by the chariots tied, the coursers graze :

When Nisus (for the youth, inflamed with war,

He fear'd might haply be betray'd too far) 475

Thus briefly spoke : " 'Tis time we now forbear :

Vengeance has had her dues : the morn is near ;

And through the foe is made an ample road."

Bright arms, and sculptured bowls, that round them glow'd,

Wrought of pure silver, and gay tapestry, 480

As slighted spoil, they pass unheeding by.

But Rhamnes' trappings pleased the heroic boy ;

And on the chieftain's belt he seised with joy.

That belt, which shone distinct with studs of gold,

Rich Cædicus to Remulus of old, 485

In sign of hospitable friendship gave,
An offering from the wealthy to the brave.
Then to his grandson Remulus bequeathed
The costly present, as his last he breathed :
And, from its hapless heir in battle torn, 490
On a Rutulian breast it next was worn.
Euryalus now glories in the prize ;
And, fondly fitting, o'er his shoulder ties.
Next on his head Messapus' helmet gleams,
And high in air the ruddy plumage streams. 495
Then, all the dangers of the camp o'erpast,
They reach the plain's security at last.

Meanwhile, before the tardier legion, sent
To Turnus with the Latian king's intent,
Three hundred horsemen, all with brazen shields, 500
By Volscens led, came pouring o'er the fields ;
And now approach'd the camp : when, ah ! the friends
(As to the left their stealthy progress bends)
The helm of rash Euryalus betrays,
Struck by the moon, and quicken'd with her rays. 505
“ 'Tis well discover'd : Ho ! ” fierce Volscens cries,—
“ Stand there ! say wherefore thus in arms ? where lies
Your purposed road ? ” They answer by their flight :
Speed to the neighb'ring wood, and trust to night.
The rushing horse each well-known pass command ; 510
And gird the forest with an iron band.

Through shaggy copse, by dusky oaks o'erspread,
The infrequent path, perplex'd with brambles, led.
Here the blind dangers of an unknown way,
Beneath the branches' double night, delay
Euryalus, incumber'd with his prey.

515

Nisus escapes: and now, with heedless haste,
Through the wide circle of the foes had pass'd;
And reach'd the lands, which since are known to fame
As Alban, from illustrious Alba's name;
But then were king Latinus' rich domain.
Here pausing, for his friend he looks in vain.

520

"Hapless Euryalus! ah! where alone
Have I thus left thee, lost in tracks unknown?
Where shall I find thee, as thy footsteps stray?"

525

He cries: then traces back the fraudulent way;
And, as his recollective eyes explore,
Unthrids the tangled maze he trod before.

• † † And now the sounding hoofs of steeds he hears;
And loud pursuit collects upon his ears.

530

• † † A general shout then echoes through the trees;
And straight his lost Euryalus he sees:

Whom, by the road betray'd at once and night,
And vainly struggling in unequal fight,
The foe with sudden onset had oppress'd.

535

What now can Nisus? with what power contest
The rescue of his friend? or shall he fly
To slaughter mid a host, and nobly die?

Instant he lifts his lance, and, ere he throws,
To the high moon addresses thus his vows: 540

“Latonia! glory of the starry sphere!
Chaste guardian of the woods! O deign to hear!
And, if my father, Hyrtacus, e’er strove
With offer’d gifts to gain for me thy love:
Or if, returning from my silvan toils, 545
I too have hung thy roof with shaggy spoils,
O! aid my daring now, celestial fair!
To rout yon host, O! guide my lance through air!”

He spoke; and, with his might all summon’d, threw
The spear, which singing through the darkness flew; 550
And, as averse ill-fated Sulmo stood,
Drove through his back, and deeply drank his blood.
The shivering wood snapp’d short: but, charged with death,
The blade held on, and pierced the lobes of breath.
Falling, his breast effused life’s tepid tide; 555
And, choak’d with gore, his lungs convulsive sigh’d.
All gaze around; and, while aghast they stand,
Another javelin flies from Nisus’ hand.
Tagus it meets; and, severing the brain
Through either temple, lays him on the plain. 560
Infuriate Volscens throws his glance around,
Vainly, to find the hand that launch’d the wound:
Nor sees on whom to pour his boiling rage.

“Thy blood at least my vengeance shall assuage;

And one for both atone!" he fiercely cries; 565

Unsheaths his sword, and at his captive flies.

Then Nisus, first alarm'd and wild with fright,

Unable to sustain the rending sight,

Bursts from his ambush, and exclaims aloud:

"Me! me, Rutulians! see me here avow'd! 570

By all yon conscious stars and Heaven I swear,

His hand and spirit were too young to dare.

The fraud was mine: on me your fury bend!

He only loved too much his hapless friend."

Frantic he spoke; but, driven with force, the sword

Through the burst ribs the snowy bosom gored. 576

Fallen is Euryalus; and o'er his limbs

Death, mocking all their charms, in crimson swims.

His head collapsing sinks upon his breast:

Like some rich flower, in Nature's purple dress'd; 580

That, sever'd by the cruel ploughshare, lies

In ruin'd loveliness, and fading dies:

Or a bright poppy, that, with vanquish'd power,

Feels its bell loaded by the rushing shower,

And droops with languid neck. But Nisus glows 585

With scorn of life, and springs amid the foes.

To Volscens only through the press he breaks:

Volscens alone his vengeful object makes.

The hosts throng round him with condensing force;

And here and there the blows confound his course. 590

Still he bears on, and whirls his flaming sword:

Till in the mouth of the Rutulian lord,

Loud clamoring for aid, the steel he drives;

And, dying, his detested foe survives.

Then on his breathless friend his limbs he throws, 595

Mangled with wounds, and sinks in sweet repose.

Bless'd Pair! if strains like mine such power can give,

Still in the heart your memory shall live;

Whilst high the Iulian capitol shall tower,

Eternal as its rock, and Rome be throned in power. 600

The victors spoil the dead, and share the prey;

And slaughter'd Volscens to the camp convey.

His fate they wail; and, in the camp, their grief

Flows in fresh tears for many a fallen chief.

Rhamnes, Sarranus, Numa there they weep, 605

Swept in one night to death's disastrous sleep.

A mighty concourse, gathering round the slain,

See the warm blood yet smoking on the plain,

And eddying in the trench; and, widely spread,

Half-breathing bodies mingled with the dead. 610

Messapus' helm they know amid the spoil;

And the rich belt, regain'd with gory toil.

From Tithon's golden bed now rising bright,

Aurora strew'd the lands with pearly light:

And now the sun's unfolding splendors blaze; 615

When Turnus, arm'd himself, in arms arrays

His marshall'd legions : every chieftain leads
His brazen host, and fires to warlike deeds.
Then, (sight of woe !) each hoisted on a spear,
The heads of the devoted friends they rear ; 620
And brandish in their front with horrid joy.
Undaunted on the left, the bands of Troy
(Their right was guarded by the river's course)
Their trenches and their lofty towers enforce :
A mournful train ! for ah ! too well they know 625
The ghastly heads, distilling gore below.

And now, Euryalus ! Fame's swift career
Brings thy sad story to thy mother's ear.
At once, chill horror shooting through her heart,
From her loose grasp the web and shuttle start. 630
Rending her snowy locks, with frantic cries,
To war's grim front amid the hosts she flies :
And, reckless there of dangers, darts and foes,
Makes heaven's high vault re-echo with her woes :

“ And is it thus, Euryalus ! I see 635
Thy face ? thus comest thou to unhappy me ?
Thou the sole joy my weary age has known !
And could'st thou, cruel ! leave me thus alone ?
Ah ! when thou went'st to tread the deathful road,
Was not my love one last farewell allow'd ? 640
Alas ! on foreign ground, exposed and bare,
Thou liest for Latian dogs and birds to tear.

Nor has thy mother's hand thy limbs composed ;
Wash'd thy red wounds and rigid eyelids closed :
Nor with the robe, which, toiling at the loom, 645
My age, thus soothed, prepared to deck thy bloom,
Wrapp'd thy pale corse and dress'd it for the tomb.
Where shall I follow thee? what alien shore
Holds thy torn body and imbibes thy gore?
Is this the fond requital of my love? 650
Did I for this o'er lands and oceans rove?
Pierce me, Rutulians! heap on me your darts!
Me first! if piety can touch your hearts.—
Or, if my death the ruthless foe deny,
Do thou, great Sire! dread monarch of the sky! 655
Strike this white head, and with a speeding blow
In mercy hurl me from this world of woe."

While thus she wails, her pains infect the rest;
And sorrow's torpor numbs the warrior's breast;
Till sage Ilioneus, and Troy's great peers, 660
With young Iulus, all dissolved in tears,
Bid Actor and Idæus bear away
The dame, and softly in her chamber lay.

But now the trumpet, clanging from afar,
Thrills every soul, and heaven rebellows war. 665
The Volscians with their shields the tortoise form;
Fill the broad trench, and at the ramparts storm.
Some, striving for access, their ladders rear,
Where thinner of defense the walls appear.

Taught by a length of siege, the hosts of Troy 670
All weapons to repel the foe employ :
Wield iron-arm'd beams, and stony masses throw
To break the brazen roof that swells below.
Fenced with their firm-knit shields, the assailing train
Defy the combat, but defy in vain : 675
For, where more close they press, with thundering shock
The Trojans roll the ruin of a rock :
Which, loosening the compacted shields, bears death
In broad diffusion on the foes beneath.
Nor will the bold Rutulians longer dare 680
To urge this blind encounter of the war :
But fight aloof, and with an arrowy shower
O'erwhelm the Trojans, and the ramparts scour.
Fierce in another quarter of the fight,
Mezentius towers, and scatters pale affright ; 685
With fire his left-hand arm'd, with steel his right :
And great Messapus, tamer of the steed,
Proudly derived from Neptune's heavenly seed,
Breaks down the palisades, and loudly calls
For ladders to surmount the lofty walls. 690
Calliope, great sovereign of the lyre !
Come ! and now kindle me with all your fire !
Give me to sing who fell by Turnus' might ;
The victors and the vanquish'd in the fight :
And trace with me the ravage of the sword. 695
You well remember, and can well record.

A tower, high rising toward the starry vault
With stage on stage, stood obvious to assault.
This to o'erthrow the Italian hosts contend;
And this the Trojans with all arms defend: 700
Roll down huge stones; and through the loop-holes throw
Their missile deaths to check the rushing foe.
From Turnus' hand a fiery weapon came;
Which struck its side, and fasten'd there in flame.
By fostering winds the fierce combustion fed, 705
O'er the dry planks and propping rafters spread.
The guards within, all hope of flight denied,
Crowd in pale terror to the unkindled side:
When, with a crash that makes the skies resound,
The ponderous fabric rushes to the ground. 710
The included host beneath the ruin lie;
And crush'd, or pierced by their own weapons, die.
Two only, Lycus and Helenor, live;
Whose fates the safety of a moment give.
Of these, Helenor, of Mæonian race, 715
Sprang from Licymnia by the king's embrace:
His vassal she; who sent by stealth her boy,
In arms forbidden, to the plains of Troy.
For flying war equipp'd, he took the field
With a light falchion, and unblazon'd shield. 720
When now he saw himself environ'd round,
The Latian hosts possessing all the ground;

Like some fierce beast who, in the hunter's ring,
Bounds on the assailants with a furious spring;
Certain to fall, is prodigal of breath; 725

And bites the javelin though the deed be death;
Disdaining life, the youthful warrior glows;
And rushes on his fate amid the thickest foes.
But Lycus, who in speed of foot excell'd,
His flying course betwixt the conflict held; 730

And, springing at the lofty wall, essay'd
To reach the hands that thence extended aid.
Him Turnus follows with his lifted spear;
And thus in insult thunders on his ear:

“Fool! could'st thou hope to conquer with thy feet 735
My conquering arm, and be than death more fleet?”

Then, with large ruin of the grappled mound,
The chieftain drags him struggling to the ground.
Thus the plumed bearer of the bolt of Jove,
Strong-pounced and fiery, darting from above, 740
Gripes the weak hare, or swan of snowy white:

Or thus the martial wolf, with grim delight,
Seises amid the fold a timorous lamb,
Claim'd with vain bleatings by the sorrowing dam.
The joyous field exulting clamor shakes; 745

And through the lines a fiercer spirit wakes.
All rush, and some aloft their firebrands throw;
And some with ardor fill the trench below.

As, arm'd with fire, Lucetius threatens the gate,
He falls beneath a rocky fragment's weight, 750
Hurl'd by Ilioneus. Emathion dies
By Liger's hand ; and Corynæus lies
Slain by Asylas : one with spear renown'd ;
And expert one to wing the flying wound.
Ortygius by the lance of Cœneus bleeds : 755
The victor's death by 'Turnus' spear succeeds.
Itys by him and Dioxippus fall :
And Idas, fighting on the towery wall.
Clonius and Promolus beneath his hand,
With Sagaris, are stretch'd upon the strand. 760
By Capys' shaft Privernus bites the ground :
Who from Temillas first had felt a wound ;
And, rashly throwing down his shield, applied
His hand instinctive to his anguish'd side ;
When the wing'd arrow strikes the unguarded part, 765
And pierces through the hand the panting heart.
By his gay arms the son of Arcens known,
In Spain's deep purple and embroidery shone ;
Beauteous of face ; whom Arcens sent, to prove
Stern warfare, from the nymph his mother's grove ; 770
By her there nursed where bright Symæthus strays,
And the rich altars of Palicus blaze.
The spear resign'd, Mezentius round his head
Thrice whirl'd the sling and aim'd the missile lead.

The bullet, kindling as through air it glides, 775

The temples of the gaudy youth divides ;

And prone upon the sands the weltering corse subsides.

Then first in war his shafts Iulus tried,

Before alone in silvan carnage dyed ;

(So Fame reports) and, levelling his bow, 780

Dismiss'd the death that laid Numanus low ;

Who Remulus was call'd, and late had led

Turnus' young sister to the bridal bed.

He, striding to the front of all the hosts,

Vented with clamorous threats indecent boasts ; 785

And, by his royal nuptials blown with pride,

Stalk'd with inflated dignity, and cried :

" Blush ye not, Phrygians ! captured twice ! to fly

The field of men, and in your bulwarks lie

To hide from death ? and is it thus, ye dare, 790

Dastards ! to hope our violated fair ?

What god, what phrensy to Italia bore

Your hosts, to 'perish on Italia's shore ?

Here are not Atreus' sons ; or, versed in art,

A false Ulysses with his guileful heart. 795

But here, from birth a bold and stubborn brood,

Our babes we harden in the wintry flood.

Our boys, for game, in forests pass the night :

The bow and bounding courser their delight.

Our youth, inured to bear and strung by toil, 800
Now storm the city, and now turn the soil.
From infant up to man in arms we thrive;
And with the spear reversed our oxen drive.
Nor to the enfeebling hand of time we bow:
In age our nerves are strong, our spirits glow; 805
And the helm presses on the head of snow:
Accustom'd still by force to bear away
The breathing spoils, and live upon the prey.
The painted cloak and purple robe your joy;
The song and dance your slothful hours employ. 810
Sleeved are your vests, and flutter on your skins;
And ribbands brace your mitres round your chins.
Go! Phrygian women! less than Phrygian men!
Hence to your flutes and Dindymus again!
Go! where, with cymbals and the pipe's weak strains, 815
Your Berecynthia of your flight complains.
Retire from arms, your nerves refuse to wield;
And leave to men the glories of the field!"

While thus he fiercely threats and loudly vaunts,
Ascanius hears, and kindles at his taunts: 820
Then bends his bow, and, as its horns draw near,
His prayer addresses to Jove's present ear:

"Almighty Jove! succeed my bold design!
And I will heap with copious gifts thy shrine.

A milk-white steer, who butting spurns the sands, 825
And equal with his dam in front expands,
Shall at thine altar bleed." The god, in air,
Gives the loud signal of accepted prayer ;
And thunders on the left through cloudless skies.

With deathful aim the sounding arrow flies ; 830
And furious, passing through Numanus' brain,
Lays the tongue-valiant chieftain on the plain.

"Go ! now insult the brave ! Rutulians ! know,
This answer Troy, twice captured, sends her foe."

Nor more the victor spoke. With loud acclaim 835
The Trojans thunder ; and, incensed by Fame,
Their kindling spirits mount on wings of flame.

As Phœbus traversed then the fields of light,
And o'er Ausonia haply bent his flight,
He saw the deed ; and, from a golden cloud, 840
Thus to the victor youth exclaim'd aloud :

"Proceed, great Boy ! and thus to heaven aspire !.

Offspring of gods ! of gods the destined sire !

War as their vassal, in their chains controll'd,

The race of Dardanus shall ever hold : 845

Nor shall thy Troy contain thee." Then from high

He shot, quick glancing through the liquid sky ;

And, standing by the youthful warrior's side,

Old Butes' form the radiant god belied :

(Butes, once proud Anchises' arms to bear ; 850
Now honor'd with his princely grandson's care.)
To him alike in arms, in face and mien,
With hoary head Apollo now was seen ;
And, as the heroic boy he thus address'd,
The fire, that flamed to dangerous height, repress'd : 855
" Let it suffice, Æneades ! thy hand,
Unharm'd, has stretch'd Numanus on the strand.
This, thy first glory, Phœbus' smiles allow ;
The god unenvious of a rival bow.
But tempt the war no more !" — Apollo said, 860
And as he spoke from human vision fled,
Resolved in air. The Trojan leaders knew
His arms and quiver clanging as he flew.
Obedient therefore to the Power, they stay
The princely boy, yet panting for the fray. 865
Themselves with ardor to the fight succeed ;
And mix in combat where the foremost bleed.
Their deathful bows they bend, and wield their spears :
Bestrown with weapons all the ground appears.
Helmet and shield re-echo with the blows ; 870
And war in all its power of horror glows :
Fierce as the storm which, rushing from the west,
Smites earth, and tears with torrent rains her breast,
When rise the showery Kids : or thick as hail,
When Jove in darkness rides the southern gale : 875

Wiolds hoary winter; and his icy stores
Moulds, and through severing clouds on ocean pours.

Bitias and Pandarus, whom Ida's grove
Gave to Alcanor from Iæra's love,
(His rustic bride) now, confident of might, 880
Like their own pines or hills in towering height,
Unfold the gate committed to their care;
Invite the foe, and all the conflict dare.

Full arm'd within the brother champions stand:
High gleam their crests, and threat on either hand. 885

As, where his silver waters Padus leads,
Or Athesis with flowers arrays the meads,
Two oaks aloft their unshorn branches bear;
And nod their summits in superior air.

Soon as they see the massy gate unbarr'd, 890
The fierce Rutulians rush to force the guard.
At once bold Quercens, Hæmon strong in fight,
Aquicolus, in sculptured armour bright,
And Tmarus, headlong in his rashness, fly
• With all their troops, or on the threshold die. 895
And now the embolden'd Trojans throng to wage
A closer war, and in the field engage.

But to great Turnus, whose resistless sword
The battle in a distant quarter gored,
The tidings now are brought, that open lay 900
The daring gates, and fiercer grew the fray.

With soul on fire, he sprang from where he stood,
Bathing the ramparts with their guardians' blood;
And to the gate, that thus his hosts defied,
Rush'd to confront the giant brothers' pride. 905
And first Antiphates, who foremost came,
(Sarpedon's offspring by a Theban dame)
His javelin slew: the Latian cornel flies,
And buried in the warrior's bosom lies.
The cells of life effuse a crimson flood; 910
And the red weapon smokes with tepid blood.
Then Merops and Aphidnus feel his hand;
And Erymantas strews the gory sand.
Next Bitias, as his eyes with fury blaze,
On earth with an enormous wound he lays. 915
No common spear had forced the giant's breast;
He falls with a salaric lance oppress'd:
Which, with the power of lightning's flaming stroke,
Through all the fences of his corslet broke.
His massy limbs with thunder shake the ground; 920
And, as he falls, his ponderous arms resound.
Thus in Euboïc Baiæ rushes down
The stony pile, o'er wondering ocean thrown:
When, as the ruin in the deep subsides,
Rise the black sands, and roar the mingling tides. 925
High Prochyta, upon her throne of rock,
Feels the dread crash, and trembles at the shock:

And great Inarime, the flinty bed
Of vast Typhœus, shakes, and heaves the monster's head.
'Then Mars, the Power of arms, new force imparts 930
To Latium's hosts, and goads their fiery hearts:
Hurls on their Trojan foes dismay and flight;
And strings the sinews of his friends for fight.
Rejoicing in the granted field, and strong
With all the god, they crowd and pour along. 935

When Pandarus beheld his brother slain,
And treacherous fortune shifting on the plain;
With his broad shoulders borne against the weight,
He turns upon the hinge the massy gate:
And, as it closes, many a friend he leaves 940
To bleed without, and many a foe receives.
Mad! not to see, before he lock'd the bar,
The Daunian king included with the war;
And bursting on the camp's interior hold,
Like a fell tiger on the prostrate fold. 945
Straight from the hero's eyes new splendors gleam;
And sanguine terrors from his plumage stream.
Dire is his armour's clang; and from his shield
Effusive lightning flashes o'er the field.
Full soon the Æneïans know, with pale surprise, 950
His dreaded features and gigantic size;
And fear-struck fly: but, roused by honor's call,
And eager to avenge his brother's fall,

The mighty Pandarus, with furious spring,
Asserts the combat, and insults the king: 955

“ ’Tis not Amata’s chamber fondly spread
For love, or Ardea’s palace that you tread:
But a foe’s camp, whence hope of flight is vain.”

“ Begin !” replied the chief with calm disdain:
“ And if a soul inform that ample breast, 960
Bring hand to hand our prowess to the test!
And then shalt thou report to Priam’s ear,
Thou found’st a new Achilles warring here.”

He spoke; and Pandarus with gather’d force
Sent his rude knotty javelin on its course. 965
The weapon, turn’d by Juno’s guardian care,
Err’d from its aim, and gave the wound to air;
Then quiver’d in the gate. “ But thou shalt know
This hand,” cried Turnus, “ fails not in the blow:
Nor shalt thou ’scape!—more power than thine is found
To wield this weapon, and enforce the wound.” 971

Fiercely he said, and to the stroke uprose:
The falling falchion burst the warrior’s brows;
Rent with a hideous wound his face in twain;
And stretch’d his bulk upon the shaken plain. 975
There wrapp’d in death he lay: a gory tide,
With intermingled brains, his armour dyed;
And his cleft head reclined on either side.

The sons of Troy, astonish'd at the sight,
Before the victor trembling, turn to flight. 980
Then to his comrades had he burst the gate,
That day had been the last of Trojan fate.
But with the rage of blood his spirits glow;
And drive him frantic onward on the foe.
First Phaleris; then Gyges strews the ground, 985
The sinews cut by which the knee was bound.
From these their spears the furious chieftain rends;
And hurls again in slaughter on their friends:
For Juno swells his heart, and heavenly vigor lends.
Then Halys falls, and stretch'd in kindred death, 990
Pierced through the buckler, Phegeus yields his breath.
Next, while, unconscious of a foe so near,
They combat on the wall and scatter fear,
Alcander, Halius, Prytanis are slain;
And great Noëmon, valiant now in vain. 995
Lynceus, advancing and demanding aid,
Falis, intercepted by the weighty blade:
Which, brandish'd fiercely backward from the mound,
Lops his mail'd head, and rolls it on the ground.
Then Amycus, inured to bestial blood, 1000
The mighty victor of the howling wood,
(Skill'd to infect the shaft with poisonous art,
And wing with double destiny the dart,)

The hero's fatal arm, with Clytius, proved ;
And Cretheus, whom his comrade Muses loved. 1005

The song, the lyre were still his soul's delight :
His themes, the steed the warrior and the fight.

At length to Mnestheus and Serestus known
The storm of slaughter raging in the town,
These leaders of the camp concur, and view 1010
The admitted hero, and their routed crew.

"Where tends your flight? what other walls remain?
Or what beyond them hope you on the plain?"
Mnestheus exclaims, "and shall a single arm,
Dastards! thus shake a city with alarm? 1015

One man, immured within our mounds, destroy,
Unpunish'd thus, the flower of bleeding Troy?
O save your country, and respect her shame!
Assert your gods, and great Æneas' fame!"

Thus fired, they rally and condense in lines ; 1020
While Turnus slowly from the war declines,
And draws to where the river's ambient tide
Guards with its broad expanse the rampart's side.
With fiercer confidence the Trojans glow ;
And press with arms and shouts the shrinking foe. 1025
As when the crowd, with spears athirst for blood,
Assail the roaring monarch of the wood ;
Alarm'd, yet grim, and glaring ruddy fires,
Scarce he gives back, and sullenly retires.

Valor and rage his flight alike restrain : 1030

Spears flame in front, and make his onset vain.

Thus, while his breast with boiling fury beats,

Turnus with proud and pausing foot retreats.

Yet twice he burst upon the foes' array ;

And twice along the walls he drove the scatter'd fray.

But from the tents auxiliar forces run ; 1036

And bend in multitudes their might on one.

Nor longer Juno durst his powers supply :

For Jove sent Iris from the etherial sky,

To threat his sister-queen, if Turnus more 1040

Persist to float the Trojan camp in gore.

Then fails his shield the battle to withstand ;

And death no longer rushes from his hand.

So thick the o'erwhelming shower of steel descends,

His ringing helmet on his temples bends. 1045

The stubborn brass gives way : his plumage stoops

Shorn from his head, and his faint buckler droops.

With mighty Mnestheus thundering in their van,

Fiercely the Trojans urge the wearied man.

Now all his body, black with dust and blood, 1050

Resolves, and gushes in a briny flood.

With lungs that gasp for air, he breathes oppress'd ;

And quick strong pantings shake his laboring chest.

At length, resulting with a haughty bound,

Down to the tide he plunges from the mound, 1055

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In all his arms : rejoicing in its freight
The yellow river buoys his falling weight :
And softly wafts him, wash'd from slaughter's stain,
Safe and with glory to his friendly train. 1059

END OF THE NINTH BOOK.

THE
ÆNEIS.



BOOK X.

Argument.

JUPITER, having called a council of the gods, and vainly endeavoured to reconcile Juno and Venus, who plead for their respective parties, declares his impartiality and his determination to leave the event of the war altogether to the Fates. The assault of the Trojan camp is renewed, and the danger of the besieged becomes imminent. **Æneas**, in the meantime, having been received by Tarchon and the Etrurians as their general, advances with his new allies (of whose forces a catalogue is given) to the assistance of his troops. An obstinate engagement ensues, in which Pallas is slain by Turnus, and Lausus and Mezentius by **Æneas**. By the power and contrivance of Juno, Turnus is withdrawn from the battle; and **Æneas** remains master of the field.

THE
ÆNEIS.

BOOK X.

Now, where his state the Lord of Nature holds,
The palace of Omnipotence unfolds;
And the great Sovereign, from their heavenly bowers,
To council summons all the etherial Powers,
High in his hall, above the starry spheres: 5
Whence in wide view the subject earth appears;
And, full beneath the beamings of his eye,
The Dardan camp, and Latian armies lie.
The Immortals here, each radiant on his throne,
Sate, as their Lord thus made his purpose known: 10
“ Say, mighty Powers of heaven! what cause inspires
Your breasts with change, and thus with discord fires?
That Troy and Italy should blend in love,
I will’d: whence then this war opposed to Jove?
Why should it burn? What interest or alarm 15
Can stir the people, and persuade to arm?

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The time (nor need you urge its course) will come,
When Carthage, bursting on the towers of Rome,
Shall pour, and all the unfolding Alps descend
In war, to make the eternal city bend. 20

Then, then with license, all ye Powers! engage:
Drive as the Furies guide, and freely rage.
Now bid, with me, the unhallow'd discord cease;
And fold the nations in the embrace of peace."

Thus spake the Sire majestically brief: 25
But Venus answer'd with diffusive grief.

"O Sire! the eternal might which all confess!
Whose power alone can succour our distress!
Seest thou how rage the foes? how Turnus' steed
Insults the field, and how the vanquish'd bleed: 30

Even Troy's strong mounds avail not now to save:
Her foaming trenches roll a crimson wave.
Even in her inmost camp she feels the sword:
And not a groan can reach her absent lord.

But hast thou will'd eternal siege her doom: 35
With foes still hovering o'er her second bloom?
To lift her hapless head in vain she tries;

New arms contend to crush her ere she rise:
And, see! from Arpi, roused by Latian hate,
Again Tydides rushes on her state: 40

And I again may bleed, yet doom'd to feel,
Though sprung from thee, a mortal's raging steel.

If not beneath thy peace, but braving thee,
My Trojans toil'd to Latium through the sea;
Let their unhallow'd deed thy vengeance prove: 45
I ask not favor for the foes of Jove.
But if, obedient to thy awful word,
By Heaven alike and by the Manes stirr'd,
Thither they steer'd, what power, controlling thine,
Can change thy law, and other fates assign? 50
Why should I name Sicilia's flaming scene;
And Iris, wing'd with whirlwinds by her queen?
Why speak the tempests warring on the main;
When their bribed king released them from the chain?
And now, since this alone remain'd untried, 55
She summons hell to combat on her side:
And dire Alecto, bursting on the light,
Raves, and through Latium scatters black affright.
The lofty hope of empire I resign;
That cherish'd hope, while fortune yet was mine. 60
Let those, more loved by thee, prevail and reign!
But if for wretched Troy no land remain;
And so thy cruel consort shall dispose;
By Troy's pale ashes and her length of woes,
Sire! I implore thy pity, let me bear 65
Safe from the storm of war her blooming heir!
Ascanius yet be mine! The sport of seas
Still let Æneas rove, as chance decrees.

But let my love his guiltless offspring shield ;
And draw my grandson from the deathful field. 70
To me Cythera and Idalia bow :
Paphos and Amathus my sway avow.
There let him chase, in soft inglorious rest,
Arms and renown for ever from his breast :
And let fierce Carthage o'er Ausonia ride ; 75
No city there to check the Tyrian pride.
What boots it now that, dauntless and entire,
My hosts have pierced the heart of Grecian fire ;
And, seeking Latium to rebuild their state,
Have borne and baffled all the storms of Fate ? 80
Were it not better that, uncross'd the flood,
They yet had till'd the fields where Ilion stood ?
Give them, O Sire ! their Simoïs again ;
With all their labors on the Phrygian plain !
For Troy's poor sons their Troy we now implore ; 85
To fight and perish on their native shore."

Then fired with rage imperial Juno rose :
" Why my deep wrongs thus force me to disclose ?
To draw Latinus to the hostile field,
What god or man Æneas' rage compell'd ? 90
Say ! led by Fate he sought Hesperia's plains :
(The Fate that madden'd in Cassandra's strains !)
When he forsook his camp, and wildly gave
His life confided to the uncertain wave :

The reins of war and government resign'd 95
To a boy's hand, did we impel his mind?
To court the Tuscan faith, or to invade
The sleep of nations, did our arts persuade?
What god deceived him? what divine controul
Forced error thus on his infatuate soul? 100
Where now was Juno? where her herald now,
The storm-wing'd goddess of the painted bow?
But 'tis unjust the Latians thus should press
The war-worn Trojans, and with siege distress.
Yes! 'tis unjust that Turnus yet should stand 105
On his own soil, and guard his father's land!
He, whose rich veins Pilumnus' blood supplies;
Sprung from the bright Venilia of the skies!
What! shall the Trojans then, untouch'd with blame,
Float Latium's harvests with a flood of flame? 110
Realms not their own with lawless power oppress?
Seise on the prey, and guiltily possess?
What! shall they cover war with friendship's cheat?
Extend for peace the hand that arms the fleet?
Betray the sire? the plighted virgin rend 115
From her lord's breast? yet never once offend?
Thou could'st withdraw thy son, when doom'd to bleed:
And form an airy phantom in his stead.
Thou could'st his vessels from their danger free,
And change them to immortals of the sea, 120



All this thou could'st! yet if, forsooth, my arms
But aid my friends, 'tis guilt that Heaven alarms!
Æneas wanders, absent from his host:
Still may he wander, and to them be lost!
Truly thou speak'st, adoring at thy shrine, 125
Cythera, Paphos, and Idalia thine.
Why then desert those realms of soft delight,
For martial cities and the bleeding fight?
Me would'st thou argue as the fiend of fate,
Pleased to overwhelm ruin on the Phrygian state? 130
Me? and not her, who first exposed her Troy
To the fierce Greeks, and call'd them to destroy?
Her, who with crime dissolved the nations' ties;
And made on Asia swelling Europe rise?
Say! was by us the Dardan spoiler led, 135
With lawless love to force the Spartan's bed?
To wake the war, and make its fury just,
Did we supply the weapons or the lust?
Then for thy friends thou should'st have fear'd the event;
And not, thus wrangling, now too late lament." 140
Thus Juno pleaded; and through Heaven's divan,
As each inclined, a various murmur ran.
So, when amid the forest's depths confined,
Groan the first infant spirits of the wind;
In pale alarm, the mariner from far 145
Hears the sure presage of the watery war.

Then Heaven's Almighty Sire, who governs all,
Began, and with his eye composed the hall.
Mute, as he spoke, the imperial palace lay :
Dread silence brooded on the realms of day. 150
Earth trembles underneath : the zephyrs sleep ;
And glassy splendor floats upon the deep.
" Hear what I say, and let my words have weight !
Since discord still divides the etherial state ;
Nor Troy with Italy must yet unite : 155
Proceed, this day, the fortune of the fight !
My favor shall on neither side incline :
Trojans, Rutulians shall alike be mine :
Whether this siege shall Latium's hopes betray ;
Or Troy complain of her misguided way. 160
Nor free I the Rutulians : all shall feel
Their deeds' just recompense in woe or weal.
Jove will be equal in his sovereign sway ;
To all the same : the Fates will find their way."
So spake the Omnipotent ; and gave the nod, 165
The banks attesting of the Stygian god,
Where wrapp'd in storm the pitchy torrent rolls ;
And Nature trembled to her utmost poles.
Then closed the council : from his golden state
Jove rose ; and, round their monarch, to the gate 170
The deities in pomp majestically wait.

Meantime upon the camp the Latians pour
Of steel and fire a thick and ceaseless shower :

While pent within their walls the Æneïans fight ;
Hopeless alike of victory or flight ; 175
And line with thin defense the shaken towers :
Their spirits sinking, and impair'd their powers.
High in the front, unknowing how to yield,
Their arms great Asius and Thymoetes wield :
(One sprung from mighty Imbracus, and one 180
The far-famed Hicetaon's martial son.)
With them the two Assaraci preside ;
And veteran Thymbris fights by Castor's side :
And, next, Sarpedon's brothers press for fame,
Clarus and Themon, who from Lycia came, 185
Lyrnessian Acmon on the ascending foes
The ponderous fragment of a mountain throws :
Whom his great brother, Mnestheus, and his sire,
Clytius, with emulative nerves inspire.
Some with vast stones and spears the walls defend : 190
Some ply the bow, or fiery missiles send.
In the mid fight, his radiant temples bare,
The Dardan boy, fond Venus' worthiest care,
Shines like a gem, inclosed in gold to deck
The brow of beauty, or emblaze the neck : 195
Or like wrought ivory, when the workman's slight
Circles with ebony the glossy white.
Adown his milky neck his tresses flow ;
And round their swell the gold's embraces glow.

Thee, also, Ismarus! the nations view'd 200
Scattering thy shafts, in venom'd death imbued :
Sprung from illustrious sires, who held their reign
Where rich Pactolus dewes with gold the plain.
There too fought Mnestheus, glorying in the might
That lately saved the camp by Turnus' flight; 205
And Capys, high upon the roll of Fame,
Who gave Campania's capital her name.

While here the storm of dubious conflict raves ;
Through the calm night Æneas plough'd the waves.
For, when from good Evander's court he went, 210
He pass'd direct to sovereign Tarchon's tent :
There, to the king exposed the powers he brought ;
His name, his race, the purpose of his thought :
What friends around the banish'd tyrant press'd ;
And the dark storm that swell'd in Turnus' breast : 215
Then urged, that trust in human force was wrong ;
And made with prayers his pleaded reason strong.
Convinced, the Tuscan straight consents to yield
The entreated league, and follow to the field.
Then, of the Fates absolved, as Heaven decrees, 220
The Lydian nations launch upon the seas,
Beneath the guidance of a foreign hand.
The Æneïan ship rides first in proud command.
The Phrygian lions, extant on the prow,
Yoked to her car beneath their goddess bow ; 225

And, hallow'd by the Trojan exiles' love,
A sculptured Ida rears her woods above.
Here rests the chief to careful thought resign'd ;
With all the war revolving in his mind :
While Pallas, seated at his left, inquires 230
Curious to know the night's etherial fires :
Or asks the friendly hero to relate
The toils, on land and sea, that memorized his fate.

Now, Goddesses ! unlock the Aëonian spring ;
And bathe me in its brightness, as I sing 235
What ships, now rushing from Etruria's coasts,
Æneas led, and what their arms and hosts.

First Massicus, a thousand in his train,
Cuts with his brasen tiger through the main.
Him the bold youth from Clusium's walls obey : 240
And Cosæ's sons, submitted to his sway.

Arrows, their weapons : o'er their shoulders flung,
Bows, nerved for slaughter, and light quivers hung.
With him stern Abas sails, whose troops display,
In blazon'd arms, the pride of war's array. 245

On his high prow a golden Phœbus shone.
To him, six hundred warriors of renown
His Populonia gave ; and, rich with ore,
Ilva's iron-bowell'd isle three hundred more.

Then, third, Asylas came ; the holy seer, 250
The god's interpreter to human ear.

To him the Fates their mystic page unroll
In victim fibres, and the starry pole :
Speak with the tongue of birds, and teach his eye
With the red presage, flashing from the sky. 255

With him a chosen band of war appears,
A thousand phalangites with horrent spears :
Whom Tuscan Pisæ, of Alpheän birth,
Gave to the guidance of his warlike worth.

Next Astur follows, bright in manly charms ; 260
Proud of his steed and many-color'd arms.
Three hundred youths, with hearts of faith the same,
To fill his ranks from ancient Pyrgos came :
From Cære, and where Minio laves the plains ;
And lazy mist thy clime, Graviscaë! stains. 265

Nor, Cinyras ! shalt thou to fame be lost,
Illustrious leader of Liguria's host !
Nor thou, Cupavo ! though but small thy state :
Thou, on whose helm the swan's white pinion sate,
In fond memorial of thy father's fate. 270

The crime was thine, O Love ! for as (they say)
Cycnus, his sire, resign'd to sorrow, lay
Weeping his Phaëton ; and, in the shade
Of the green sisters, wooed the Muse for aid ;
O'er his worn age intenser whiteness stole ; 275
And a swan's plumage veil'd the human soul.

Then on his buoyant plumes aloft he sprung ;
And, floating on the clouds, in notes of anguish sung.
The son now steers his comrades to the plain ;
And rows the mighty Centaur through the main. 280
Her long keel parts the wave ; and, on her prow,
The sculptured monster seems in act to throw
A lifted rock, and threats the deep below.

There too, great Ocnus from their country led
His native troops, and glitter'd at their head. 285
From fateful Manto and the Tuscan flood,
His heart beat strongly with immortal blood.
Thy founder, Mantua ! he, who wall'd thee round ;
And with his prescient mother's name renown'd :
Mantua of ancient fame, whose arms embrace . 290
Three several nations, each distinct in race ;
Each of four tribes : their strength from Tuscan veins
Derives ; and Mantua as their sovereign reigns.
Hence now five hundred, in the patriot cause,
Warriors against himself Mezentius draws. 295
Their prince's ship an imaged Mincius leads ;
Benacus' offspring, crown'd with hoary reeds.

Aulestes, rising to his hundred oars,
Next lashes ocean, that in tumult roars.
Prodigious Triton, at the galley's head, 300
Lifts his wreathed conch and thrills the seas with dread.

Human above the waist, a man's stern brow
Frowns o'er the shape, that ends in fish below.
Proudly the monstrous form the billows press'd,
That rage and groan beneath his shaggy breast. 305

Such and so many chiefs, with Troy allied,
In thirty vessels stem the foamy tide.

Day had resign'd the skies; and now the moon
Borne on night's car had reach'd the steep of noon.
Æneas still, whose cares o'er sleep prevail, 310
Sits by the helm, and orders every sail:

When his own galleys, now a Nereid train,
Assembled, meet him on the middle main:
They who were chang'd, by great Cybele's love,
From ships the life of goddesses to prove. 315

In number equal to the prows, that stood
Chain'd to the shore, they now divide the flood.
Afar they know their king, and round him throng
With playful gambols, and with choral song.

Cymodocea, then, whose tongue excell'd, 320
With breast above the waves, the vessel held.
One hand retains the stern; one, oaring, plays,
In the mute wave, and, while in strange amaze
The hero looks and listens, thus she says;

"Wakest thou, O Goddess-born? be wakeful yet! 325
Stretch all thy ropes, and all thy canvas set!

The pines are we of Ida's holy brow :
Thy galleys late, but Ocean's daughters now.
As the Rutulian with perfidious flames
Rush'd, and would violate our hallow'd frames, 330
Compell'd, reluctantly we broke thy chain ;
And hither come to seek thee on the main.
To us, Heaven's Mother, touch'd with pity, gave
The life of gods, immortal in the wave.
But thy Ascanius, closed within his mounds, 335
Fierce Latium with her horrent war surrounds.
Already where thou badest, the Arcadian horse
Stand in array with bold Etruria's force.
To interpose his hosts, and thus prevent
The destined aid, is Turnus' fix'd intent. 340
Rise ! stir thy soul ! and, soon as morning glows,
Sheathe all thy troops in arms to meet the foes ;
And rear thy mighty shield, that flames with gold,
Vulcan's bright present, of etherial mold.
To-morrow's sun, (nor slight my words as vain,) 345
Shall see Rutulian mountains of the slain."

She spoke ; and, parting, urged the galley's course,
With hand well skill'd to give the impelling force.
Thus driven, the vessel glides along the seas,
Swift as a shaft that mates the flying breeze. 350
The rest pursue her speed. Æneas heard
In wonder wrapp'd ; but feels his bosom cheer'd :

Hails the great omen ; and, with pious gaze
Thrown upward to the starry concave, prays :

“ Bless’d Mother of the gods ! on Ide renown’d ! 355
Drawn by yoked lions, and with turrets crown’d !
Who joy’st in Dindymus ! with power divine
Be present now, and ratify thy sign !
Goddess ! by thee be now our armies led ;
And flame, propitious, at thy Phrygians’ head !” 360

No more he spake ; and now revolving light
Came rushing on the skies, and chased the night.

First his allies he bids, with earliest care,
Their arms and spirits for the fight prepare ;
And wait the signal. From his lofty stand, 365
The camp and Trojans now his eyes command.
Then, proudly eminent, his shield he takes ;
And flaming on his arm the terror shakes.
The Trojans see, and with new fury throw
A thicker storm of ruin on the foe ; 370
And raise exulting shouts : as mid the clouds
The cranes of Strymon float in noisy crowds ;
When from the south the plummy nations sail,
And their glad signals vibrate on the gale.
Rapt by surprise the Ausonian leaders stand ; 375
Till, turning, they behold the hostile band
Covering the seas, and rushing to the land.
O’er the chief’s crest a spiry radiance plays ;
And his shield’s orbit pours a torrent blaze.

As when red comets with disastrous glare 380
Stream through the night, and shake their sanguine hair :
Or Sirius rising, with his torrid breath,
Loads the sick air with drought, disease, and death :
And, the fierce glory kindling but to taint,
Pale man is humbled, and the heavens are faint. 385

Yet unsuppress'd the hopes of Turnus swell :
The foe with swift prevention to repel,
And seise upon the shore, his soul aspires :
And, running through the ranks, he scatters martial fires.

“ Warriors! behold your wish! our foes now yield 390
A fair encounter and an equal field.

The war is in your grasp. Respect the claim,
Each of his wife, his hearth, his father's fame!
Forestall the shore! and, tottering as they stand
With their first doubtful footsteps on the sand, 395
Confound them with your force! the daring find
That Fortune, when they rush on her, is kind.”

He spake; and, pondering, to his host assigns
One part to meet the foe, and one to guard the lines.

Meanwhile, on platforms from the galley's side, 400
Æneas lands his troops beyond the tide.

Some watch the reflux of the languid main;
And with an active bound the shallows gain :
Some trust to oars. As Tarchon's eyes explore,
He sees where billows break not on the shore; 405

But a soft swelling sea, unvex'd, expands :

Thither he steers, and thus exhorts his bands :

"Now, now, my chosen Youths! ply all your oars!

Rise! drive your ships, and let them plough the shores!

Deep let their keels the hostile soil indent! 410

Gain but the land; and let our barks be rent!"

Fired with the monarch's soul, his ardent crews

Urge their strain'd galleys on the Latian ooze,

Till every beak gripes earth; and, safely sped,

Each keel reposes on its slimy bed. 415

All but thine, 'Tarchon! on a lengthen'd rock,

Hid by the waves, it rush'd with crashing shock.

There, on the crag suspended as it stood,

It bore awhile the invasion of the flood :

Till from their compact all the timbers break ; 420

And mid the waves at once their charge forsake.

Intangled in the wreck, the men with pain

Toil through the sea's relapse, and slow to land attain.

Nor Turnus stands in impotent delay ;

But drives upon the foe his whole array ; 425

And all his trumpets sound. The rustic band

Feel the first fury of Æneas' hand.

His sword, in omen of a prosperous fight,

Slays Theron first, who rashly braved his might ;

Theron the great : his mail the weapon rives ; 430

Through the rough gold and brazen foldings drives ;

And in his open'd side, deep plunging, dives.

By the same falchion Lichas meets his doom;
Ripp'd, when she perish'd, from his mother's womb;
And thine, O Phœbus! from his natal hour: 435
His earliest life protected by thy power.
Cisseus and Gyas then, the fierce and strong,
Whose ponderous maces crush'd the embattled throng,
Stretch'd by the hero fell: in vain their force;
Their arms Herculean; and their vaunted source, 440
Sprung from Melampus: who, with kindred worth,
Fought by Alcides, whilst he toil'd on earth.
At Pharos, as he boasts, the javelin flies;
And, through the mouth transfix'd, the vaunter dies.
Thou, Cydon! too, as, urged by frantic joy, 445
Thou followed'st Clytius, love-inspiring boy,
(On whose soft cheek the yellow down began
'To mantle, and announce the ripening man,)
Hadst perish'd now beneath the Dardan spear,
Lost to the guilty loves thou held'st too dear, 450
If, rushing in a firm compacted band,
Thy brothers had not check'd the hero's hand:
Phorcus' seven sons. Seven spears at once they throw;
Which strike the shield or helmet of the foe:
Or from his menaced body glance in air; 455
Turn'd by kind Venus with preventive care.
Then to Achates, fighting by his side;
"Give me," he said, "those spears so often tried;

Which steep'd in Grecian blood the Phrygian plain ;
Which never flew, nor here shall fly in vain." 460

He spake : then seised and, grasping, hurl'd the weight
Of a large javelin, charged with Mæon's fate.

His buckler's verge it burst, his cuirass tore ;
And, deep within his bosom, drank the gore.

Alcanor, running ere his brother drops, 465
With his right arm the falling warrior props.

A second spear then speeds its bloody course ;
Strikes the sustaining arm with severing force ;
Disjoints the shoulder, and its nerve unties ;
And the loose limb in dead dependence lies. 470

Then Numitor from his fallen brother wrings
The deathful lance, and on Æneas springs :
In vain :—to wound the chief the Fates deny :
But the spear rases great Achates' thigh.

Now Clausus, glorying in his youthful might 475
And Sabine hosts, advances to the fight.

His javelin, from afar at Dryops sent,
Beneath the chin its gory passage rent ;
And stopp'd at once his voice and struggling breath :
The prostrate warrior pants in crimson death. 480

Then by the victor's arm three chieftains bled,
Cold Boreas' sons, in utmost Thracia bred :
And three, by Idas sent, their warlike sire,
From Ismara, beneath his force expire.

Now fierce Halesus, with the Auruncan host, 485
Flies to the conflict, and asserts the coast :
And great Messapus, Neptune's son, succeeds
To his friends' aid, and vaunts his fiery steeds.
With all their powers the furious hosts contend ;
Those to possess the shore, and these defend. 490
The invaders and the invaded shrink by turns ;
And the fierce fight on Latium's threshold burns.
As when the winds with equal forces drive
From adverse quarters, and for empire strive ;
They clash, they wrestle long in equal fray : 495
All Nature toils beneath their mighty sway ;
And clouds and billows doubt which master to obey.
With force so balanced Troy and Latium mix :
Man stands to Man, and foot to foot they fix.

But in another part, where torrent floods 500
Whirl'd the loose stones, and rent the o'erhanging woods,
When Pallas saw the Arcadian troops recede,
(Who, wont to combat only on the steed,
And now, compell'd their horses to forsake,
Before their Latian foes disorder'd break,) 505
All means he tries their souls to re-inflame ;
With prayers to move, or with reproaches shame :
" Unhappy Comrades ! whither do ye run ?
By your great selves, and all your glories won ;

By your Evander; by the hopes that grow 510
To bind with equal wreaths my rival brow,
Dare not to fly! through yonder dark array,
'That lowers in front, your swords must hew the way.
From you, from me, your country this demands:
Nor Heaven in arms the noble deed withstands. 515
Mortals, 'tis mortal force alone we feel:
Our hands as numerous, and as keen our steel.
Here rolls the sea, and space for flight denies;
And there the camp, begirt with armies, lies.
Which will ye seek?" he says, and instant throws 520
His headlong rage amid the thickest foes.
There Lagus, brought by his disastrous chance,
Met the first fury of the Arcadian lance.
Him, as he strove to lift a ponderous stone,
The javelin, with unerring vigor thrown, 525
Just at the curving ribs' disclosure struck:
Pierced the mid spine and in the marrow stuck.
Thence the fix'd spear the stooping victor rent:
But Hisbo sprung to strike him as he bent.
Vain was the hope: for while, with fury blind, 530
His friend's sad fate possessing all his mind,
Madly he rush'd, the prince's wary sword
The stroke prevented, and his bosom gored,
Plunged in his heaving lungs: then, versed in death,
On Sthenelus it turn'd, and stopp'd his breath. 535

Next he, who sprung from Rhœtus' ancient race,
Doom'd by his crime his honor'd sire's disgrace ;
Who durst with incest stain his stepdame's bed,
Anchemolus, beneath the victor bled.
Ye, too, famed twins of Daucus ! now must die : 540
Whose wondrous likeness mock'd the inquiring eye ;
So great, your very parents it beguiled ;
Who, lost full oft in pleasing error, smiled.
But Pallas now distinguish'd you too well :
Lopp'd by his blade, the head of Thymber fell : 545
Thy sever'd hand, Larides ! seeks its lord ;
And still with quivering fibres grasps the sword.
Then, rallying round their prince, the Arcadians flow :
Shame and revenge compel them on the foe.
His words, his glorious deeds their souls inspire ; 550
And every bosom feels contagious fire.
As from your might, ye Brothers, famed in war !
Teuthras and Tyres ! Rhœteus urged his car,
Passing he met the spear by Pallas thrown,
And saved the life of Ilus with his own : 555
Yet saved but while he died :—beneath the wheels
He falls, and spurns the ground with quivering heels.
As when, propitious to the rustic's vow,
The breeze awakes to fan hot summer's brow,
The shepherd mid the stubble lights the blaze ; 560
And all around the power of Vulcan preys.

The rushing flames the seated swain admires ;
And, in their useful triumph, hails the fires.
So runs warm spirit through the Arcadian band ;
And Pallas ! lifts for thee the united hand. 565

But fierce Halesus, gathering all his force,
Rush'd to the war to check the victor's course.
Beneath his spear, with well-aim'd fury plied,
Ladon, Demodocus and Pheres died.

Then from Strymonius, with his blade he smote 570
The hand uplifted to assail his throat.

On Thoas' front he dash'd a massy stone ;
And the brain issued through the shiver'd bone.

Halesus' father, who his fate divined,
Had in the woods his darling care confined. 575

But, when the father's eyes were lock'd in death,
The Fates arrest the son and claim his breath ;
A victim sacred to the Evandrian spear.

Pallas now sought him, and with vows drew near :

"Tiber, my native God ! my aim succeed ! 580
And give Halesus by my lance to bleed !
So shall his spoils adorn thy trophied oak."

The god propitious listened as he spoke :

For, while Halesus o'er Imaon spread

His guardian shield, the fatal javelin fled ; 585

Pierced his defenseless side, and stretch'd him with the dead.

But Lausus, though so famed a chief was lost,
Allow'd not fear to settle on the host :
Lausus, the war's great limb. Beneath his spear
First Abas fell, who met his fierce career, 590
And stemm'd the battle's tide. Together slain,
Arcadians and Etrurians strew the plain ;
And you, O Trojans ! saved from Greece in vain.
Of equal chiefs and equal force possess'd,
Shock the fierce armies, and the shore contest : 595
And numbers from the rear so thickly crowd,
That space to lift the lance is ill allow'd.
Here Pallas, Lausus there impels the storm :
Both of like age, and beauteous both of form.
Both like in fortune too ; by Fate's decree 600
Each doom'd no more his native land to see.
But Jove withheld them from the mutual fight ;
Reserved to perish each by greater might.

Now 'Turnus, by his sister warn'd, his car
To Lausus' aid drove fiercely through the war. 605
Soon as his friends he reach'd, " Desist !" he cried,
" My arm alone this combat shall decide :
Pallas be wholly mine ! and O ! that Heaven
The sire to see the falling son had given !"

He spake : his hosts attend with instant awe ; 610
Suspend their rage, and from the plain withdraw.

Struck, as the battle hears the proud commands,
The youth awhile absorb'd in wonder stands :
Surveys all Turnus o'er with flashing eyes ;
His lofty mien and insolence of size ;
And thus at length undauntedly replies :

615

“ This hand shall either seise those regal spoils ;
Or a great death with glory close my toils.
For either lot my father is prepared.

Abstain from threats, and wait the gods' award.”

620

Speaking, with forward stride he sought the plain ;
While horror froze in each Arcadian vein.

To combat, hand to hand, in equal fight,
'Turnus springs furious from his chariot's height.

As a grim lion, from a rocky brow

625

Who sees far off a bull that threats below,
Pours down upon his prey with lordly rage :
So Turnus seems while rushing to engage.

When Pallas now beheld the chief advance

Within the measured limit of his lance,

630

He first prepared the assault, if Heaven would bless
His daring arm, though weaker, with success :
And thus he pray'd : “ Alcides, mighty Lord !

If, as a stranger, at my father's beard

'Thou once didst share the hospitable rite,

635

O ! hear, and aid me in this arduous fight !

Let Turnus fall! and, ere they close on day,
His eyes behold me tear his arms away!"

Alcides hears the youth; and, wrung with woe,
Groans heave his breast, and tears in vain o'erflow. 640

Then thus, to soothe his son, the almighty Sire:

"Each has his day, and all the Fates require.
To man a short fix'd term of breath they doom.
But to give life, in fame, beyond the tomb,
Is virtue's toil. What chiefs, of heavenly strain, 645
To death submitted on the Phrygian plain!
There my Sarpedon felt a mortal spear.
Even Turnus waits his fall; and now his hour is near."

So spake the Father, and, in sorrowing mood,
Turn'd his bright vision from the field of blood. 650

But Pallas now his forceful javelin threw;
And flaming from the sheath his falchion drew.
O'er the raised shoulder where the buckler bent,
The flying lance its furious passage rent:
Through the strong verge a wounding point it bore; 655
And just assay'd the mighty Turnus' gore.
'Then Turnus, menacing awhile his foe,
Balanced his ponderous spear in act to throw;
And cried: "Now prove my better weapon's flight:
See if its steel do not more deeply bite!" 660

He said and hurl'd: the lance, with dreadful pass,
Broke through the shield's strong folds of hide and brass:

Shiver'd the impeding corslet; and, beneath,
Deep in the hero's bosom planted death.

To wrench the javelin from the wound he tried: 665

But his life issued with the gory tide.

Forward he falls: his clanging arms resound;

And with his bloody mouth he tears the hostile ground.

Then, as he trod upon the prostrate slain,

The insulting victor hails the Arcadian train: 670

“Arcadians! as I speak, attentive hear!

Take this my message to Evander's ear!

Such as I ought his Pallas I return:

His corse, and all the solace of an urn

Freely I give. The mighty Trojan's host, 675

Will feel that honor now has dearly cost.”

Then with his foot the expiring chief he press'd,

And tore the sumptuous baldric from his breast:

On which Eurytides, in storied gold,

The direful tale of nuptial guilt had told: 680

How in one night so many bridegrooms bled;

And murder triumph'd in the genial bed.

This as his spoil now conquering Turnus claims;

And the heart bounds on which the trophy flames.

Unhappy mortals! to the future blind: 685

With Fate's dark workings hidden from the mind:

Whom gaudy Fortune's perfidy beguiles;

Inflates with favor and corrupts with smiles.

The time will come when Turnus shall detest
The costly prize, and deem this hour unblest'd : 690
Shall wish that Pallas had untouch'd remain'd ;
And his proud lance one glory less had gain'd.

But his sad friends, with many a groan and tear,
Their breathless Pallas on his buckler bear.
O pain at once and glory of thy race ! 695
Thus, thus return'st thou to thy sire's embrace ?
This day, thy first of warfare, was thy last :
But thy great hand renown'd it as it pass'd.

Now, no vague rumor of the dire event,
But sure intelligence Æneas rent. 700
His friends he heard, beneath the hostile sword
On fate's nice verge, his instant aid implored.
With rage, incensed by grief, his bosom glows ;
And his fierce blade the foremost battle mows :
Through bleeding ranks unfolds an ample road ; 705
Till the wide field with carnage is bestrow'd.
Thee, Turnus ! through the storm of death he seeks ;
While yet thy heart exults, and javelin reeks.
Pallas, Evander, the kind hands he press'd,
The board that welcomed him a stranger guest, 710
All rush upon his thought, and nerve the blow,
That falls in vengeance on the hated foe.
Four youths whom Sulmo, four whom Ufens bred
(Atoning offerings to the mighty dead)

Alive he seises ; and decrees to pour, 715

Effused around the pyre, their victim gore.

His lance at Magus then from far he sent :

But Magus stoop'd ; and, as the weapon spent

Its death on air, besought compassion's aid ;

Clung to the hero's knees, and suppliant pray'd : 720

“ By thy great father's shade, and by thy son,
Spare with my life a child and sire in one !

Rich is my house : its secret chambers hold

Talents of silver and unfashion'd gold.

Its rooms of state disclose a precious store 725

Of gold in ornament, and gold in ore.

Not on my doom the fates of Troy depend :

One life is nothing when such powers contend.”

Thus he, and thus Æneas: “ All that heap
Of vaunted treasure for thy children keep. 730

The sale of lives is stopp'd by Turnus' sword :

War now is madden'd, nor will hear accord.

When Pallas fell, thy king forbade to spare :

This knows my father's spirit ; this, my heir.”

Then, grasping with his left the suppliant's crest, 735
He plunged the ruthless falchion in his breast.

Hæmonides was nigh, whose holy care

Tended the shrines of the Latonian pair.

His brows were circled with the priestly crown ;

And, richly wrought, his arms and mantle shone. 740

Him flying o'er the field the chieftain drove;
And, as he fell, hung shadowing from above:
Then slew, and seised his shoulder's costly load;
A trophy which to thee, O Mars! was vow'd;
And now Serestus bore. But, proud of might, 745
Vulcanian Cæculus restored the fight,
With Umbro join'd, from Mæzian mountains sent:
On those his rage the Dardan hero bent;
And broke upon them in tempestuous death.
Anxur already had resign'd his breath. 750
The shield-sustaining arm the sword had lopp'd;
And down on earth the massy buckler dropp'd.
Much had he boasted; and had haply thought
His heaven-high pride would give the force he sought:
And fondly seen, in hope's delirious dream, 755
Life wafting on to age its lucid stream.
Then Tarquitus, exulting in bright arms,
(Whom the nymph Dryope, of heavenly charms,
To Faunus bore, the ranger of the wood)
Sprang forward, and the furious chief withstood. 760
But nought his vigor and his arms avail:
The Æneïan javelin burst his shield and mail;
And, as his suppliant voice for life implored,
His neck is sever'd by the victor's sword;
Who spurn'd the bleeding trunk, and fiercely cried: 765
"Lie there, dread Warrior! there resign thy pride!

Not destined with thy sires in death to sleep!
No tender mother o'er thy corse shall weep:
But birds of ravin tear thee on the plain;
Or hungry fish beneath the roaring main." 770

Then Lucas and Antæus felt his rage;
Proud in the van of battle to engage:
And valiant Numa fell beneath his spear;
And yellow Camers, noble Volscens' heir:
Who the still sceptre of Amyclæ held; 775
And all Ausonia's lords in wealth excell'd.

Ægæon thus, as heralded by Fame,
On fifty shields sustain'd the Thunderer's flame.
With swords as numerous scatter'd dire dismay;
And shook his hundred arms at heaven's array: 780

While, from his fifty bosoms' fiery store,
His fifty mouths a flaming deluge pour.
So dreadful on the field Æneas storm'd;
When once with blood his quicken'd steel was warm'd.
Then at Niphæus he directs his war; 785

And meets the four fierce steeds that whirl his car.
They, as the sanguine chief approaches near,
Turn from his rage and, wild with terror, rear:
Shiver the car; o'erturn their lord in gore,
And with ungovern'd phrensy seek the shore. 790

Meanwhile through ranks, where most the battle bleeds,
The brother-warriors urge their milk-white steeds,

Liger and Lucagus: that guides the reins;
This whirls the falchion, and the fight sustains.
Æneas sees, nor brooks their fierce advance; 795
But rushes on them with his lifted lance.

Liger first speaks:—"Not these, whom thou could'st shun,
The steeds of Tydeus' or of Peleus' son:
Nor this the Phrygian plain: here, safe from Greece,
At once thy battles and thy life shall cease." 800

Thus madly Liger vaunts; while not with breath
The Dardan hero menaces, but death.

As o'er his horses Lucagus inclined,
Incites their fury with his sword behind;
Just as his force for combat he collects, 805
And his left foot to fix his step projects,
Through his shield's lower verge the javelin flies;
And buried in his groin profoundly lies.

Prone from his seat he wallows on the plain;
And thus the insulting victor taunts the slain: 810

"Thy horses, Lucagus! have not betray'd
Thy hopes; or fled by shadowy fears dismay'd.
Thou springest from thy chariot self-impell'd."

Then, rushing to their heads, the steeds he held.
But from his seat the hapless brother thrown, 815
Lifts his bare hands, and sues with moving tone:

"O mighty Trojan! by thy own high worth;
By those who smiled, exulting at thy birth,

Spare me! and let my prayers avert my fate."

Æneas interposed: "Not such of late
Thy tongue: no! die, deserted as thou art!
Nor let a brother from a brother part!"

His falchion then the suppliant's bosom gored.
So fraught with slaughter raged the Dardan sword:
Burst o'er the field like some resistless flood;
Or a black storm that rends the crashing wood.
And now Ascanius and his Trojan train,
So long besieged and press'd by foes in vain,
Break out and join their friends upon the plain.

To Juno then thus spake imperial Jove:
"Thou sister of my blood! my nuptial love!
Venus, as well thou thought'st, her hosts sustains;
And pours celestial vigor through their veins:
Gives them the soul still fierce, the nerve still new;
Which dangers cannot daunt, or toils subdue."

Juno submiss replies; "My glorious Lord!
Why thus distress, who trembles at thy word?
If now my love its rightful power possess'd,
That power which once enthroned me in thy breast,
My suit, Almighty! would not vainly plead
For leave to rescue Turnus ere he bleed;
And safely from the field to hoary Daunus lead.
Else must he perish, and to Troy resign
His guiltless blood, though drawn from blood of thine:

Though his high lineage from Pylumus came : 845
And oft thy shrine has seen his incense flame."

To her the Olympian King : "If all thy prayer
Be the doom'd youth from instant fate to bear ;
And gain from me extension of his day,—
Haste ! and by flight thy Turnus' death delay ! 850
Thus far may be indulged : but if thy mind
Cherish some bolder purpose, kept behind ;
If thou would'st change the war's decreed event,
False are thy hopes and on a phantom bent."

"What if thy heart," the Queen with tears replies, 855
"Should haply grant the boon thy tongue denies ;
And fated Turnus fill a timely tomb ?
Now must he fall and by a cruel doom.
This, this I see :—but O ! may he remain
To mock my fears, and prove my prescience vain ! 860
O ! may'st thou yet, to pleading mercy kind,
Avert, (for so thou canst,) the death design'd !"

She spake ; and downward from the etherial height,
In mists apparel'd, sped her whirlwind flight.
Darkness with tempest on her state attends ; 865
Till her wing'd foot amid the war descends.
There a light cloud (most wondrous to behold !)
Takes from her hand the mighty Dardan's mold.
Then in like arms the phantom she arrays ;
The shield and helm and crest's celestial blaze ; 870

And gives its lips to breathe, in vocal wind,

Organic utterance uninform'd by mind.

So flit, they say, the spectres of the dead :

Or shapes that flutter round the dreamer's bed.

Now the proud shade, in front of all the hosts, 875

Shakes his fierce spear and challenges with boasts.

Infuriate Turnus presses to the fight ;

And hurls his singing javelin at the sprite.

The sprite shrinks back, and, with well-feign'd alarm,

Turns from the terror of the chieftain's arm. 880

Then Turnus, when he deems Æneas flies,

Elate, and turbulent in triumph cries :

“ Where speeds the hero ? wherefore thus betray

Thy plighted fair, and cheat the nuptial day ?

The land thou sought'st through many a stormy wave, 885

This arm shall give thee in a Latian grave.”

Thus vaunting, he pursues and shakes his blade ;

Blind that his hope the sport of air is made.

By chance, connected with the steepy shore,

Stood the tall ship that king Osinius bore 890

From Clusium's coast : descending from its side,

Ladders and platforms bridged the narrow tide.

Hither Æneas' trembling shadow flies ;

And, plunging to the hold, in darkness lies.

Turnus with equal speed pursues the foe : 895

Darts o'er the bridges, and attains the prow.

Scarce is he there, when Juno's ready hand
Bursts the strong chains and drives the ship from land :
While, rapt by slaughter o'er the distant plain,
Æneas seeks his absent foe in vain. 900

Then, scornful of concealment, whence it lay
The phantom springs aloft, and melts in day.

But Turnus, wafted swiftly o'er the flood,
Amazed, nor conscious of the goddess stood :
But, thankless for his life, with raging eyes 905
And lifted hands, he thus obtests the skies :

“And was my guilt, Almighty Sire ! so great,
That thus thou doom'st me to this blushing fate ?
Ah wretched ! whence and whither am I borne ?
What land have left ? what land must reach with scorn ? 910
Can I again my friends and country see ?
Those friends (confusion !) that now bleed for me ?
Hark ! on the blast the groan of death resounds :
I see them scatter'd, and I feel their wounds.

O that kind earth could here unfold her breast, 915
To wrap me deep in everlasting rest !

But you, O Winds ! more ready to my prayer,
Dash me on rocks ! to savage quicksands bear !
Plunge me where no reproaches pierce the deep ;
Nor conscious shame can wound me as I sleep !” 920

Thus speaking, toss'd on passion's stormy tide,
His mind unanchor'd floats from side to side.

Now he decides from life at once to part ;
And sheathe the falchion in his swelling heart :
Now to essay the deep ; and, swimming, strain 925
To reach the land, and Troy confront again.
Thrice each expedient tried the desperate chief :
Thrice pitying Juno lends unwish'd relief.
With wind and tides the vessel flies to port ;
And safely bears him to the Daunian court. 930
But now Mezentius to the fight succeeds,
By Jove impell'd ; and Troy mid triumph bleeds.
With hate infuriate at the tyrant's sight,
On him the Etrurians pour the storm of fight ;
All against one : their shock unmoved he braves ; 935
Like some vast rock that swells to meet the waves :
Amid the rage of storms exalts the brow,
Reckless of heaven above and seas below ;
And stable on its base the war defies.
First Hebrus, Dolichaon's offspring, dies, 940
Fell'd by his sword : then Latagus he slays ;
And Palmus, whom his coward flight betrays.
At Latagus a rocky mass he throws
Full on his front, and bursts his shivering brows.
Of timid Palmus, as he turns to flight, 945
He cuts the sinews where the knees unite ;
And tearing from the chief, as prone he lies,
His arms, to Lausus gives the radiant prize.

Phrygian Evantes then the monarch's spear
Lays low; and Mimas, Paris' loved compeer: 950
Whom, in that fatal night's disastrous gloom,
In which Cisseis' flame-impregnate womb
Gave Paris to the light, Theano bore
'To Amycus: but on his native shore
Sleeps Paris, while, beneath the Latian walls 955
In a strange land unhappy Mimas falls.
As, by the chase with numerous death pursued,
A boar breaks furious from the covering wood:
Who long on Vesulus' pine-waving head,
Or mid Laurentum's reedy marshes fed, 960
When by the toils beset he stands the attack,
Churns the hot foam and rears his horrent back.
From far with shouts and shafts his foes engage;
Nor tempt too near the terrors of his rage.
His teeth he grinds; he turns on every part; 965
And from his shoulder throws the blunted dart.
So, of the hosts that rage against their lord,
None dare the close encounter of his sword.
But, all aloof and shouting, from afar
They gall him with the shafts of missile war. 970
From Corythus, renown'd by ancient fame,
With blood derived from Greece, young Acron came:
From the crown'd shrine of Hymen rush'd to arms;
And left his fair-one's yet untasted charms.

Him, in the purple favors of his bride, 975
Mezentius now amid the ranks espied;
And mark'd with joy: as when, with hunger bold,
A lion, who had circled oft the fold,
If chance a vagrant goat attract his sight,
Or stag whose forehead swells in branchy height, 980
Roars with horrific transport; lifts his mane:
Springs on his victim, and enjoys the slain:
With famine's rage the panting entrails draws;
And black blood gutters from his rending jaws.
So fiercely rush'd Mezentius on his prey; 985
And low in dust ill-fated Acron lay:
Convulsive spurn'd the ground, and grasping tore
The splinter'd javelin crimson'd with his gore.
Next, as Orodes fled, with conscious might
The monarch scorn'd to wound him in his flight: 990
But with a fleeter foot the chief outran;
Met, shock'd, and overthrew him man to man.
Then, as beneath his lance the vanquish'd lies,
"Lo, Friends! Orodes falls," the victor cries,
"One of their props of war!" His following train 995
Shout, and with echoing triumph shake the plain.
Then thus the expiring chief with ebbing breath:
"Like fates hang o'er thee to avenge my death:
Not long shalt thou exult, whoe'er thou art;
But lie with me beneath a mightier dart." 1000

Mezentius with a cruel smile replied :

“ Die thou ! on me let sovereign Jove decide ! ”

He spoke, and rent his weapon from the wound.

Death's gathering shades the prostrate chief surround :

Dark and more dark they spread ; till on his sight 1005

Rest iron slumber, and eternal night.

Alcathous died by Cædicus oppress'd :

Sacrator pierced Hydaspes' panting breast.

By Rapo's javelin was Parthenius slain ;

And the same arm stretch'd Orses on the plain. 1010

Clonius and daring Ericetes fell,

Hurl'd by Messapus to the shades of hell :

This doom'd, while fighting foot to foot, to bleed :

That, as he lay thrown prostrate from his steed.

On the proud victor Agis bends his force : 1015

But high-born Valerus arrests his course :

Strikes with the noble vigor of his sires ;

And prone beneath his sword the foe expires.

Then Thronius, pierced by Salius, bites the ground ;

And Salius falls beneath Nealces' wound, 1020

Whom the far-flying shaft and spear alike renown'd.

With mutual slaughter purpling all the coast,

Impartial Mars confounded either host.

By turns the victors and the vanquish'd groan :

None stoop to flight ; and rage is felt alone. 1025

From Jove's high palace, touch'd with human woe,
The gods behold the frantic scene below.
Those Venus, these Saturnian Juno cheers :
While pale 'Tisiphone her form uprears;
And high amid the hosts in Stygian pomp appears. 1030

But now Mezentius shakes aloft his shield ;
And bursts in stronger tempest on the field.
Like vast Orion, when with giant stride
He walks through ocean and surmounts the tide :
Or, in his grasp an ash, the mountain's coast, 1035
Treads earth, and looks amid the starry host.
Thus tower'd Mezentius mid the ranks of fight ;
When from afar Æneas mark'd his might ;
And hasten'd to oppose it : void of fear
The Tuscan sees the mighty foe draw near ; 1040
And firmly on his massy bulk relies :
Then measuring his distance with his eyes :

“ Now may this hand and lance, the gods I trust,
To my bold purpose, as they wont, be just !
His spoils, my Lausus ! from the pirate torn, 1045
By thee, illustrious trophies, shall be worn.”

He said, and hurl'd from far his sounding lance ;
Which, striking on the shield, with rapid glance
Err'd to Antores, and his bowels rent :
Alcides' comrade he, from Argos sent 1050
To share Evander's fortunes o'er the main.
Now, by another's wound untimely slain,

He falls; and, gazing wildly on the skies,
On his dear Argos fondly thinks, and dies.
Æneas then dismiss'd his mighty spear: 1055
Through the strong shield it held its fierce career.
The folds of linen offer'd slight delay:
The triple brass and triple hide gave way.
Through each defense the furious weapon pass'd;
And, reaching to the groin, there staid at last; 1060
Nor longer kept its force: rejoiced to view
The Tuscan's blood, his sword Æneas drew;
And on the daunted foe like a strong tempest flew.
When Lausus saw his much-loved sire's distress,
He groans, and tears his anguish'd soul confess. 1065
And here, illustrious Youth! if future time
Will yield belief to virtue so sublime,
Thy deed, thy fate my song shall give to fame;
And distant ages, weeping, hail thy name.
The impeded father, with the foot of pain, 1070
Drew slowly back, and trail'd along the plain
The hostile javelin; while the son, beneath
The high-raised falchion springing, braved its death,
And check'd the hero. As the filial shield
Cover'd the sire retreating from the field, 1075
Shouts of applause from all his friends resound;
And their thick-falling darts the foe confound.
He rages, and behind his shield remains.
As, when the clouds drive hail upon the plains,

Gall'd by the shower, the traveller and hind 1080

Speed to some refuge from the stony wind.

Or roof'd beneath a rock they shun the sky;

Or shelter'd by a river's margin lie;

Till, victor of the storm, with joyous ray

The sun restore their labors with the day. 1085

Thus overwhelm'd with missiles from afar,

Æneas stands protected from the war;

And, chiding Lausus, threats him from his fate :

“ Ah! why, fond Youth! beyond thy strength be great?

And dare a deed that prudence would dissuade? 1090

On death thou runn'st, by piety betray'd.”

But Lausus not the less the foe defies ;

Till all the terrors of the Dardan rise;

And the Fates spin the youth's extremest thread :

For the puissant sword with fury sped, 1095

Aim'd at his body, plunges in his breast

Through the light buckler, and the embroider'd vest.

(That vest, dear offering of parental love,

His mother's tender hand with gold enwove.)

Gore floats his bosom, and, in pale divorce, 1100

Parts the sad spirit from the falling corse.

But when his face, as life's warm colors fade,

Pale, deadly pale, Anchises' son survey'd ;

All rage extinct, he heaves the heart-deep groan,

Moved with a piety so like his own : 1105

Then, stretching out his hand; "To worth like thine
What equal honors can my power assign?
Unhappy Boy! Æneas, feeble here,
Can only give thy pious love a tear."

Keep thy dear arms! and, if that touch the dead, 1110
Rest with thy sires in one sepulchral bed.

This may at least console thy mournful shade;
Thou fell'st beneath the great Æneïan blade."

Upbraiding then the Etrurians' tardy fears,
Himself the youthful hero's body rears: 1115
While their warm life the sever'd vessels pour;
And all his comely tresses drop with gore.

Meanwhile the sire, reclining on the ground,
With 'Tiber's wave refresh'd his glowing wound:
His languid length beneath an oak was thrown; 1120
And pendent on the boughs his helmet shone.
His ponderous arms reposed upon the plain;
And round their monarch stood his chosen train.

Faint on the trunk he gave his neck to rest;
And smoothed the beard that floated on his breast. 1125

Of Lausus much his anxious cares inquire;
And oft he sends to bid him to his sire.

But breathless Lausus, from the fatal field,
Now his sad comrades bear upon his shield;
The mighty vanquish'd by a mighty wound: 1130
And o'er the corse their loud laments resound.

From far the wretched father's boding mind
Caught the wild woe that groan'd upon the wind.
His hoary locks he tore, and frantic spread
Deforming dust upon his awful head : 1135
Clung to the body, and, by anguish driven,
Raised his expostulating hands to Heaven.
" And could, my Son ! the base desire of breath
Urge me to leave thee in my stead to death ?
And do I now by these thy wounds respire ? 1140
The child thus bleeding to preserve the sire ?
Ah ! now at length I feel my exiled state :
Now, now the pang is exquisite with fate.
My crimes, my Son ! obscured thy lustrous name ;
And hung a mildew on thy bloom of fame. 1145
Driven by my people from my fathers' throne,
I gave my heir an exile's lot alone.
To my wrong'd country many deaths I owed ;
And well for thee my guilty blood had flow'd :
Yet still I breathe with men, and drink the day— 1150
But will not long." Thus speaking, whence he lay
He rose upon his halting thigh with pain ;
Check'd by the potent wound, but check'd in vain ;
And, with a soul that pain and death defied,
Call'd for his horse, his solace and his pride ; 1155
(His valued steed, who still had borne his weight
When conquest crown'd him on the field of fate ;)

And, as the favorite stoop'd his sorrowing crest,
His ear, that seem'd intelligent, address'd :

“ Rhœbus! we long have lived, if long there be 1160
In the poor term of mortal destiny.

Either, this day the Dardan's head and spoils,
In reeking triumph borne, shall grace thy toils ;
And thou, the avenger of my hapless boy,
Shalt share with me the glory and the joy ; 1165
Or, if our daring shall our power exceed,
With honor and with me at once shalt bleed.
For well, my noble Horse! I know thy soul
Too high to bear a Phrygian lord's controul.”

He spoke ; and, rising to his seat, bestrode 1170
The horse, familiar with his wonted load :

Then fill'd both hands with darts ; whilst o'er his brows,
Crown'd with its floating crest, the helmet glows.

Thus arm'd, he rushes to the bleeding fight:
And shame, grief, rage his madden'd heart excite. 1175

Thrice with his utmost voice he calls the foe :

Æneas hears, and lifts his ardent vow :

“ So may great Jove, so Phœbus grant thou stand
The challenged conflict, hand opposed to hand !”

No more he said ; but, with his threatening lance, 1180
Sprang to prevent the challenger's advance.

Then he ; “ Why seek, most savage as thou art !

When thou hast slain my child, to daunt my heart ?

Thy force could reach me only through my son:
His death alone Mezentius has undone. 1185

Death is a phantasy beneath my care;
And not a god has heard my coward prayer.
Cease then! I come to die, nor ask to live:
But first accept the presents that I give."

Then, with his steed careering widely round, 1190

With spear succeeding spear he strove to wound.

Thrice circled he; and thrice Æneas wheel'd;

And, watchful as the foe begirt the field,

Bore the thick battle on his golden shield:

Till, wearied from its 'fretted orb to wrest 1195

Dart after dart, in fight unequal press'd;

Long pondering how to act, at length he broke

In vengeance forth, and aim'd the fatal stroke.

The furious spear, with well directed force,

Tore through the temples of the warrior horse. 1200

High rears the steed and, frantic with the pain,

Lashes, and hurls his rider on the plain;

Then, headlong following, on his lord he lies.

From either host loud clamors mount the skies:

While the glad victor, with an eager spring, 1205

Bares his dread falchion o'er the prostrate king;

And proudly cries; "Say! where Mezentius now?

The raging spirit and the lofty brow?"

To him the Tuscan, as on heaven, amazed,
With eyes just opening from his trance he gazed; 1210
“Why thus, fell foe! with insult sharpen death?
Take without guilt, for so thou may'st, my breath!
'Twas not on other terms than ~~this~~ we fought:
Nor other league with thee my Lausus sought.
But, if such grace a vanquish'd foe may find, 1215
Ah! let my body be to earth resign'd.
Too well I know, and dread, alas! too late,
The infuriate vengeance of my people's hate.
From this protect me, and avert its doom;
And let me slumber in my Lausus' tomb.” 1220
Then to the expected steel he gave his throat:
And the warm streams of life o'er all his armour float.

END OF THE TENTH BOOK.

THE
ÆNEIS.

BOOK XI.

Argument.

On the morning after his victory, Æneas erects a trophy with the arms of Mezentius, and harangues his forces. He then sends the body of Pallas in funeral pomp to the city of Evander, where it excites the most afflicting lamentation; and Æneas receives a legation from the court of Laurentum, soliciting a truce and permission to bury their dead. He accedes to their requests; and the truce of twelve days, which is granted, is devoted by both parties to the performance of their last duties to their slain friends. In the meantime, the ambassadors, who had been sent by the Latins to obtain the assistance of Diomedes, return and report to Latinus and his senate the ill success of their embassy. The speeches of Drances and Turnus on this occasion divide and agitate the council, till their debates are interrupted by the approach of the enemy to their walls. Turnus, separating his army, marches with the infantry to occupy a pass, to which Æneas is advancing; and sends Camilla with the cavalry to oppose the Tuscan horse on the plain. Diana relates to Opis, one of her attendant nymphs, the history of Camilla, the Volscian queen; whose approaching death the goddess foresees and commissions Opis to revenge. An obstinate engagement ensues between the cavalry of the two armies; and the fall of Camilla, who distinguishes herself by great feats of valor, is followed by the entire rout of the Latins. On the intelligence of this disaster, Turnus, deserting the post which he had seized, hastens to the succour of his friends; and Æneas, availing himself of the opportunity thus presented to him by his unwary adversary, advances through the unfortified passes. Both armies prepare for a decisive battle before the city; but are prevented from engaging by the approach of night.

THE
ÆNEIS.

BOOK XI.

NIGHT came and pass'd; and, rising from the main,
Morn strew'd her roses o'er the etherial plain:
When great Æneas, victor in the fight,
(Though his slain friends demand the funeral rite
In duty from his hand, and Pallas' fate 5
Press'd on his bosom with afflicting weight)
First to the gods intent to pay his vows,
Soon as the day-star beam'd, despoil'd of boughs
A mighty oak; then fix'd it on a mound,
And with Mezentius' armour proudly bound: 10
To thee, great Mars! a trophy. From its head
The adapted helmet sanguine dew-drops shed.
Next, the chief's fractured spears were ranged with art;
And his bruised cuirass, bent with many a dart.
On the left hand his brazen buckler hung; 15
And his sheathed falchion round the neck was slung.

Then, by his captains circled on the plain,
Æneas thus harangued his martial train :

“Soldiers! behold the war’s prime labor o’er;
Nor feel a fear for what may wait you more. 20
Lo! here the proud, the fierce Mezentius stands,
The field’s first-offering, by your leader’s hands.
Of all that chief, of terrible renown,
This gory monument remains alone.
Now let us rush, as conquest points the way; 25
And make the city and her king obey.
Your arms prepare; assume on sure success:
And when the gods auspiciously shall bless
Our lifted standards and our moving camp,
Let neither sloth delay, nor terror damp. 30
Now let us pause awhile for pious ends;
Whilst each his slain to sepulture commends:
And gives the dead (their only pride below)
The rightful honors of funereal woe.
Go then! and let those patriot heroes gain 35
A trophied tomb, who bled that we might reign.
And first be sent to sad Evander’s town
Pallas, whose youthful arm achieved renown:
Whom new to combat, but in glory’s pride,
Relentless death has sever’d from our side.” 40

With tears he spake; then sought the room of state
Where o’er his Pallas, stretch’d by cruel Fate,

Accetes bends in sorrow : who, of yore,
True to his side Evander's armour bore ;
And now attended on his darling heir, 45
Less bless'd by Heaven but, with like faithful care.
Around, the Arcadian menials blend their grief
With Troy, that throngs to mourn the youthful chief.
Circling the corse, with locks that wildly flow,
Stand Phrygia's dames in dumb and rigid woe. 50
But, when they see their king, beyond restraint
Their swelling anguish bursts in loud complaint.
Their breasts they strike ; and, wailing to the skies,
Make the wide palace echo with their cries.
He, when he view'd the youth's supported head, 55
His lineaments with snowy death o'erspread ;
And in his breast, yet weeping gore, survey'd
The direful wound the Ausonian lance had made,
Resign'd his soul to tears ; and, words through sighs
Forcing their intercepted way, he cries : 60

“Unhappy Boy! when Fortune smiled on me,
Has the false Power thus robb'd my hope of thee?
Thine eyes not granted to behold my reign ;
And, bright with triumph, glad thy home again?
When thy Evander sent me from his arms, 65
To meet great empire mid the field's alarms ;
And oft forewarn'd me, with divining fears,
That fierce our foes and deathful were their spears ;

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With other promises I then beguiled
The father, trembling for his much-loved child : 70
And haply now for thee, as hope betrays,
His vows ascend and all his altars blaze :
Whilst we restore thee breathless to his love ;
Loosed from all homage to the Powers above.
Unhappy ! on his son's disastrous bier 75
Doom'd thus to pour the heart's most bitter tear !
Such is our triumph's boast ! our wish'd return !
Our vaunted faith !—a body and an urn !
Yet this, Evander ! may inspire thy pride ;
By no dishonest wound thy Pallas died : 80
Nor lived disgraced, that thou, with shame o'erspread,
Might'st wish the living son were nobly dead.
Ah ! what a pillar thus is rent by Fate
From my Ascanius, and the Ausonian state !"
When thus his heart had wept, he bade the train 85
Lift the pale body of the youthful slain :
Then chose, the prime of all his martial force,
A thousand warriors to attend the corse,
And share the father's tears : a poor relief !
Yet a due honor to his mighty grief. 90
Without delay, they weave the couch of death
With boughs of oak and arbutus beneath ;
And, then, with leaves of lasting green o'ershade
The rustic bier on which the youth is laid :

Like a soft violet, on ether fed ; 95
Or the meek harebell that declines the head :
Which, by the virgin cropp'd, its bloom retains ;
Though earth no longer feeds its azure veins.
Then from his stores the pious chieftain brought
Two robes, of gold and purple tissue wrought ; 100
Which Dido, while her toil was charm'd by love,
Fondly for him with golden flowers enwove.
With one his mournful hands the corse attire :
And veil with one the tresses for the fire.
Large gifts he adds : then orders to be led, 105
In long procession with the illustrious dead,
Horses and weapons, his victorious right,
Won from the Latians by his hero-might :
Next binds the captives' pinion'd arms behind ;
As a blood-offering to the slain design'd : 110
And then commands the chiefs themselves to bear
Trunks, which, as trophies, hostile armour wear ;
And, on their fronts of triumph, proudly show
The name inscribed of some war-vanquish'd foe.
Feeble from age, Acœtes then is seen, 115
With step supported and with frantic mien,
In anguish, that now faints upon the ground ;
Now wakes to beat the breast, and the pale cheek to wound.
The captive chariots next in train succeed ;
Whose axles with Rutulian slaughter bleed. 120

His gay caparisons resign'd to woe,
Æthon, the warrior's steed, walks sadly slow
Behind the cars ; and from his generous soul
Adown his cheek the big round sorrows roll.
Some bear the hero's lance and plummy crest ; 125
His other arms the victor's hand possess'd.
The martial phalanx forms the solemn rear :
Here march Etruria's and Troy's chiefs, and here
The sad Arcadians trail the inverted spear.
When the long pomp had pass'd, in pensive mood 130
Æneas, held awhile by sorrow, stood :
Then sighing cried ;—" Fate summons me again
To taste new tears on war's detested plain.
Great Pallas ! where the souls of heroes dwell,
All hail ! and ah ! eternally farewell !" 135

No more he says ; but, roused to princely cares,
Turns his slow step and to the camp repairs.

And now came legates from the Latian town,
Each with his olive bough and olive crown,
Imploring him for burial to restore 140
The Latian bodies, weltering on the shore.
He warr'd not with the dead, and now might spare
His friends so late, whose king had call'd him heir.
The good Æneas to their suit accords ;
And cheers their spirits with pacific words : 145

“Latians! what evil Power thus makes you fly
To fatal war from Trojan amity?
And is it for the dead the peace you want?
Peace to the living would I freely grant.
I came not hither but by Fate’s command: 150
Nor war I on the people of the land.
Our social intercourse your king betray’d;
And fled from me to Turnus’ arms for aid.
In this his single cause, more just it were
That Turnus singly should the ruin dare; 155
And, if his heart desire at once to end
The strife of blood, with me alone contend:
And let him live, to whom to live is given
By his own arm, or by presiding Heaven.
Now go! enjoy the license ye require; 160
And lay your hapless comrades on the pyre.”

So spake the hero; and in dumb surprise
The Latians stood, conversing with their eyes.
Till Drances, first in years, who long had view’d
Turnus with hate, and as a foe pursued, 165
Thus answer’d to the chief: “O great in name!
Yet great in deeds beyond the boast of Fame!
Illustrious Man! which most shall I admire,
Thy virtuous justice or thy martial fire?
Hence will we now, and all thy grace report, 170
With grateful hearts, to glad the Latian court;

And, if kind fortune shall the power afford,
With patriot zeal unite thee to our lord.
Let Turnus seek some other nuptial ties ;
And we will aid thy fated walls to rise :
Relieve thy people's toil, and bear with joy
The stones, to crown our Latium with thy Troy."

175

He ceased ; and all the legates cheer applause.
Then for twelve days they plight the battle's pause :
And safe, as peace o'er all the region broods,
Trojans with Latians freely range the woods.
Struck by the steel, the ponderous ash resounds :
The towering pine subsides beneath his wounds :
Oaks and sweet-smelling cedars lie o'erthrown ;
And wains incessant with their burthens groan.

180

185

Now flying Fame, who late had fondly spread
How Pallas conquer'd and the Latins fled,
Burst in woe's tumult on Evander's ears ;
And plunged his palace and his town in tears.
The Arcadians, studious of their ancient rites,
Rush to the gates and snatch funereal lights.
With the long blaze the road far onward glows ;
And widely o'er the fields the wavy splendor flows.
The Phrygian mourners meet the wailing throng ;
And move in blended wretchedness along.
When to the gate the sad procession drew,
Lamenting through the streets the matrons flew ;

190

195

And shook the town with cries : no friendly stay
Avail'd to check Evander's frantic way.

Through all he burst ; and o'er the arrested bier 200
Bent, while groan swell'd on groan and tear on tear.

There long in speechless agonies he hung ;
Till, choked with sighs, his anguish found a tongue :

“ Not this thy promise, Pallas ! to thy sire ;
In the fierce war to mix with temper'd fire : 205

For well I knew how strong were glory's charms
To minds like thine, when first she shone in arms.

O sad eclipse of life's ascending star !

O direful rudiments of Latian war !

Ah ! prayers and vows, these lips in vain preferr'd ! 210
By every god rejected, or unheard !

Happy, chaste Consort of my love ! whose doom
From this fierce woe withdrew thee to the tomb !

Whilst I by life's transgression am undone :

Have tired my fortunes, and survived my son. 215

'Twas I, Rutulians ! who embraced your foe :

I from your hands deserved the mortal blow :

And oh ! that I had bled in Pallas' stead !

This pomp of death for me not him decreed !

Nor blame I you, ye Trojans ! nor repent 220

The hand I gave you, and the war I lent.

On lingering age such woes are wont to throng :

This only tells me I have lived too long.

Yet since my son must die ere Nature's call,
'Tis well that slaughter'd hosts renown'd his fall : 225
That, leading Troy to her Ausonian reign,
He met his fate mid heaps of Volscian slain.
Nor can I wish him obsequies more proud
Than these, the good Æneas has allow'd :
His urn by Troy, by all Etruria crown'd ; 230
While his own trophies throw a glory round.
And thou, huge Turnus ! here a trunk hadst stood ;
Thy mass of arms, a trophy weeping blood ;
Had years, like thine, matured his warlike force ;
And youth to manhood run its promised course. 235
But wherefore should my wretchedness detain
Your prowess, Trojans ! from the martial plain ?
Go ! and this message to your monarch give :
If yet, my Pallas slain, I bear to live,
Thy valor is the cause : the son and sire 240
From that the debt of 'Turnus' blood require.
This, the sole solace that my fates allow,
Is all by thee that Fortune can bestow.
This, this, the joys of life for ever gone,
I wait to bear to my departed son." 245

Bright in the heavens meanwhile the morning rose,
Restoring mortals to their toils and woes :
When the great chiefs of the confederate host
Constructed pyres along the winding coast.

On these, with rites peculiar to his sires, 250
Each lays the dead, and then submits the fires :
The dusky volumes mount and blot the day.
Thrice round the kindled piles, in arm'd array,
March the slow foot, and thrice the horse surround ;
Utter loud cries, and dew with tears the ground, 255
While e'en their armour weeps ; and heaven is rent
With the mix'd din of trumpets and lament.
Some throw into the flames the spoils of war ;
The helm, the sword, the reins, and shatter'd car.
Some place his own loved shield beside the dead ; 260
And the lance, hapless as it vainly fled.
Oxen and bristly swine in crowds are slain ;
And sheep, the bleating pillage of the plain,
Bleed on the fires : then, fix'd in careful heed,
They watch the flames as on the corse they feed ; 265
And guard the dust, till Night's sidereal host
Draw the reluctant mourner from his post.
Nor with less zeal the wretched Latians raise
Innumerable pyres, and light the funeral blaze.
Whilst on the plain they many a corse inhume ; 270
And many send to find a distant tomb
In their own fields and walls ; the rest they burn
In crowds, none singled for an honor'd urn :
A mingled mass of carnage without name ;
And undistinguish'd in the funeral flame. 275

In every quarter blazing death aspires ;
And the wide region glares with mournful fires.
When the third night was chased by rising day,
They gather from the piles their ashy prey ;
And cover with a mound, mid tears and groans, 280
The heap, yet tepid, of promiscuous bones.

But through the city of the Latian king
The cries of woe more agonizing ring.
There mothers wail their sons ; in wild despair
Orphans and widows howl with anguish there ; 285
Beat their soft breasts and rend their scatter'd hair.
They curse a war with such dire horrors fraught ;
And Turnus' nuptials thus with ruin bought.
“ Let him,” they cry, “ who seeks the throne of state,
Court with his single sword the award of Fate.” 290
Them envious Drances seconds, and insists
That Turnus should alone abide the lists,
As solely challenged : yet a numerous band,
From reverence to the queen, by Turnus stand ;
And vaunt the trophies of his mighty hand. 295

While passion thus convulsed the town and court,
The legates, sent to Diomede, report
With grief his answer : all their toil had fail'd :
Their gifts and gold and prayers had nought avail'd.
For other arms the Latians must entreat ; 300
Or crouch for peace at great Æneas' feet.

Latinus sank beneath his load of care ;
And felt Æneas was his heaven-sent heir.

This truth the offended deities disclose ;
This the pale fires that full in prospect rose. 305

Thus moved, a council of the state he calls ;
And Latium's chiefs convene within his walls.

Amid the throng'd assembly of the peers
He sits, enthroned by royalty and years.
Sad is his brow : then from the Ætolian state 310

He bids the ambassadors at large relate
All they had brought ; and from their lips exacts
A full display, in order, of the facts.

Then, silence by proclaiming heralds made,
His lord's command thus Venulus obey'd : 315

“ O Citizens ! the long and arduous road
We pass'd, and reach'd great Diomedes's abode :
Saw his new Argos, and there touch'd the hand,
That fell in ruin on the Trojan land.

He, where Garganus lifts his stormy brow, 320
Has crown'd with regal towers the plain below ;
And fondly, from his parent country, calls
His proud Argyripa's aspiring walls.

Soon as indulged with audience, we declare
Our names, our country, and our purpose there ; 325
Offer our presents ; and the war disclose,
That sought his aid against Hesperia's foes.

With mild regard he heard us, and replied ; .

And thus, enjoining peace, our suit denied :

" O happy nations, once by Saturn bless'd! 330

Ausonians, hoary in the embrace of rest!

What fury now your envied peace invades ; -

And, frantic, thus to wars unknown persuades?

Whoe'er we were (I pass the blood we shed

Beneath her walls, and Simoïs choked with dead) 335

Whose steel profaned the sanctity of Troy,

All have felt Heaven exerted to destroy :

Toss'd o'er wide seas to earth's remotest clime,

Have made a dire atonement for the crime ;

And suffer'd woes which Priam's self might weep : 340

Witness fierce Pallas, when she shook the deep ;

Caphareus' vengeance, and the Euboïc steep.

Borne diverse from that inauspicious war,

The Spartan king in exile wander'd far

To Proteus' pillars : whilst, absorb'd from men, 345

Ulysses trembled in the Cyclops' den.

The doom of Pyrrhus why should I relate?

Or why Idomeneus' subverted state?

Or why the Locrians, from their Europe driven

To parch on sands beneath a Libyan heaven? 350

Even he, who Grecia's mighty host had led,

By his dire consort in his palace bled.

Mycenæ's king, whom Asia had obey'd,
Fell, by a base adulterer's fraud betray'd.
To me the gods malignantly denied 355
My own dear Calydon, and much-loved bride :
Nay with horrific prodigies pursue,
And send to wing the skies my wretched crew :
Who now (dire punishment !) by rocks and streams,
Sad vagrants, utter lamentable screams. 360
Such woes I well might fear, whose frantic steel,
Raised against Heaven, had made its offspring feel ;
And from bless'd Venus drawn celestial gore.
No ! urge me to the fatal war no more.
My war subsided in the grave of Troy ; 365
Nor dwells my memory on her woes with joy.
No ! the rich presents, which you offer here,
Take to Æneas, and avert his spear.
That spear have I assay'd, and fiercely stood
Opposed in arms, athirst alike for blood : 370
And, trust the experienced, with tempestuous might
He rises on the shield, and wings the javelin's flight.
Had Ida's realms produced two chiefs as great,
Invaded Greece had wept her change of fate ;
And o'er her cities Dardanus had reign'd. 375
Whate'er in dubious conflict she sustain'd,
While for ten bleeding years her triumph paused,
By Hector's and Æneas' hand was caused :

Of equal souls, alike in arms renown'd ;
But this by piety more brightly crown'd. 380
Approach his hand in peace, if thus ye can,
But wisely dread it in the battle's van."

"Thus, best of Sovereigns! have my lips disclosed
What said the king, and how our war opposed."

Scarce had he ceased, when, through the Ausonian hall,
A various murmur spoke the alarm of all. 386

Loud was the din, as when the impending rock
Meets the prone river, and provokes the shock :
When foam the waves, resentful of restraint ;
And the vale echoes with their hoarse complaint. 390

Soon as the clamors of the assembly cease,
And every bosom feels returning peace,
The king, addressing first the gods with prayer,
From his high throne thus speaks his regal care :

"Latins! before this arduous war ye sought, 395
'Twere well had counsel led to timely thought :
Nor now have summon'd us to sad debate,
When the foe presses, and the hour is fate.

A dreadful war, O Citizens! we wage
With heaven-sprung heroes, of unconquer'd rage : 400
Whose fiery souls, undamp'd by labor, burn ;
And from repulse to victory return.

The hope, ye cherish'd from the Ætolian arm,
No more the breast that harbour'd it can warm.

To us self-centred hope alone remains : 405
And that how small, behold on yonder plains !
In what broad ruin all our fortunes lie,
Is felt by all, and shocks the general eye.
Nor blame I any :—all have shone in might :
Our realm's whole frame has labor'd in the fight. 410
Now, therefore, with attentive heed incline,
As my press'd mind discloses her design.
Stretch'd to the west, where Tuscan Tiber strays,
A tract extends, my right from ancient days,
Beyond where the Sicanians reign'd of old : 415
Its hills the Auruncans and Rutulians hold :
Subdue the rough ascents with laboring ploughs ;
And pasture with their flocks the heathy brows.
This tract entire, with all its woods of pine,
Let us, for purchased peace, to Troy resign. 420
With equal laws let there the nations blend ;
And there, if such their wish, new Troy ascend.
But if from us their minds incline to roam,
And seek, indulged by Fate, some distant home ;
Let our Italian woods, to waft them o'er, 425
Yield them their oaks for twice ten ships, or more,
If more they need : in affluent supply,
Close by the sea the wish'd materials lie.
How large, how built the fleet, let them direct ;
And docks, brass, laboring hands from us expect : 430

And let a hundred of our princes go,
To bring the proffer'd treaty to the foe,
With golden presents and the peaceful bough :
And let them to the Trojan monarch bear
Our robe of office and our ivory chair. 435
This is my counsel : freely now debate ;
And try to succour our afflicted state."

Then Drances rose, whom Turnus' glory stung ;
Of unperforming hand, but fluent tongue :
Rich, and to kings maternally allied ; 440
But low and doubtful by the father's side.
Faction's strong pleader, though in arms unknown,
Still in the council of the state he shone :
And thus, with fierce and aggravated blame,
Heap'd envious charges on the hero's fame : 445

"Your counsel, gracious Father of the state !
Asks not our voice to speak its wisdom great.
All what their country's good demands allow ;
But, overawed, are fearful to avow.
Let him release our tongues for whom we bleed ; 450
(Yes! I will speak, though death should wait the deed)
Let him his swelling and his threats allay ;
Him, for whose crimes, beneath whose fatal sway
So many glories of our field lie low ;
And all our prostrate city groans with woe : 455

While, hovering round the Trojan camp, he flies;
Yet vaunts aloud, and challenges the skies.
O best of kings! to all thy bounteous hand
Offers great Troy, to save our sinking land,
Add yet one gift, more dear than all the rest; 460
Nor be by alien violence repress'd.
Sire! join thy daughter to a glorious lord;
And let her love for ever sheathe the sword.
But if, submitted to a strange controul,
We dare not act the purpose of the soul; 465
Let us himself adjure! his grace implore,
The rights of king and people to restore!
Why wilt thou still, great fountain of our woes!
Our wretched state to lengthen'd ills expose?
War has no hope: to thee all lift the prayer, 470
Turnus! for peace and for, its seal, the fair:
And I the first, whom thou believest no friend,
(Nor to that honor can I well pretend,)
Lo! I, a suppliant at thy knees, entreat:
Spare, spare thy friends! and, baffled, own defeat!. 475
Yes! lower thy brow! abundant death has crown'd
Our bleeding rout, and blasted all around.
Or, if so strong thou feel'st the martial power;
So valuest glory, or the regal dower;
With dauntless breast confront the war alone! 480
The danger solely, as the prize, thy own.

That Turnus may possess a royal bride,
With our vile blood the fields of fate are dyed.
For this, forsooth, a crowd to carnage swept,
We load the plain, unburied and unwept. 485
If aught thou hast of Latian nerve or might,
Lo there the man, who calls thee to the fight!"

Thus stirr'd, in flame the wrath of Turnus broke;
And, groaning from his inmost breast, he spoke:

"Drances! when war commands us to the foe, 490
Thy copious eloquence can ever flow;
And, when the fathers of the state convene,
Thou first of all the assembling peers art seen.
But now the time asks more than splendid words;
Which, danger-free, thy wealth of tongue affords; 495
While yet our walls the rushing foe deride;
Nor yet our trenches roll a gory tide.

Then, when with trophies and with Trojan slain,
Drances! thy hand, like mine, has heap'd the plain,
Thunder as thou art wont! and, void of shame, 500
Hurl on my head a coward's hated name!

What is thy power in arms we soon may try:
Close by our walls the hostile legions lie.

Them let us seek, and rush upon their post.
Why pause? is all thy manhood airy boast? 505
Must still thy Mars be made of tongue and feet;
That loud to vaunt, and these for safety fleet?

I baffled? Slanderer! who can say I fled,
When Tiber swell'd, with Trojan slaughter red?
When sad Evander saw his house and bands 510
O'erturn'd at once, and scatter'd by my hands?
Bitias and Pandarus, of giant height,
Own'd me not feeble in the mortal fight:
Nor feeble was I proved, when, closed in Troy,
A thousand felt me potent to destroy. 515
For us has war no hope? Go, Wretch! and sing
Such boding strains to please thy Dardan king.
Cease not through all our realm to spread alarms;
And make twice-conquer'd Troy thy god of arms.
From Troy, 'tis found, the Myrmidonians fled! 520
Tydeus' and Peleus' sons felt Phrygian dread!
And Aufidus' recoiling waters mount
From Adria's waves, in terror, to their fount!
See too! the base artificer of fraud
Affects to shrink, by dread of me o'erawed; 525
And points his malice with his fiction'd fear!
Blood base as thine my warrior-arms revere.
Then tremble not! thy soul securely dwell
Self-punish'd in the frame it suits so well!
Now, royal Sire! to thee my speech I turn. 530
If hope no longer in the bosom burn:
If, once defeated, we must feel undone;
And veering Fortune stand for us alone;

Let us e'en sue for peace ; and to our lord
Stretch the bare hand, too feeble for the sword. 535
Yet O ! my heart would hold him greatly bless'd,
Who, with our ancient virtue in his breast,
Rather than see the shame would yield his breath ;
And bite the ground in honorable death.
But power, and youth unbroken still we boast : 540
Auxiliar Italy yet gives her host.
Nor can the foe a bloodless conquest claim :
His losses in the doubtful field the same,
Pale Death sits by him in the car of Fame.
Why should we faint ere yet our arms be warm ? 545
Why tremble ere the clarion breathes alarm ?
Chance ever rides on Time's eventful wing ;
And restless Fortune's ebb precedes her spring :
Subsiding now, now rising on the shores,
One wave bears backward what the next restores. 550
Will not Ætolian Arpi lend us aid ?
See great Messapus in our cause array'd !
Behold Tolumnius makes our battle strong ;
And brings his fortunes and his gods along !
Lo ! round us all Hesperia's armies stand ; 555
And, warm for glory, Latium's chosen band.
See too where bright Camilla leads her force ;
Squadrons, in flamy brass, of Volscian horse !

But if with me alone Troy claim the fight ;
And this you counsel in the nation's right ; 560
Behold me ready, for my country's good,
Singly to dare the arbitrement of blood :
Nor thus has conquest left my hands in hate,
That aught I should refuse for hopes so great.
Though, more than e'en Achilles in the field, 565
Vulcanian arms alike the Dardan wield ;
His rage this sword with confidence shall brave,
And gain its lord a sceptre or a grave.
For you, his countrymen, and thee, his sire,
Turnus, who glows with his forefathers' fire, 570
Himself devotes ; and is my single might
Call'd by Æneas to decide the fight ?
O stand the challenge ! that, in good or ill,
Drances and I may be divided still :
Nor, as the gods in wrath or love may give, 575
The wretch die honor'd, or with glory live."

While thus the senate with dissension rung,
And varying counsels fell from every tongue,
Æneas from the camp his battle led ;
And a swift scout, whose feet were wing'd by dread, 580
Shook with alarm the city and the court ;
And listening terror hung on his report ;
That Troy by Tiber march'd in thick array ;
And o'er the plains the Tuscans bent their way.

Straight wild commotion heaved the common breast; 585
And fear or rage was every where confess'd.

Frantic, for arms the crowd; for arms the young
Raved; while the sires in doubt and sorrow hung.

Discordant clamors hence in tempest rise;

And passion in its uproar mounts the skies. 590

As when the plummy nations, from above,

In myriads settle on some lofty grove.

Or, o'er the fields which life-throng'd Padus floats,

The swans' white legions stretch their sounding throats;

And the broad lakes re-echo with their notes. 595

“Now! now, O Citizens! in council sit!

What hour as this to ponder peace so fit?

With arms they rush on empire!” Turnus cries:

Breaks from the assembly, and to action flies.

“Go, Volusus!” he says, “and bear command 600

That, straight, in arms the Volscian squadrons stand

With my Rutulians. Thou, Messapus! lead

The horse, and widely o'er the champaign spread,

With Coras and Catillus. Of our powers

A part be station'd to defend the towers. 605

The rest with ready arms await the word

To march where I shall bid, and combat by their lord!”

With instant tumult all the city stirr'd:

Shouts and laments through every street were heard.

Forced from the effectless council to depart, 610
The king resigns its hope with anguish'd heart.
Press'd by his fortune with peculiar care,
He stands self-charged for his rejected heir :
That, uncompell'd, he had not bow'd to Fate ;
And join'd the great Æneas to his state. 615

Some with the deep-sunk trench the gates protect ;
And breast-works some, with stones and piles, erect.
With sanguine breath the martial clarions peal :
Females and boys the awakening summons feel ;
Rush to the walls and aid the toiling band ; 620
And the life-contest strengthens every hand.

Meanwhile the queen to Pallas' lofty fane
Is borne, attended by her matron-train,
Her hand with offerings rich ; and by her side
(Cause of their woes) the war-contested bride, 625
Lavinia, sits : her eyes soft sorrows veil ;
And on her cheek the rose of love is pale.
The matrons follow, and around the shrine
Burn copious incense to the Power divine.
The fragrance spreads ; while, prostrate on the floor, 630
Their prayer in bitterness of heart they pour :
" Tritonian Virgin ! war's great regent ! hear !
Break in his hand the Phrygian robber's spear !
O ! dash upon the ground our dread and hate ;
And stretch him pale and breathless by the gate !" 635

Turnus himself, with all his soul on fire,
Arrays his mighty limbs in war's attire.
The scaly cuirass roughens on his breast:
His sinewy legs in greaves of gold are dress'd.
Nor yet the helmet on his brow was tied: 640
But the broad falchion glitters at his side.
All gold he flames; and, rushing fiercely down
From the high fortress, flashes through the town.
His strong heart labors with life's torrent flow;
And his proud hope's prevention routs the foe. 645
So the stall'd courser, bursting from the rein,
Free, and now joyous master of the plain,
Seeks his old pastures; or, with glowing speed,
Flies to his females in the distant mead:
Or to the river springs with boiling blood; 650
And bathes his ardors in the accustom'd flood.
His crest exults in air: he bounds, he neighs:
His mane superbly flaunts, and o'er his shoulder plays.

The rushing hero, by the city's gate,
Camilla and her Volscian warriors wait: 655
And, all the troop alighting as their queen
Springs from her steed, she thus with martial mien
The chief addresses; "Turnus! if the pride
Of conscious valor may in aught confide,
The Æneïan force I promise to sustain; 660
And singly shock the Tuscans on the plain.

Then grant that I may first the conflict dare;
While safe our walls abide beneath thy care."

With eyes in wonder fix'd as he survey'd,
Turnus thus answer'd to the warrior-maid: 665

"O Pride of Italy! I vainly try
For praise to mate the worth that soars so high.
But since thy soul all dangers thus can slight,
Share in my toils, and rule with me the fight.
Æneas fraudfully has sent his horse 670

To skirmish first, and thus amuse our force:
Whilst he around yon mountains winds his way;
And hopes the city a defenseless prey.
Such are the tidings that my spies impart:
And now I plan to baffle art with art: 675

To plant an ambush in the wood's retreat;
And arm the point where both the passes meet.
Rear then thy standards 'gainst the Tuscan foe!
With thee Messapus and our horse shall go;
And Tibur's squadrons combat at thy side: 680
And thou, their head, shalt all their movements guide."

He spake, and roused Messapus to the fight;
And bade the several chiefs their troops unite;
Then sought the foes. With umbrage black and broad
A wood o'erhung a vale, prepared for fraud 685
And ambush'd hosts: to this a passage led,
Strait-mouth'd, perplex'd, ensnaring to the tread.

Above, extending o'er the mountain's crown,
A space lay level, and to most unknown :
A station where the fight might best avail ; 690
Strong to defend, or deathful to assail :
From every quarter dash the climbing foe ;
Or roll its stony ruin from the brow.
The youthful chief explored and seised the post :
And fill'd the insidious forest with his host. 695

Meanwhile Latonia in the realms of air
Summon'd a nymph of her associate fair,
Opis, most fleet amid her sacred train ;
And thus address'd her, with a heart of pain :
" Camilla flies to war's ensanguined field ! 700
And vain our arms, O Virgin ! now to shield.
Dear is the maid to me beyond her kind :
Nor young the iove that plants her in' my mind.
When, from Privernum, great in old renown,
Her father, Metabus, by faction thrown, 705
Fled reft of power, he bore her infant charms,
To soothe his exile, through the clash of arms ;
And from Casmilla, the maternal dame,
Gave his sweet care Camilla's softer name.
O'er lengthen'd wastes, through tangled woods he roved ;
His breast still cherishing the babe he loved : 711
Whilst on all sides pursuing shouts resound ;
And the fierce Volscians scour the country round :

When, as he saw the land where safety lay,
Lo! Amasenus foams across his way ; 715
And, flush'd with torrents from the bursting skies,
High o'er their banks the raging waters rise.
To stem the flood his nervous heart impell'd :
But terror for his precious charge withheld.
As long his mind the means of safety sought, 720
Hope thus at last quick lighten'd on his thought.
Fashion'd of oak, fire-dried and closely grain'd,
A ponderous lance the warrior's hand sustain'd.
To the mid shaft his darling babe he bound,
Cradled in cork, and softly swathed around. 725
Then, as he poised the spear, to Heaven he said :
“ ‘ Bless'd Goddess of the woods ! Latonian Maid !
To thee this infant I, her father, vow :
Suppliant to thee through air she flies the foe ;
And in her earliest being grasps thine arms : 730
Take her then, Goddess ! and protect from harms ;
As thus I launch her on her dangerous flight.’
“ He spoke, then hurl'd the lance with forceful might.
The waters roar'd ; and o'er the stormy flood
Camilla flew upon the sounding wood. 735
Then Metabus, by close pursuit distress'd,
Plunged in the wave ; and, of his vow possess'd,
Wrench'd from the bank his weapon, and his heir
(My votary) safe beneath my guardian care.

No cities open'd to receive the chief: 740
Nor would his soul stoop suppliant for relief.
Where on rude hills their flocks the shepherds fed,
A life of hardy solitude he led.
There with wild milk his infant love was nursed;
And the mare's teat distill'd to quench her thirst. 745
Soon as her little step could print the land,
He placed a pointed javelin in her hand;
And o'er her slender shoulders slung a bow.
No golden circlet glitter'd on her brow:
Her head's rude dress a tiger's spoils supplied; 750
Which floated o'er her back in streaky pride.
Death soon resulted from her twanging string;
Or rode the missile as she whirl'd her sling;
And brought the crane or swan from his aërial wing.
As the sweet blossom of the desert blew, 755
The Tuscan cities pour'd their youth to woo;
And many a mother wish'd her for her son:
But, true to Dian, she remain'd unwon.
Array'd in chastity's unsullied white,
From me and arms she drew her sole delight. 760
O! had she not this dire contention sought;
And vainly to resist the Trojans fought;
Then, loved by me and of my chosen train,
Safe had she reign'd, the huntress of the plain.

But now, since Fate demands her for his prey, 765
Nymph! from the pole precipitate thy way:
Seek Latium's fields; and there suspend thy flight,
Where her sons toil in inauspicious fight.
Take this my quiver: with resentful heart,
Draw thence the vengeance of the keenest dart: 770
And, whosoe'er of Italy or Troy
Shall shed her sacred blood,—that wretch destroy.
Then her dear corse in all its war's array,
Embosom'd in a cloud, will I convey
'To her own realm, and with her fathers lay." 775

She spake: her downward flight swift Opis flung:
Black night involved her, and her quiver rung.

Advancing from their camp, the Trojan force
Now join'd their battle to the Tuscan horse,
Marshall'd in troops: the exulting coursers bound, 780
Impatient of the bit, and paw the ground,
And proudly neigh: as here and there they turn,
The horrent fields with brazen flashes burn.
Opposed, Messapus and the Latins stand:
Catillus, Coras, and Camilla's band. 785
With their right hands thrown back they threat the spear:
The chargers thunder and the war draws near.

When now the hosts had gain'd their weapons' reach,
Both check awhile, regardful each of each.

Then, bursting into shouts, they rouse their steeds ; 790
And all the tumult of the fight succeeds.
Their darts at once in mingled showers they throw,
Thick as the fleeces of descending snow,
And intercept the day : while, dark beneath,
Spreads the red anarchy of raging Death. 795
Tyrrhenus first and fierce Aconteus closed
With rested spears, and front to front opposed.
Dreadful their shock : the excited chargers dash
Breast against breast, and their strong shoulders crash.
As by some engine's bolt or heaven's own fires, 800
Hurl'd is Aconteus far, and, ere he falls, expires.
Alarm'd, the Latins see the chief o'erthrown ;
Revert their shields, and fly to gain the town.
The Trojans press their rear : in fierce advance,
Asylas, leading, plies his gory lance : 805
And to the gate approaches now the rout ;
When suddenly the wheeling Latins shout,
And bear upon their foes with slacken'd reins :
These, flying in their turn, retrace the plains.
Alternate Ocean thus, with ceaseless roar, 810
Now rushing on the land, usurps the shore :
O'er the last sands in foamy triumph rides ;
And the tall rocks within his bosom hides :
Now in swift ebb recalls his billowy host ;
Flies from the rattling beach, and bares the coast. 815

Twice to the walls the Tuscans drive the foe ;
And twice in flight their shields behind them throw.
But to the third fierce congress when they ran,
Then the hosts mingled, then shock'd man with man.
The groans of death resound : earth floats with blood ;
Bodies and arms bestrow the crimson flood : 821
The trampling hoof deforms the yet heaving corse ;
And o'er his master rolls the expiring horse.
Relentless is the fight. Afraid to stand
The force of Remulus, met hand to hand ; 825
Orsilochus directs his wary spear
Against the steed, and plants it in his ear.
Impatient of the wound, that stung the brain,
The charger rears, and, madden'd by the pain,
Dashes his rider breathless on the ground. 830
Iölas falls beneath Catillus' wound.
By the same chief Herminius meets his fate :
Whose arms were ponderous as his bulk was great.
Fearless of wounds and challenging the war,
His shoulders and his yellow locks were bare. 835
But, the sharp javelin panting in his side,
Convulsed he bends, and anguish quells his pride.
The steel raves every where : they wound, they bleed ;
Nor wounds nor death in glory's cause they heed.
But, where the conflict most intensely glows, 840
The quiver'd heroine rages mid the foes.

One breast is bare : her hand, that never slacks,
Now showers the volleyed shafts, now wields the biting axe.
Loud clangs her golden bow ; and, arm'd alike,
Camilla's weapons sure as Dian's strike. 845

Even when repulsed and flying, dreadful still,
The Fates with her reverted arrows kill.

Beside her a selected band attends ;

In war her combatants, in peace her friends ;

Italian virgins, whom for worth she chose : 850

With her they rush, with her confront the foes.

There Tulla, there Larina deals the wound ;

And fierce Tarpeia whirls her axe around :

Like the famed Amazons of Thrace, who stood

In pictured arms, and shook Thermodon's flood : 855

Or pour'd around Hippolyta their war ;

Or follow'd great Penthesilea's car :

And, shouts of triumph echoing through the fields,

The female legions waved their moony shields.

Who first, who last, what numbers strew'd the land,
Dread Virgin ! from the steel that arm'd thy hand ? 861

Eunæus first, the son of Clytius, dies :

Deep in his adverse breast her weapon lies.

With mouth ejecting blood he rends the ground ;

And, wrung by death, writhes tortured on his wound. 865

Liris and Pagasus then fall beneath

Her victor lance, and yield at once their breath :

One as he strives, entangled with the rein
Of his pierced steed that wallows on the plain;
And one slow reaching to his fellow's aid : 870
Both rush together to the eternal shade.
Amastus next, Hippotades, she slays:
Then, as she follows whom her might dismays,
Harpalycus, Demophoön wing'd with fear;
Tereus and Chromis feel her pressing spear. 875
As twangs her bow, each fate-commission'd dart
Plants its sharp vengeance in some Phrygian heart.
On an Apulian charger, mid the war
The hunter, Ornytus, is seen afar,
Clad in strange arms : a bull's rough hide o'erspread 880
His brawny shoulders, and above his head
A wolf's expanded jaws disclosed their teeth ;
And a clown's pike supplied his hand with death.
Thus rudely arm'd and boastful of his powers,
High by the head o'er all the ranks he towers. 885
Him, in the blind disorder of the fray,
Her intercepting lance bereaves of day ;
And, glorying o'er him, thus she speaks severe :
"Thought'st thou thy forests, and thy game were here ?
Tuscan, elate with triumph o'er the brutes ! 890
Thy vaunts this day a woman's hand refutes.
Yet may'st thou to thy fathers' shades proclaim,
Camilla's hand has raised thy death to fame !"

Straight to fresh conquest she directs her hands ;
And slays two Phrygians, who o'ertopp'd the bands, 895
Orsilochus and Butes. Where between
The corselet and the helm the neck is seen,
And the left arm sustains the pendent shield,
Butes she strikes and stretches on the field.
Orsilochus her wary arts elude : 900
Circling she flies, pursuing and pursued ;
And wheels interiorly : then on the foe
Turns short, and, rising for the stronger blow,
Swings her dread axe ; and, as he sues in vain,
Rives his mail'd front and dissipates the brain. 905
Then Aunus' son, across her path of fight
Stands, in pale terror at the sudden sight.
Where Apenninus shades Liguria's state,
Amid the fraudulent race the youth was great,
While yet his stratagems were crown'd by Fate. 910
Now hopeless to suspend the fight or fly,
The royal heroine fatally too nigh,
He dives into his wily breast for aid ;
And thus with guile assails the martial maid :
" No wonder thou prevail'st with borrow'd force : 915
'Tis not the woman triumphs, but the horse.
Forego the advantage of his better feet :
Alight ! and then, as hand to hand we meet,

Soon shalt thou find, upon an equal plain,
Whose is the genuine valor, whose the vain." 920

Incensed she hears; and, springing whence she sits,
Her courser to her comrade's hand commits:
While she on foot awaits the single field,
With her drawn falchion and her virgin shield.
But he, who deem'd his art must now succeed, 925
Retorts the rein and turns the flying steed:
With iron heel incites his panting sides;
And o'er the plain in fancied safety rides.
"Faithless Ligurian! proud by falsehood made!
Thy country's wiles are here in vain essay'd. 930

Idle thy swiftness, in this chase of Fate,
To lead thee safely to false Aunus' gate!"
The heroine cries: then, springing to the course,
Her flame-wing'd feet surpass the flying horse.
The reins she grasps, in fronting battle stands; 935
And the wretch bleeds beneath her vengeful hands:
A prey as easy as the flitting dove,
Seised by the augurial hawk in tracts above:
When, as the gorging beak and talons rend,
Blood and torn plumage from the clouds descend. 940

But the great Sire of Heaven, enthroned on high,
Views not the conflict with regardless eye.
Tarchon he goads with fury to engage;
And breathes into his breast intenser rage.

Thus urged, the chieftain spurs into the field, . 945
Where the rout bleeds and most his squadrons yield :
Upbraids, exhorts, adjures the men by name :
Restores the battle, and revives their shame.

“O Tuscans ! lost to honor ! whence this fear ?
Whose are the recreant hearts that tremble here ? 950
And can a woman thus your ranks confound ?
Why bear ye steel and arms that cannot wound ?
Not such your sloth when Venus charms the night ;
Or the glad pipes the Bacchant dance invite.
To crowd the board, to drain the copious bowl,— 955
This, this can rouse your energies of soul !
All fire, when in the grove the jolly priest
Proclaims the richness of the victim feast !”

Speaking, he dashes mid the sanguine fray ;
Nor heedful of the deaths that strew his way, 960
Rushes on Venulus ; and, close embraced,
With his right arm bound strongly round the waist,
The foe unhorses, and before him flings.
The hosts all gaze, and heaven with clamor rings,
As fiery Tarchon through the battle tears ; 965
And arms and man at once in triumph bears.
The hostile spear he snaps, then tries each part
Where most the mail was pervious to the dart.
But the resisting foe, with fierce debate,
Meets force with force, and wards the stroke of fate. 970

Thus, when a snake, her hooky talons' prize,
 The tawny eagle rends amid the skies ;
 The serpent, wounded yet untamed and strong,
 Rears high his crest and threats with hissing tongue :
 Writhes his large volumes ; lifts each horrent scale ; 975
 And binds the assailant with his sinuous mail.
 Nathless the bird attacks her fighting prey ;
 Subdues him with her beak, nor checks her airy way.
 So 'Tarchon, proud of his victorious might,
 Bears his Tiburtian captive through the fight : 980
 While, roused by his example and success,
 The Etrurians rally and the combat press.

Then Arruns, doom'd by Fate, essays each art
 To reach Camilla with a mortal dart :
 With cautious eye and step still wheels around, 985
 Patient till Fortune shall indulge the wound.
 Where rages mid the ranks the heroine's spear,
 There, tracing her in silence, is he near.
 When, tired with conquest, she awhile respire,
 He turns his rein, and stealthily retires : 990
 Tries here and there approach ; nor lifts the lance,
 Till its dire flight belong no more to chance.
 Bright mid the war, in Phrygian armour dress'd,
 (Sacred to Cybele, and once her priest)
 Chloreus in pomp a foaming steed controll'd, 995
 Whose coat was plated brass inwrought with gold :



And, such the skill that in the web was shown,
The plume-like scales look'd soften'd into down.
Radiant himself in Tyrian purple's glow,
The shafts of Crete supplied his Lycian bow. 1000
Gilt was the bow that o'er his shoulder rung:
Above his brows a golden helmet hung.
His saffron mantle studs of gold confined;
And held its linen folds that rustled in the wind.
His tunic by the needle bloom'd in gold; 1005
And Asian greaves his gorgeous legs infold.
Him the fierce championess, through all the fray,
Singled, enamour'd of his rich array;
Or to adorn her for the silvan chase;
Or with the spoils of Troy some temple grace. 1010
Him only she pursued, to danger blind;
Smit with the toys that dazzle all her kind.
At the wish'd moment ambush'd Arruns threw
The spear of death, but pray'd before it flew:
"Phœbus! supreme of gods! whose guardian throne
Is placed on proud Soracte's holy crown: 1016
By us adored beyond each heavenly name:
To whom our pines in structured incense flame:
To whom, by piety secured from dread,
We pass through fires, and living embers tread. 1020
Let me, O Sire! all-powerful as thou art,
Blot this our arms' dishonor with my dart.

The virgin's spoils, unanxious, I resign:
From other deeds be praise and glory mine!
I ask alone to quell this slaughterous pest; 1025
And then, inglorious, in my country rest."

Apollo listens to the twofold prayer;
And part he grants, and scatters part in air.
To stretch Camilla breathless on the ground,
Surprised and bleeding by a sudden wound— 1030

The god allows: but safely to remain,
See his loved home and native hills again,
The Power refuses: and the prayer is cast
To float in vagrance on the southern blast.

As through rent air the sounding weapon flies, 1035
The hosts look round and gaze in pale surprise;
And on the queen each Volscian eye is thrown.

Unwarn'd she stands, and unalarm'd alone:
Nor heeds the death that pants upon the wood;
Till planted in her naked breast it stood, 1040

Quivering, and gorging on her virgin blood.
Her trembling comrades rush to give their aid;
And spread their arms to catch the falling maid.
Glad, but confounded at the accomplish'd deed,
Arruns flies first, and shows his coward speed: 1045

Still sees the dying heroine's darts with fear;
Nor longer dares the venture of the spear.

As when a wolf the lordly bull has slain;
Or, more infuriate, rent the guardian swain;

Ere yet in arms the awaken'd country rise, 1050
In conscious terror of his act he flies :
With guilty speed into the forest flings ;
And his tail, cowering, to his belly clings.
Not less alarm'd, and satisfied with flight,
Pale Arruns plunges mid the ranks from sight. 1055
To draw the lance she strives : but fix'd remains
The steel within the bones, and mocks her pains.
Bloodless she droops : her eye foregoes its fires ;
And roseate beauty from her cheek retires.
Then of her comrades one, beyond the rest 1060
Most dear, who lived inshrined within her breast,
She calls ; and thus with weak laborious breath
Bespeaks, while fading in the embrace of death :
" Acca, most loved ! thus far avail'd my force.
'Tis done—this wound arrests my further course. 1065
All blackens on my sight. To Turnus speed !
Bid him this instant to the fight succeed,
To check the Trojan arms and save the town.
And now farewell !"—She says, and, sinking down,
Drops the loose reins : then, chilling by degrees, 1070
Her limbs grow rigid and her spirits freeze.
Low on the languid neck her head reclines ;
And its loved arms her opening hand resigns.
Deep heaves the groan : life's latest sparkle fades ;
And the soul flies indignant to the shades. 1075

Then thundering clamors shake the vaulted skies ;
And the war thickens as Camilla dies.
With strength condensed rush all the Trojan force ;
The Tuscan squadrons and the Arcadian horse.
But Opis, Dian's delegated maid, 1080
From her hill-station all the fight survey'd ;
Unmoved, till pale Camilla, from afar,
She view'd, expiring mid the fiercest war.
Then, groaning from her inmost breast, she spoke :
" Too sadly hast thou felt the atoning stroke ! 1085
Thy costly life a forfeiture too great,
For thy rash warfare on the Trojan state.
Ah ! nought thy Dian's love avails thee now :
Nought, that in wilds thou borest our sacred bow.
Yet, not unhonor'd in thy timeless doom, 1090
Virgin ! thy goddess shall adorn thy tomb :
Wide o'er the nations shall extend thy name ;
And zealous vengeance vindicate thy fame.
He, whosoe'er he be, who made thee bleed,
With death shall expiate his unholy deed." 1095

A mound beneath the lofty mountain stood,
Built high with earth, and dark with shadowing wood
Dercennus' tomb, renown'd in days of yore,
Who once the sceptre of Laurentum bore.
Thither the beauteous goddess sped her flight ; 1100
And thence on Arruns fix'd her ranging sight.

Soon as she saw him mid the hostile crowd,

Shining in arms, and impotently proud;

“Why turn’st thou from me? hither bend thy way!

Here, for Camilla, vengeance claims her prey. 1105

And shalt thou perish by Latonia’s dart!

Its point polluted in so mean a heart:”—

She cries; and, drawing from its golden sheath

A shaft, whose pinion bore the surest death,

Adapts it: then the bow with fury bends, 1110

Till in the centre meet its horny ends;

And both her hands, in level distance, feel,

The right her breast, the left her arrow’s steel.

The weapon’s sound and stroke at once confess’d,

As Arruns hears, he feels it in his breast. 1115

Him, as he groans and dies beneath the wound,

His fellows leave deserted on the ground,

Unpitied and unheeded. Opis flies

On soaring pinions, and regains the skies.

Camilla’s troop, their princely heroine lost, 1120

First turn to flight and lead the routed host.

Then to the frowning fortune of the field

The pale Rutulians, with Atinas, yield.

The wasted bands, their chieftains overthrown,

Spur to obtain the safety of the town: 1125

Nor, as with death the Trojans scour the plain,

Are any found the conflict to sustain.

Behind them hang their bows, unnerved and dead;
And the turf groans beneath their coursers' tread.
A dusty whirlwind, blackening into night, 1130
Rolls on the city and proclaims the flight:
And, ranged upon the walls, the matron-crowd
Beat their sad bosoms and lament aloud.
Who first press forward, as the gates unclose,
Enter, confounded with irruptive foes: 1135
Nor scape from death; for e'en within the wall
The hostile spear arrests them, and they fall:
Pierced as they pant by the paternal door,
The threshold blushes with its master's gore.
Some bar the gates; and, harden'd by their fears, 1140
Heed not the excluded victims' prayers or tears;
And wretched carnage mingles friend with friend:
As one would force the pass, and one defend.
Part, within hearing of their parents' groan,
Are crush'd and headlong in the trepches thrown: 1145
Part, in despair and frantic with their fates,
Dash their gored steeds against the obdurate gates.
On the high rampart e'en the matrons prove,
In this last exigence, the patriot love.
Taught by Camilla how their sex could dare, 1150
In their weak hands unwonted arms they bear:
Strike with the pointed oak, made hard by fire;
And foremost, for their walls, to death aspire.

Meanwhile to Turnus, ambush'd where he lies,
Borne on swift pinion wounding rumor flies : 1155
And Acca now reports her tale of grief;
The Volscians lost : extinct their heroine chief :
The foe all-powerful ; and, with raging sway,
Even o'er the city scattering pale dismay.
Inflamed he hears (so Jove severely wills) 1160
And quits the forest and beleaguer'd hills.
Scarce had he moved and gain'd the plains below,
His rear yet glimmering on the observant foe,
When great Æneas seised the unguarded post ;
O'ercame the shaggy heights, and issued with his host.
So to the city, with incited pace, 1166
Both armies rush, nor wide the severing space.
At once Æneas in the horizon sees
The Latian armour mid the dusty breeze ;
And Turnus knows the dread Æneas near 1170
By the loud war that grows upon his ear ;
The neighing steed, and echoing foot's career.
And now the hosts had proved the chance of fight :
But rosy Phœbus, in the car of light,
Plunged his tired horses in the Iberian main, 1175
And gave the skies to Night's ascending wain.
Before the city either army rests ;
And each his camp with guardian lines invests.

END OF THE ELEVENTH BOOK.

THE
ÆNEIS.

BOOK XII.

Argument.

PERCEIVING that the Latins were disheartened by their two successive defeats, and that the general expectation pressed him to accept the challenge which Æneas had lately sent to him by the Latian legates, Turnus resolves on bringing the issue of the war to the decision of a single combat with the Trojan chief; and, though strongly dissuaded from the adventure by Latinus and Amata, he sends to dare his adversary to the lists. Iatinus and Æneas meet under the walls of the city, and ratify with the solemn rites of religion the conditions of the engagement. Encouraged by Juno, Juturna, (the sister of Turnus, who had been raised by the favor of Jupiter to the immortality and power of a goddess,) excites the Rutulians to violate the league, and thus to rescue their prince from the danger of an unequal combat. In the confusion of the fight which ensues, Æneas, unarmed and endeavouring to appease the disorder, is wounded with an arrow, and compelled to retire to his tent. On his retreat, Turnus flies to arms, and makes a great slaughter of the Trojans. By the intervention of Venus, Æneas is healed and restored to the field; where, unable to recall Turnus to the plighted combat, he falls with fury upon the Latin troops. The battle is obstinately contested, till Æneas conceives the plan of attacking the city, unprepared, as it now was, with the means of defense. On being informed of the distress of Laurentum, where Amata in despair had fallen by her own hands, Turnus hastens to its rescue, and calls upon Æneas to perform the conditions of the league, which had been broken. The armies suspend their conflict; and their princes engage. After some vicissitudes of fortune, Turnus is overcome; and Æneas, excited to rage by seeing some of the spoils of Pallas now worn by the Rutulian chief, terminates the war, and accomplishes his establishment in Italy by the death of his rival.

THE
ÆNEIS.

BOOK XII.

WHEN Turnus saw, by adverse Mars depress'd,
The heart subsiding in the Latian breast:
And felt that now his promise all demand;
Their eyes suspended on his single hand;
His kindled spirits rage beyond controul, 5
And conscious valor elevates his soul.
Thus, where Massyla's billowy desert waves,
Gore'd with the hunter's wound, the lion raves:
While the fix'd weapon trembles in his side,
Wakes all his war; erects his shaggy pride; 10
Shakes joyously his mane; exults o'er fear;
Roars with ensanguined mouth, and rends the assailing spear.
Furies so fierce the heart of Turnus wring;
And, all inflamed, he thus accosts the king:
" Behold me ready! and the recreant foe 15
His own proud challenge cannot now forego.

I claim the combat! Thou with kingly care,
O Sire! the rites to seal the league prepare.
Or by my hand (the Latians seated round)
Asia's base fugitive shall bite the ground; 20
Our common wrongs refuted by my sword:
Or he as victor reign, and be Lavinia's lord."

To him Latinus calmly thus replied:
"O Youth excelling all in warlike pride!
As the fierce ardor of the mind is thine; 25
'To weigh events and coolly judge be mine.
Rich in dominion as the Daunian son,
Rich art thou with the cities thou hast won.
Rich is Latinus too, and thou shalt find
His hand as bounteous, as his soul is kind: 30
And many maids Hesperia's realm adorn,
Of beauteous form, high-dower'd, and nobly born.
Let me then speak, without the guise of art,
Unpleasing truths; and plant them in thy heart.
To give to any of the suitor-crowd 35
My daughter's hand, my power was not allow'd.
To tell this purpose of Heaven's changeless mind,
Portents, and oracles, and seers combined.
O'ercome by love of thee, by kindred ties,
By my sad consort's pleading agonies, 40
Through all restraints I broke: the gods defied:
Tore from her lord the heaven-contracted bride;

And plunged in impious war: the dire event,
Turnus! thou seest, and I and all lament.
Twice with fell carnage on the field o'erthrown, 45
Latium's last languid hope lives here alone.
Strewn with our bones the spacious plains are hoar;
And Tiber flows yet tepid with our gore.
Still unresolved and still to ruin blind,
Why more to phrensy should I yield my mind? 50
If on thy fall I may ally with Troy:
Peace, let me, and thy life at once enjoy.
Should I to death (the ill-omen Heaven disprove!)
Betray thee, suing for my daughter's love;
How should I wound Rutulium's kindred state! 55
How feel the branding of Italia's hate!
Think how the field's unstable fortune veers:
Pity thy distant sire, and spare his feeble years!"
These words of peace are lost on Turnus' heart:
The attempt to soothe but irritates the smart: 60
And, when the monarch ceased, he thus again:
"Dismiss, good Sire! thy cares for me, as vain.
Death, well exchanged for glory, let me seek:
Nor is the weapon, that I brandish, weak.
Where'er it strikes the goring steel is felt; 65
And blood still follows where the wound is dealt:
And nought shall now avail his mother's cloud,
Her and her trembling son at once to shroud."

But the sad queen, already doom'd to die, .
View'd war's changed aspect with alarmful eye. 70
To the rash chief her fond embrace adheres ;
And thus, imploring him, she speaks with tears :

“ Turnus ! by these warm drops, if yet remains
Sense in thy bosom of Amata's pains ;
O thou, my fainting age's sole support ! 75
Prop of our house, and glory of our court !
On whom alone Latinus' realm depends !
By whom it prospers, and with whom it ends !
O listen to my prayer ! my single prayer !
This purposed combat with the foe forbear. 80
Whate'er thy fortunes in that fell debate ;
The same, my Turnus ! must Amata wait.
Our race of life shall be together run :
Nor, captive, will I see my Dardan son. ’

Her mother's words, alarm'd, Lavinia hears ; 85
Her cheeks suffused with blushes and with tears.
Tumultuous passion courses through her frame ;
And o'er her skin is pour'd the ruddy flame.
As, stain'd with sanguine purple, ivory glows ;
Or lilies blush, embedded with the rose : 90
So o'er the living alabaster spread
The impassion'd tints, and breathed celestial red.
He sees ; and, gazing with intense desire,
Burns for the combat with augmented fire :

And briefly to the sorrowing queen replies : 95

“ Ah cease, my Mother! now from tears and sighs!
Nor send me thus ill-omen'd to the fray!
'Tis not in me my fatal hour to stay.

Hence, Idmon! to the Phrygian monarch bear
My words, not grateful haply to his ear. 100

Soon as to-morrow in the illumined skies,
Shall see the purple-vested morning rise;
Let him not urge his Trojans on their foes:
That day, his host and ours alike repose!
By him and me the strife of blood be tried; 105
And whose Lavinia let the field decide.”

He spoke; and, rushing to his palace, calls
The grooms to lead his coursers from their stalls;
And glories as he sees their fiery grace;
The authentic offspring of the etherial race, 110
More white than snows and fleetier than the wind,
Which beauteous Orithyia's self consign'd
To great Pilumnus, for his regal state.

Around their charge the charioteers await:
Applaud the swelling chest, the glossy side; 115
And sleek with combs the mane's luxuriant pride.

His mail, of finest brass with gold enchased,
The chief then fits, athwart his shoulders braced:
Essays the ponderous shield; the helm assumes, 119
Whose two-fold crest tower'd high with sanguine plumes;

And wields the falchion, which the god of fire
In Styx attemper'd for the Daunian sire.

Then from his central palace, where it stood
Propp'd on a column, and distain'd with blood,

He snatches the huge spear, his victor right, 125

Won from Auruncan Actor in the fight ;

And, fiercely shaking it, exclaims : " O still,

Dear weapon ! faithful to thy master's will !

Now, now be true ! the mighty Actor's late,

Thou feel'st in Turnus' hand a power as great. 130

Give me to rend the mail, with victor force,

From the base Phrygian's soft and pamper'd corse :

To soil in dust his ringlets, trimly nice ;

'Teased into curl and dropping liquid spice !"

So fierce the rage that pants within his heart, 135

Fires from his eyes in brilliant flashes start ;

And streamy splendors o'er his visage flow.

Thus when a bull expects his rushing foe,

Dreadful he roars : against an oak's tough rind

Assays his horns, and combats with the wind. 140

Backward the sands in rolling clouds he spurns ;

And the hot prelude of the conflict buries.

Nor less, exulting in celestial arms,

His bosom for the fight Æneas warms :

Rejoices in the proffer'd terms of peace ; 145

Charm'd, that so soon detested war should cease :

With smiles Iulus and his comrades cheers ;
And by the Fates' disclosure calms their fears :
Then bids the heralds, to the Latian court,
The accepted treaty and its laws report. 150

Scarce had the new-born morning chased the night ;
And, dancing, crown'd the mountain's brow with light :
Scarce, breaking from the waves their fiery way,
The sun's fierce coursers breathed effusive day ;
When the Rutulians and the Trojans trace, 155
Beneath the city's wall, an ample space '
For their chiefs' combat. Some, of grassy sods,
Raise central altars to their common gods :
With linen veil'd and vervain crown'd, some bring
The sacred fire with water from the spring. 160

Through her wide gates the city pours her train :
And Latium's armies rush upon the plain.
Opposed, in order for the mortal fray,
Troy and Etruria range their arm'd array.

Through all the hosts the busy leaders run, 165
In gold and purple glittering to the sun.

Asylas and, with blood of regal source,
Mnestheus here marshal all the embattled force :
And great Messapus, Neptune's offspring, there,
The steed's proud tamer, proves the general's care. 170
Then, as the obedient legions clear the field,
They plant the spear in earth and ground the shield.

An unarm'd crowd from every quarter pours :
Sires, weak from age, and matrons line the towers :
Climb their own roofs, or throng the city's gate : 175
And all with panting hearts the dread decision wait.
But Juno, station'd on a lofty brow,
(A mount then nameless, famed as Alba's now,)
Threw her wide glance o'er all the scene beneath ;
The hosts, the city, and the lists of death : 180
And Turnus' sister instantly address'd ;
(Who shone a goddess with the immortal bless'd :
Of lakes and murmuring streams the ruling Power ;
Thus raised by Jove, who cropp'd her virgin flower ;) 185
" Queen of the floods ! most favor'd by my love,
Of all the usurpers of the bed of Jove !
Nymph ! whom I saw, with unrepining eye,
Advanced to share the glories of the sky !
Learn now the woes that wait thee ; nor upbraid
My love, Juturna ! as of niggard aid. 190
While 'twas allow'd by Fortune and by Fate,
My power has shielded Turnus and thy state.
Now I behold him to the combat led,
With black death hovering o'er his victim head.
I must not view the fight : but thou be there ; 195
And nobly, to preserve thy brother, dare.
Go ! 'twill become thee ! and thy pious deed,
For Heaven oft aids the wretched, may succeed."

With poignant anguish thrill'd, Juturna hears ;
Strikes her fair breast, and pours thick-falling tears. 200

"No time is this to weep:" Saturnia cries ;
"Haste ! prove if aught can save him, ere he dies.

Or break the compact, and the war revive.—

I vouch the daring, thou the means contrive !"

Thus counselling, she left her to her part, 205
With a wrung bosom and a doubtful heart.

Meanwhile the sovereigns reach the lists of war.
Four stately coursers draw Latinus' car ;
And proud his regal train : around his brow
Twelve golden rays, the Sun's rich ensign, glow ; 210
The Sun from whom he sprang. With two white steeds
Beneath his rein, the Daunian prince succeeds ;
And in each mighty hand a spear sustains,
Whose waving steel shoots lustre o'er the plains.

Then, heavenly arm'd and flashing starry fire 215
From his shield's orb, great Rome's illustrious sire,
Æneas comes, and, bright in bloomy pride,
His heir, Rome's other hope, adorns his side.

Next, by the snowy-mantled priest are borne
A sow's young offspring and a lamb unshorn 220
To the bright altar's blaze. With lifted eyes,
Turn'd to the ascending sun, the princes rise :
Offer the salted cakes with pious care :
Cut with their swords the victims' frontal hair ;

And, from large goblets, on the flaming shrine 225
Pour full libations of the ruddy wine.
Then, with his falchion beaming in his hand,
The pious leader of the Trojan band.
Thus prays; "Thou Sun! who roll'st above my head,
Attend! and thou, O Earth! whose breast I tread; 230
Dear land! whose hope has led from toil to toil
My weary step, to reach thy promised soil!
Thou God of gods! and thou, at length benign,
Saturnian Juno! as I pray, incline!
Thou, mighty Mars! whose hands the battle wield; 235
Whose frown or smile decides the mortal field!
Ye Springs and Rivers! all ye Powers of air!
And Powers of ocean! hear me while I swear!
If victory Ausonian Turnus crown,
Troy shall, as conquer'd, seek Evander's town: 240
Iulus from the Latian realms refrain;
Nor vex them with rebellious arms again.
But if, as my presaging mind forebodes,
(And be its presage sanction'd by the gods!)
Our Mars in triumph shall assert the day, 245
I ask not vanquish'd Latium to obey;
Nor seek I for her throne: with equal laws,
Let Troy and Latium feel a common cause:
Unconquer'd both, eternally unite;
Our gods be hers, our arms, Latinus' right: 250

My father, he by solemn compact reign ;
Whilst we our colony and state ordain ;
And my own 'Trojan bands their city rear,
Made with Lavinia's name renown'd and dear."

So spake Æneas first; and then, with eyes 255
And right hand lifted to attest the skies,
Latinus thus: " Æneas! by the same
Earth, sea, and air, and heaven's sidereal frame :
By the great gods, the bright Latonian pair :
And double-fronted Janus, here I swear : 260
Swear by the force and awe of Dis beneath,
The stern dire monarch of the world of death :
Swear by the Almighty Father's holy dread ;
Whose thunder rushes on the perjured head :
These shrines I touch : obtest these sacred fires; 265
And heaven's whole host to whom their blaze aspires ;
Whate'er the fortunes of the day may be,
No time shall break this peace of Italy ;
Nor, while the power to act and will be mine,
Shall any force avert my vow'd design : 270
No! not though earth should melt into the deep ;
Or heaven rush madly down the Stygian steep.
As soon this sceptre (for his kingly hand
Then bore that ensign of supreme command)
Shall bud and bloom with renovated birth, 275
Thus dead and sever'd from its parent earth :

Which, once a tree with green existence fraught,
Torn from its wood and bare, the workman wrought:
Inclosed in sculptured brass, and form'd to grace
The sires majestic of the Latian race." 280

Thus, while around the peers attentive stand,
They vouch the peace, and raise the attesting hand.
Then, as religion's hallow'd use requires,
They slay the victims on the sacred fires:
The bowels from the panting bosom tear; 285
And to the shrines on loaded chargers bear.

But the Rutulians, with observant sight,
Already mark'd not equal was the fight;
And, as they scan the chiefs, alarm'd confess
Their prince o'ermatch'd, in size and prowess less: 290
The more, as Turnus, with dejected brows,
Walks slowly to the shrines; and breathes his vows,
Suppliant, submiss, and sad: while paleness strews
His cheek, and all the flush of youth subdues.
When thus disturb'd she saw the changeful throng; 295
And found the murmur swell from tongue to tongue;
Juturna threw herself amid the host;
Her form in that of brave Camertes lost:
Who, sprung from sires renown'd for martial might,
True to their fame, was foremost in the fight. 300
In the mid crowd and conscious of her part,
The busy goddess stirs the general heart:

Sows it with shame, resentment, and surmise ;
And thus to ears, erect to listen, cries :

“ Do ye not blush, Rutulians ! thus to yield 305
One victim-soul for all your numerous field ?
Are we not equal to yon hostile bands
In spirit, number, war-puissant hands ?
Against your prince, behold ! all arm'd for fate,
Tuscans, Arcadians, Trojans league in hate : 310
Yet to the just encounter should we go,
Each second man of us would want a foe.
Your prince shall to the gods, 'tis true, ascend ;
Whose shrines now view his self-devotement bend ;
And live in fame to distant ages dear : 315
Whilst we, who rest in pale inaction here,
Must see our country lost, and basely bow
Beneath the menace of a victor's brow.”

With words like these she moves each youthful breast :
The murmur grows, still less and less suppress'd, 320
Even the Laurentians and the Latins feel
Their life-loved safety changed to martial zeal :
Burn for the fight ; the treaty execrate ;
And pity Turnus, doom'd by partial fate.
While thus their passions wake, Juturna gives 325
An omen from the sky, and more deceives :
A striking portent, in delusion strong ;
And apt to goad the Latian mind to wrong.

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For, as the tawny bird of Jove pursued
Through airy tracts the river's plummy brood, 330
And drove the clamoring throng, he stoops at once,
And on a beauteous swan his talons pounce;
Then proudly bear aloft. With minds arrect
The Italians gaze; whilst all the birds collect
(Strange to relate) and turning, fierce and loud, 335
Press on the invader in a living cloud,
Darkening the skies: till overcome, or spent
With toil too great, his hooky feet relent,
And drop upon the flood their ponderous load:
Far off he flies, and skims his airy road. 340
Then the Rutulians hail with shouts the sign;
And all for war their closing ranks combine:
And first the seer, Tolumnius, loudly cries:
 "This, this I wish'd: for this oft sought the skies.
I see and own the gods! I—I will lead. 345
To arms, Rutulians! I avouch the deed,
Rutulians! whom this outlaw pest alarms
Like timid birds, and wastes your realm with arms.
Now shall he fly, and spread his sails again
To bear him, shamed and baffled, o'er the main. 350
You, with one eager soul, your hosts condense;
And prove your threaten'd monarch's just defense!"
He spoke; and, rushing on with fierce advance,
Hurl'd at the unwary foe his trembling lance.

Through air the weapon flew direct and right : 355
Shouts, tumult, and wild rage pursued its flight.
As, full opposed, nine brothers chanced to stand,
For beauty famed amid the hostile band ;
(Gylippus' offspring from one wife's embrace ;
He of Arcadian, she of Tuscan race ;) 360
On one the flying javelin plants its wound,
Where by the embroider'd belt the waist is bound ;
And through the side, to death's commission just,
Lays the fair youth, all brightly arm'd, in dust.
But the fierce troop of brothers, stung with woe, 365
Rush blindly frantic on the faithless foe.
This wields the sword, that brandishes the spear ;
And one fired soul inspirits their career.
To meet them hurry the Laurentian foes :
In aid, the field with social arms o'erflows. 370
Their cause Arcadians, Tuscans, Trojans own ;
And the sword's fury now prevails alone.
Spoil'd are the shrines : through air, with tumult riven,
Thick showers of steel in dusky storm are driven.
The sacred bowls and fires for death they wield : 375
With his mock'd gods, Latinus flies the field.
Some link the harness and prepare the car :
Some, springing on their steeds, confront the war.
Eager the hated treaty to confound,
With his spurr'd steed, Messapus to the ground 380

Bears down Aulestes : backward and supine
The royal Tuscan falls upon the shrine.
Quick on the prostrate king Messapus flies :
From his tall horse, his beam-like spear applies ;
And, as he stabs the suppliant, sternly cries:

385

“ He has it ! this beyond the rest will prove
An offering grateful to the Powers above ! ”

On rush the Italians with conspiring force ;
And spoil remorselessly the tepid corse.

From the red altar Corynæus' hand

390

Snatches, and brandishes a flaming brand ;

And, as to strike him Ebusus essays,

Dashes his front, and wraps it in a blaze.

His spreading beard with bright combustion glows ;

And widely round the scent of burning throws.

395

Then, following eagerly the dazzling blow,

The victor presses on his daunted foe :

Bends by the locks to earth, and there, oppress'd

Beneath his knee, plants death within his breast.

With his drawn falchion Podalirius tries

400

To reach the shepherd, Alsus, as he flies ;

And now hangs o'er him : when, with axe swung back,

The wary foe anticipates the attack :

Cleaves with a ponderous stroke the face in twain ;

And spatters all his arms with gore and brain.

405

An iron slumber weighs upon his eyes ;
And wrapp'd in everlasting night he lies.
But mid the tumult, with his temples bare,
The just Æneas deprecates the war :
Extends his unarm'd hand, and loud exclaims : 410
“ Whither thus rush ye ? whence the rage that flames ?
O cease, my Hosts ! nor thus invade my right !
By the seal'd league, 'tis mine alone to fight.
Give me my single claim ! your fears resign !
To ratify what Heaven has heard be mine ! 415
My sword shall make the treaty firm and true.—
By these dread altars, Turnus is my due !”

Thus while he speaks, a shaft on sounding wing
Drives through the skies, and strikes the heroic king.
What daring hand impell'd its guilty flight, 420
A god's or man's, is deeply hid in night ;
Nor was the great Æneas' wound allow'd
To make in after times its author proud.

When Turnus the retiring prince beheld,
Thus from the battle and his hosts compell'd ; 425
And saw in pale dismay the chiefs of Troy ;
Hope pours into his breast tumultuous joy.
Instant he calls for all his dreadful war ;
His arms, his steeds :—springs proudly on his car,
And shakes the flowing reins : as o'er the plain 430
He ramps, his track is crimson'd with the slain.

Whole ranks are levell'd by his wheel's career ;
And Fate o'ertakes the flying with his spear. .
As blood-stain'd Mars, where gelid Hebrus flows,
When for the fight his waken'd fury glows, 435
Clashes his shield ; and, rousing all their force,
Incites his fiery horses to the course.
O'er the broad field they rush ; and, strong and fleet,
The stormy pinions of the south wind beat ;
And utmost Thracia groans beneath their feet : 440
While round the god, in grim subservience, throng
Terror, Fraud, Flight, and pour with Death along.
So raging Turnus drives his foaming steeds
Through the mid battle, that beneath them bleeds.
From their fierce hoofs, that spurn the dying groan, 445
Sands, clogg'd with blood, and gory dew's are thrown.
Now Sthenelus, now 'Thamyris he slays :
Now Pholus gasping on the champaign lays.
Those in the close encounter lie o'ercome :
This from the far-sent javelin meets his doom. 450
By the same weapon, in its distant flight,
The two Imbrasidæ are hurl'd to night,
Glaucus and Lades : whom their martial sire
In Lycia train'd, and bade in arms aspire :
Tutor'd alike in standing fight to dare ; 455
Or, mounted, to outstrip the wings of air.

Remote amid the war, Eumedes shone,
Heir to his grandsire's name, and sire's renown,
Dolon; who once, on high adventure bent,
To Grecia's camp a bold explorer went; 460
And durst in recompense demand the car,
That swept the great Achilles through the war.
But, by Tydides taught an humbler lore,
He bow'd, nor hopes the immortal coursers more.
Now at the son, who caught his distant glance, 465
The raging Daunian whirls the unerring lance:
Then checks his car, and, springing on the ground,
O'er the fallen chief stands imminent to wound:
Treads on his neck; and mastering his sword,
Sheathes it within the bosom of its lord; 470
And loudly cries; "Lo, Trojan! this thy gain!
Thus, thus our fields thy warlike toils attain.
There measure Latium with thy prostrate corse!
Such their reward who brave our awful force!
So rise their walls!" Then flies his spear again, 475
And lays Asbutes by the recent slain.
His hand, that fierce without remission wounds,
Thersilochus and Sybaris confounds.
Thymœtes, falling from his floundering horse,
Chloreus and Dares die beneath its force. 480
So when Edonian Boreas wildly raves,
And throws loud tumult on the Ægæan waves;

As the strong blast impells both seas and heaven,
The rack and billows in one course are driven.
Thus, where the sword of Turnus cuts its way, 485
The hosts before him drive in pale dismay.

On rush his wheels; and, meteor-like, behind
His crest flames, streaming from the opposing wind.
While stormily he thus controll'd the field,
Phegeus with rage the hero's pride beheld: 490

Shock'd with his breast the car, and seised the reins
Of the fierce coursers, ramping o'er the plains.
There as he drags, suspended by the yoke,
His opening mail admits the javelin's stroke;
Which slightly grazes him: yet, 'gainst the foe, 495
He wields his buckler and uplifts the blow:

Till, by the furious axle overthrown,
He falls, and lies beneath the chariot prone.
Then Turnus, stooping, with his severing blade,
Where o'er the neck the helmet throws its shade, 500
Inflicts a stroke so weighty and so just,
It lops the head and rolls the trunk in dust.

While Troy's battalions thus by Turnus bleed,
Their wounded prince the Trojan chieftains lead;
And guide him, as to prop his steps he leant 505
On his tall javelin, gory to his tent.
There, as around him, with officious hand,
Ascanius, Mnestheus and Achates stand,

With rage he boils ; and, tugging, snaps the wood,
Which leaves the steel to satiate on his blood. 510

Then he requires them, as the speediest aid,
To lay the wound wide open with the blade,
And dive to reach the barb ; and thus again
Restore him quickly to the fighting plain.

But now the son of Iäsus is near, 515
Iäpis, most to sovereign Phœbus dear :

To whom the god, once ravish'd with his charms,
Gave all his arts, his augury and arms ;
The soul of vision, and the heavenly lyre.

But, urged by pious fondness for his sire, 520

The youth preferr'd mute good to glory's praise ;
And, anxious to prolong the veteran's days,
Sought medicine's art ; and, with benefic zeal,
Explored the plant's green potency to heal.

Supported on his lance, in rage and pain, 525

Æneas stood undaunted, mid the train
Of sorrowing youths ; and saw his best beloved,
Iülus, weep, yet kept his soul unmoved.

The skilful srg, (his robe succinctly brought
To fold his waist, as Pæon's practice taught) 530

Apollo's herbs with trembling haste applied ;
And all his heaven-born science vainly tried.

In vain the barb, within the fibres' clasp,
His hand solicits and his pincers grasp.

No fortune favors ; nor, invoked with prayer 535
To aid his minister, is Phœbus there.

And now the horror of the advancing fray
Near and more near them wafts its dire dismay.
The dusty whirlwind swells upon their sight ;
And showers of darts amid the camp alight. 540
The horse are at the gates ; and, loud and deep,
The groans of death along the breezes sweep.

But, pain'd to see her injured offspring's grief,
Maternal Venus hastes to bring relief:

And culls from Cretan Ida's bloomy brows 545
The flower of dittany ; whose crimson glows
Involved in clustering foliage, soft with down.
The mountain goats its healing virtues own,
When, wounded by the flying steel, they groan.

This now the goddess, veil'd in darkness, brings : 550
This in the medicated goblet flings ;
And in the gold her secret hands infuse
Ambrosial drops, and panacean dew.

The wound with this the unconscious sage foment ;
And, all at once, the griding pang relents. 555

Within the closing wound the blood subsides :
The shaft, spontaneous, follows as he guides.
Health's sprightly current sparkles through the veins ;
And Nature in her wonted glory reigns,

"Arms! arms! bring arms!" Iäpis loud exclaims, 560
And first the warriors for the field inflames:

"Why pause ye? it transcends all human powers:
This life is due to mightier hands than ours.
The gods, the gods, Æneas! act for thee;
And send thee to fulfil a prouder destiny!" 565

Impatient for the battle, now so near,
He sheathes his legs in gold, and wields the spear.
Then, when around his breast the mail is tied,
And the braced shield hangs shadowing by his side,
His folding arms his loved Ascanius press; 570
And, giving through the helm a light caress,
He says: "By me, my Boy! be taught to bear
The toils of virtue;—fortune learn elsewhere.
For thee, this day, my arm shall win renown;
And make life's glorious prizes all thy own. 575

Do thou, when ripening years thy powers unfold,
Thy lineage, treasured in the bosom, hold:
With all thy noble kindred's ardor glow;
And be what Hector was, and what thy sire is now!"

He spake; and pass'd along in towering state: 580
Shook his huge lance, and issued from the gate.
With him, each follow'd by his martial train,
Antheus and Mnestheus rush upon the plain;
And all the camp springs fiercely to the fight.
Earth groans beneath them; and a dusty night 585

Hangs o'er their heads. The Daunian leader's glance
Marks from an eminence their dread advance :
The Ausonians see it with petrific fears.
But, quick beyond the rest, Juturna's ears
Catch the known sounds, that chill her with dismay, 590
As Troy's fierce chief in whirlwind sweeps his way.
Thus when, from bursting constellations hurl'd,
Black Tempest traverses the watery world,
A prescient horror shudders through the swain ;
Who sees his hopes and labors will be vain : 595
That, trees and harvests levell'd by the storm,
One broad flat ruin will the fields deform.
The cloud-veil'd monarch sends the winds before,
To waft, in hollow groans, his menace to the shore.
Thus strong, Æneas drives upon the foes ; 600
And his deep ranks in thicken'd order close.
Osiris falls beneath Thymbræus' blade :
In death Archetius is by Mnestheus laid.
By Gyas struck, bleeds Ufens on the strand ;
And Epulo by great Achates' hand : 605
And now Tolumnius pays his forfeit life ;
Whose first-thrown spear revived the nations' strife.
Loud clamors rise ; and, forced in turn to yield,
The Latians fly along the dusty field.
Æneas scorns the fray that he pursues ; 610
Nor sword nor spear in vulgar blood embrues.

Through the thick darkness that involves the flight,
For Turnus every where he darts his sight.
For him alone his fiery glance inquires :
The fight with him is all his soul desires. 615
With quick alarm, Juturna marks the chief ;
And proves her art's resources for relief.
Her brother's charioteer, who grasp'd the rein,
Her hand, unseating, leaves upon the plain.
Then to Metiscus changed in arms and face, 620
And voice, she springs into his vacant place :
'The coursers' rage controlls ; and guides the car,
With her dear charge, elusive through the war.
As the black swallow, from her clay-built home,
Flits on light wing around the lordly dome : 625
Or glances through the halls ; if chance her beak
May find the grains her twittering nestlings seek.
Now through the vacant porticoes she flies :
Now by the lucid lake her wavering pinion' plies.
So through the middle hosts Juturna speeds ; 630
Now here now there directs the rapid steeds :
Whirls her exulting brother mid the foes :
But shuns one arm, nor lets the encounter close.
Æneas follows and, with equal zeal,
Explores the mazes of the flying wheel : 635
Traces the chieftain through the broken fray ;
And loudly calls him to decide the day.

Oft as his eyes upon the chariot light,
And his swift feet essay to cross its flight;
So oft Juturna, with attentive heed, 640
Reverts her horses, and deludes his speed.
Ah! what must be his course? with doubts distraught,
His laboring bosom feels the strife of thought.
On him, as thus he paused, with fierce career
Messapus drove, and hurl'd the forceful spear, 645
Certain of aim: behind his buckler's round,
Bent on one knee, Æneas mock'd the wound.
But the strong weapon, not in vain address'd,
Struck the bright helm and razed the hero's crest.
Now wakes his wrath; and, conscious of deceit 650
In the turn'd steeds and Daunian car's retreat,
Much he obtests the shrines that heard them swear;
And gives his cause to Jove's protecting care:
Then with propitious Mars invades the field,
Dreadful, by rage against compassion steel'd: 655
Bathes with promiscuous blood the groaning plain;
And yields, at length, his furies all the rein.

What god will aid me now, and lend the power
To sing the slaughters of that deathful hour?
What heroes gasp, as now the Trojan lord, 660
Now Turnus wields the exterminating sword?
And could such passions stir, indulged by Jove,
Nations so soon to blend in endless love?

Rutulian Sucro, whose opposing force
First check'd the Trojans in their sweeping course, 665
Falls by Æneas : with resistless sway,
Where to life's seat the nearest passage lay,
Through the ribb'd chest the falchion hews its way.
In death by Turnus then two brothers groan :
One from his horse, and one on foot o'erthrown. 670
At Amycus the fatal javelin flies ;
While prostrate by the sword Diores lies.
Their heads the victor by his car suspends ;
And the black gore along his path descends.
Then Talos, Tanaïs, Cethegus bled, 675
Three at one onset number'd with the dead
By fierce Æneas : with whose spear o'ercome,
The sad Onytes mourns an equal doom,
Of famed Echion's line : (on Theban earth,
Fair Peridia gave the warrior birth.) 680
Turnus two brothers, sent from Lycia's plains,
(Where Phœbus in his holy splendor reigns,)
O'erthrew : and next Menœtes felt his spear ;
A youth, to whom sequester'd peace was dear :
Who, on the placid Lerna's mossy side, 685
Once with delight the fisher's art had plied.
Small was his house, to gaudy wealth unknown ;
And his poor sire till'd acres not his own.

As, fierce from adverse quarters, fire invades
The grove, and riots mid the crackling shades : 690

II II

II II

III III

Or foamy torrents, from the mountain's brow,
Rush in hoarse ruin on the plains below;
And, each with desolation in his train,
Roar through divided channels to the main.
So with like rage, nor less impetuous might, 695
Sweep Turnus and Æneas through the fight.
Now, now their breasts with inward storm dilate:
Now they break out, and charge their arms with fate.
Unknowing how to yield, with glorious pride
They man their souls, and toil and death deride. 700
 Æneas dashes with a massy rock
Murranus, vain of his illustrious stock:
Whose blood, descending straight from sire to son,
Through veins of Latian royalty had run.
Shock'd by the fury of the whirlwind stone, 705
Prone from the car the batter'd corse is thrown.
The trampling steeds, who heed their lord no more,
Tear him, and bathe their fetlocks in his gore.
As furious Hyllus to the combat rush'd,
His frontal bone the spear of Turnus crush'd. 710
Before the point the golden helm gave way;
And quivering in the brain the weapon lay.
Nor, Creteus! could thy force, though most renown'd
Of Grecian warriors, turn the fatal wound,
By Turnus aim'd: nor then his gods were near 715
To save Cupencus from the Æneian spear.

Through the vain buckler's brazen check it broke;
And the chief's adverse breast received the stroke.
Thee too, O Æolus! the Latian field
Saw in large ruin stretch'd beneath thy shield: 720
Thee, whom not Grecia's phalanx could destroy;
Nor Peleus' son, whose hand subverted Troy.
Here now thy glories end: at Ida's feet,
In famed Lyrnessus was thy lofty seat:
Laurentum is thy grave!—So fiercely rage 725
Latium and Tröy, as all their hosts engage.
Here Mnestheus and Serestus speed the wound:
There great Messapus' steeds the ranks confound;
And there Asylas storms: with sweeping force,
Rush the Tyrrhenian and Arcadian horse. 730
No rest; no pause: each proves his utmost arm;
And the vast conflict raves in full alarm.

Now his bright Mother prompts Æneas' mind
To turn his hosts, and leave the field behind:
Assail the walls and, with a vital blow, 735
Surprise, and lay the Latian spirit low.
As his quick glance, pervading all the plain,
Thrown here and there, for Turnus seeks in vain;
The city he descries in safe repose;
Untouch'd by war, nor conscious of her foes; 740
And, in a form at once more great and dire,
Mars flashes on his thought, and sets his soul on fire.

His chiefs he calls ; and, waiting his command,
Sergestus, Mnestheus, and Serestus stand.

Then, as all-arm'd his forces throng around, 745
Thus he harangues them from a lofty mound :

“ Hear ! and my words with instant zeal obey ;
Nor foil my sudden purpose with delay.

With us is Jove : yon town, Latinus' court,
The war's first cause and whence it draws support, 750
This day shall stoop and bear the victor's rein ;
Or lie a smoky ruin on the plain.

What ! must I ever wait till Turnus stand,
Vanquish'd so oft, the encounter of my hand ?
Friends ! in its head this war of falsehood tame. 755
Haste ! bring your fires ! and thus the peace reclaim.”

They hear ; and, kindling with their hero's soul,
In massy columns to the city roll.

Instant the ladders climb : the flames ascend.
Some slay the foremost, who the gates defend : 760
Some with their arrowy war the ramparts scour ;
And heaven is clouded with the steely shower.

In front, with lifted hands, beneath the walls,
Æneas loudly on Latinus calls :

Upbraids his faith ; and bids the gods record, 765
That forced once more he drew the unwilling sword :
That twice had Latium sought him for her foe ;
Perfidious twice and faithless to her vow.

Discord now rends the trembling city's state:
These would at once to Troy unfold the gate; 770
And to the walls their passive monarch draw,
To bow to peace, and own the victor's law:
While those in arms, a war-determined train,
Rush to the ramparts and the fight sustain.
So when the shepherd in their rocky cell 775
Has found the bees, and smoked their citadel;
They, for their state alarm'd, flit here and there:
Whet all their stings in fury and despair;
And fill their waxen camp with sharp lament:
Through all the mansion rolls the sable scent. 780
Deep groans the rock, and every cranny breathes
Gross fumes, that curl in undulating wreaths.
And now the fortune-wearied Latins feel
Another woe, that shakes the general weal.
When the sad queen beholds the advancing foe 785
Assault the walls, and flaming torches throw,
That shower upon the town; and vainly strains
Her eyes for Turnus fighting on the plains;
In the dire field she deems the youth had bled;
And her mind sinks in anguish and in dread. 790
Hers—hers, she cries, were all the blame and guilt!
From her these ills!—by her this blood was spilt!
Then, uttering all that phrensy could suggest,
With dying hands she tears her purple vest;

And, eager to resign detested breath, 795
Ties to a lofty beam the knot of hideous death.
Soon as the female chambers learn the woe,
Lavinia rends her tresses' golden flow;
And wounds her blooming cheeks: the dames around
Rave, and with shrieks make all the court resound. 800
Thence, flying through the town, afflicting Fame
Sinks every heart and damps the patriot flame.
Struck, and confounded with his consort's fate,
His tottering city, and his ruin'd state,
With robes all rent, Latinus wildly throws 805
Deforming ashes o'er his living snows;
And bends, self-charged, that, all the grace his own,
He had not call'd Æneas to his throne.

Turnus, meanwhile, along the battle's rear,
Through the thin stragglers urged his car's career; 810
His course restrain'd by doubts, and less and less
Exulting in his steeds' uncheck'd success:
When the breeze, fraught with blind and shapeless fears,
Wafts a dread murmur on his boding ears;
Till, more assured, the city's groan he hears. 815

"Ah me! what dire affliction shakes the town?
Why this loud tumult from the ramparts thrown?"

He cries, and stops the car, and stands amazed,
As all the horror on his fancy blazed.

To him his sister, (who, as charioteer,
Ruled, in Metiscus' form, the steeds' career,) 820

“Turnus! this path of victory pursue:
Here let us chase the 'Trojans' flying crew.
To guard the walls abundant power attends;
And, whilst in force Æneas there descends, 825
Here may'st thou make as many foes expire;
And hence in equal triumph may'st retire.”

“O Sister! long ere this,” the chief replies,
“My eyes have traced thee latent in disguise;
Since first thy wiles the ruptured league contrived; 830

And the fierce war, inflamed by thee, revived:
Goddess! in vain thy friendly power is mask'd.

But ah! who sends thee, thus severely task'd,
From heaven to share these toils; and doom'd to see
Thy hapless brother fall by Fate's decree? 835

For how can I now act? how longer strive?
Fortune for me has not a hope alive.

Murranus, as his voice invoked my aid,
These eyes beheld by me to death betray'd.

Yes! him, my best loved friend, in gore they view'd; 840
The mighty by a mighty wound subdued.

Ufens, to shun the scandal of my flight,
Rush'd to the covert of eternal night:
His arms and body are the Trojan's prey.

And shall I now the ruin'd town survey? 845

Shall I bear this—this last of shame and wrong?
Nor yet my arm refute vile Drances' tongue?
Gods! shall I fly? shall Latium see me fly?
And is it thus,—thus terrible to die?

Since Heaven regards me with averted mind, 850
You, O ye Manes! hear me, and be kind!
To you I will descend, a hallow'd shade,
Pure from reproach; nor shall his sires upbraid
Turnus, the son who has their fame betray'd!"

Scarce had he finish'd, when, with rushing force, 855
Borne through the battle on a foam-white horse,
His face fast bleeding from an arrow's aim,
Sages appears, invoking Turnus' name:

Turnus! on thee our all of life depends:
O haste! O pity, and relieve thy friends! 860
Æneas on the town in thunder falls;
And threats to lay in dust the Latian walls:
Already on our roofs descend his fires.

Thee Latium's tongue, thee Latium's eye requires.
Latinus' self, in terror and despair, 865
Doubts whom to join, and whom to call his heir.
The queen, beside, who ever vouch'd thy right,
By her own hand has burst alarm'd from light.
To guard the gates, sore press'd by hostile bands,
Messapus only, with Atinas, stands. 870

On either side press phalanxes of foes ;
And all the field with iron horror glows :
While distant thou, and reckless of our pains,
Here drivest thy chariot o'er the unpeopled plains."

Stunn'd with the mass of ills, and overcome, 875
Turnus stands fix'd, with rigid eyes and dumb.
Deep in his heart swell anger, grief, and shame ;
And madden'd love, and conscious glory flame.

Soon as emerging from his trance he woke ;
And the dark cloud, that veil'd his senses, broke ; 880
Back from his chariot on the town he threw
His furious glance, that kindled as it flew.

There, lo ! a fiery storm, in surges driven,
Rolls from the lofty tower, and mounts to heaven :
The plank-built tower, that fabric of his hand ; 885
For proud offense with wheels and bridges plann'd.

" Now, now the Fates prevail ! my Sister ! now
To the great gods, and Fortune's wrath I bow.
Cease to withhold me ! fix'd my purpose stands
To brave the worst, and dare Æneas' hands : 890
Whate'er in death is bitterness to taste :

Nor shalt thou see thy brother more disgraced.
Indulge me then, since resolute to die,
To give to rage life's latest energy."

He speaks, and fiercely from the chariot springs : 895
Through darts and foes with haste infuriate flings :

Leaves his sad sister weeping on the car ;
And, rushing to the walls, o'eturns the opposing war.
As when, from some high mountain's forehead rent,
A rock precipitates with fierce descent : 900
Whether uprooted by the tempest's rage,
The rush of torrents, or the sap of age,
The massive ruin thunders down the steep ;
Bounds from the ground at each gigantic leap :
Sweeps all before it in its deathful course ; 905
And herds, swains, woods are crush'd beneath its force.
So to the city through the war's dismay,
Where reeks the ground and shafts obscure the day,
Breaks Turnus in his rage : his voice and hand
Repress the conflict, and a truce command : 910
" Rutulians ! Latians ! cease ! your weapons spare !
The war's whole fortune singly be my care !
To stand the fight, the broken league atone,
One for you all, be justly mine alone !"
In mute obedience all retire, and yield 915
Space for the combat in the central field.
But great Æneas hears, with proud delight,
The name of Turnus and the promised fight.
Eager where glory stimulates to run,
The town he quits, and walls already won : 920
Bursts all delays ; and, in the mighty hour,
Exults, and lightens with a blaze of power.

Towering in high supremacy of state,
He seems like Athos, or like Eryx great :
Or, like vast Apenninus, nobly proud, 925
When the king-mountain overlooks the cloud :
Nods to the roaring storm his piny brow ;
And vaunts his crown of everlasting snow.
Latins and Trojans turn at once to gaze,
With panting hearts and eyes of strange amaze. 930
They, who assail the walls and who defend,
Desert their stations and the field attend ;
And all resign the spear, and all the mail unbend.
Latinus' self in rigid wonder stands
To see such chiefs, from far divided lands, 935
Rush to the dire decision of the sword,
To prove whom Latium should avow her lord.
They, when the field was open'd for the war,
Sprung on and launch'd their javelins from afar.
Then in fierce conflict, shield to shield, they close ; 940
And fast and heavy fall their falchions' blows.
Earth groans : the soul of rage inspires the fray ;
And chance contends with valor for the day.
As when, where Sila's shades diffusely spread,
Or olive-crown'd 'Taburnus lifts the head, 945
Two bulls with rushing fronts in battle join ;
The keepers tremble and their charge resign.
Mute stands the herd : in doubt the females low,
To whom the silvan monarchy shall bow.

With hideous force they shock : their horns resound, 950
Clashing with horns, and deeply plant the wound.
Bathed are their shoulders and their necks with gore :
The forest labors, and its echoes roar.

So with encountering shields the chiefs engage :
And heaven's high vault rebellows as they rage. 955

Now his just balance Jove aloft displays ;
And on the beam the fates of either weighs :
To prove the event that shall the fight betide ;
Whose scale shall mount, whose, charged with death, subside.

Here Turnus springs ; and, rising on the foe, 960
Safely he deems, uplifts the deathful blow ;
And strikes :—all trembling with alarm and doubt,
Exclaim the Trojans, and the Latians shout.

Both hosts wait panting : but the faithless sword
Breaks, and deceives the vigor of its lord ; 965
Nor leaves a hope but flight. As now, alarm'd,
He sees an alien hilt and feels disarm'd,
He flies with swiftness which outstripp'd the blast.

'Tis famed, when hurrying to the fight he pass'd,
And sprung into his car with throbbing mind, 970
He left his great paternal sword behind,

And snatch'd his charioteer's : this haply stood
While flying Troy supplied its rage of blood :
But on the heaven-forged armour when the blade
Smote, the false steel its mortal dint betray'd : 975

Shivering like fragile ice, forsook the hand;
And flew in glittering fragments on the sand.
Thus urged, his flight astonish'd Turnus wings;
And winds, now here, now there, in mazy rings:
For here Troy's deepen'd ranks with arms inclose: 980
Here spreads a marsh, and here the walls oppose.
Nor with less soul, Æneas, though he found
His knee yet conscious of the recent wound,
Exerts his speed; and, tracing foot with foot,
Presses his doubling foe with close pursuit. 985
Thus, where a river intercepts the flight,
And the red pinion's terror scares his sight,
A stag, with beating heart, hears close behind
The dog of chase loud opening in the wind.
By the steep bank appall'd or guarded toils, 990
The fierce pursuit a thousand ways he foils:
Turns and returns: but, ardent at his heels,
His Umbrian foe still follows as he wheels:
Clashes his teeth, now now prepared to seise;
Snaps, and his jaws close only on the breeze. 995
Now swell loud clamors through the listed ground;
And with fierce uproar woods, lakes, skies resound.
The flying chieftain chides his troops for aid:
Calls each by name, and asks his well-known blade.
But there Æneas with his threats withstands: 1000
O'erawes with present death the friendly bands:

Dooms, if they stir, their city to his fires ;
And, strenuous in pursuit, his prey requires.
In five wide rings they now had held the chase ;
And all the circling course their feet retrace. 1005
For no mean prize each panting chief contends.—
The life of Turnus on the race depends.

By chance, where now the eventful combat bled,
Once a wild olive in luxuriance spread ;
To Faunus sacred : and her reverend boughs 1010
Full oft were conscious of the seaman's vows ;
Who, here, preserved from wreck, his praise address'd
To Latium's god, and hung the votive vest.
But now, to clear the plain, Troy's axe had laid
In dust distinctionless the hallow'd shade. 1015
Here, in the stump Æneas' javelin stood
Deep-driven, and fix'd in the tenacious wood.
The hero bent ; and, to supply his rage,
Struggled the rooted steel to disengage :
With that, where swiftness fail'd him, to succeed ; 1020
And overtake the foe's surpassing speed.
He strove, but strove in vain : then, wild with fear,
Turnus exclaim'd : " In mercy, Faunus ! hear !
And thou, bless'd Earth ! retentive grasp the spear !
If still by me have been revered your rites ; 1025
Which Trojan war with impious fury slights."

He spoke ; nor was the prayer in vain preferr'd :
The steel within the block remain'd unstirr'd :

Nor could Æneas, with his utmost might,
Disclose the strong root's unrelenting bite. 1030

While thus enraged he toils, Juturna flies,
(Once more Metiscus to the gazers' eyes,)
And with the Daunian blade her brother's grasp supplies.

The daring deed indignant Venus sees ;
Hastes, and at once the fetter'd javelin frees. 1035

And now, sublime in soul and both restored,
One wields the threatening lance, and one the sword.

With front to front opposed, each hero stands ;
And bears the panting conflict in his hands.

Meanwhile to Juno, who survey'd the fight, 1040

Wrapp'd in a cloud of gold and veil'd with light,
Spake heaven's great Lord : " My Consort ! why extend
The strife beyond its full predestined end ?

What yet remains ? thou know'st, and must allow,
Though sprung from man and mortal yet below, 1045

Æneas soon, by Fate's decree, must rise,
Due to the gods, and throned amid the skies.

What more canst thou design ? what hopes detain
Thy cloud still hovering o'er yon sanguine plain ?

Say ! was it right to make this god to bleed ? 1050

Or give the sword (the sister's was thy deed)

Again to Turnus, and, with thy relief,

Restore his vigor to the vanquish'd chief ?

At length desist ; and, as I sue, relent :

Nor with such furies be thy bosom rent : 1055

For oft thy cares, from lips so strong with love,
Result with power to shake the bliss of Jove.
Now the last point is reach'd. O'er seas, o'er land
To hurl the 'Trojans with a vengeful hand:
To light unhallow'd war: with blood and woe 1060
Pollute the nuptials, and the court o'erthrow,
Thy power has been indulged: but here suspend
Thy rage at my command, and here thy warfare end!"

Thus spake the Sire, and Juno thus replies;
Submission trembling in her soften'd eyes: 1065

" 'Twas that thy will, almighty Jove! I knew,
From earth with fond reluctance I withdrew;
And left my Turnus: else not thus, alone,
Hadst thou here found me on my cloudy throne,
Patient of wrongs: but, girt with vengeful fire, 1070
In the mid battle where the hosts expire,
Exerting all my godhead to destroy;
And flaming ruin on the head of Troy.
True that my counsels urged the Daunian maid
To rise, and give her wretched brother aid: 1075
With noble daring for his life contend:
But not the spear to launch or bow to bend.
This by the Stygian torrent's awful head
(Whose sole religion binds the gods with dread)
I swear: and now to thee submit I yield; 1080
And quit for ever war's detested field.

Yet for one boon, not disallow'd by Fate ;
For Latium, for thine own Saturnian state,
I make a last request. When war shall cease,
And the glad nuptials fold the realms in peace : 1085
When the two nations, blended into one
By leagues and laws, their race united run ;
Let not the native Latins, lost to fame,
In Trojans sunk, be known by Teucer's name.
Still be their tongue, and still their vest's the same. 1090
Let Latium flourish ! Alba reign through time !
On Latian virtue raised, be Rome sublime !
But Troy has perish'd ; and the hated realm
Ruin still trample, and oblivion whelm !"

To her, with smiles, heaven's King : " In all thy pride,
As Saturn's other heir, Jove's sister-bride, 1096
Canst thou to wrath, like this, resign thy soul ;
And stoop its grandeur to such base controll ?
Yet come ! be now appeased : thy wish be thine !
I yield ! and to thy will surrender mine. 1100
Let thy Ausonians then their race prolong ;
Unchanged in name, in habits, and in tongue.
Troy shall alone, infused in Latium, live :
Her sacred rites, as common good, I give :
And from both nations will I mould a race, 1105
Latin entire in manners and in face ;
And thou from their commingled blood shalt see
A people spring, who, famed for piety,

Than human more and rising to divine,
Shall heap most incense on thy holy shrine." 1110

Assenting Juno with delight attends :
Drops her fierce mind, and from her cloud ascends.

And now the Sovereign, bent on other cares,
To drive Juturna from the field prepares.
Two fiends, 'tis said, black Night in tempest bore, 1115
With fell Megæra, on the Stygian shore,

Diræ their name : at one dread birth they rose :
With equal snakes the mother curl'd their brows ;
And, for the dire completion of their form,
Fledged them with pinions woven from the storm. 1120

These near the throne of Jove, before his gate,
The monarch's sterner purposes await :
Ready to hurl alarms on wretched man ;
When the dread King revolves his wrathful plan ;
From the dun gale disease and death to throw ; 1125
Or lay with war offending cities low.

Of these one swift-wing'd sister now the Sire
Sent, as Juturna's omen to retire.
Instant, the Pest, upspringing in her might,
Throws from the steep of heaven her headlong flight. 1130

As when a shaft, (to which the Parthian's skill,
Envenoming, gives twofold power to kill)
Hurl'd from a Parthian or Cydonian string,
Flies through the clouds with fate upon its wing :

It sounds, and, sped with fury, cuts the wind; 1135
Yet mocks the sight, nor leaves a trace behind.
So swift to earth the night-born Portent flew:
But, when the hostile armies rose in view,
Straight she contracts her form to narrow size;
And veils her terrors in the bird's disguise; 1140
That darkling, on the tomb or ruin'd tower,
Thrills, with her notes of death, the black and ghostly hour.
Thus changed, the Fiend to Turnus bends her way;
And o'er his shield and face her pinions play.
The shrieking omen, flapping here and there, 1145
Flits, and each Stygian feather drops despair.
With a strange numbness are his limbs unstrung:
And horror lifts his hair, and horror chains his tongue.
But from afar the Fury's clanging flight
Juturna hears, and owns in wild affright. 1150
Frantic, her cheeks the wretched sister tears:
Beats her sad breast, and rends her scatter'd hairs.
"Now, Turnus! what avail," she cries, "my pains?
What now, alas! for wretched me remains?
How can I more thy dear, dear life defend? 1155
Can I with fiends thus terrible contend?
I yield! cease, plummy Horrors! to confound!
Your clang I know, and death is in the sound.
Yes! yes! I own the proud commands of Jove:
Such his requital for my virgin love! 1160

Ah! wherefore was eternal life my doom?

Denied the friendly refuge of the tomb?

A mortal, I could close at once my woe;

My brother's comrade to the shades below.

Ah! Brother! rest of thee, life's joys are vain; 1165

And endless being is but endless pain.

Oh! that kind earth, wide yawning from beneath,

Would snatch a goddess to the world of death!"

Then o'er her head she drew her azure hood;

And, deeply groaning, plunged into the flood. 1170

Pressing in front, with terrible advance,

Æneas brandishes his mighty lance;

And sternly cries,—“Why, Turnus! this delay?

Hands now not feet must arbitrate the day.

Try all evasion's forms: whate'er of art 1175

Thy hand possesses, or of strength thy heart,

Summon it to thine aid: or wish to ride

On the high clouds, or deep in earth to hide.”

His head he shook and said: “No threats of thine,

Fierce Chief! can awe me; but a power divine. 1180

The gods I fear, and hostile Jove alone.”

Then, glancing round the field, he view'd a stone,

Hoary and vast: there fix'd by ancient hands,

A bound to keep contention from the lands.

Twice six the strongest swains of modern birth, 1185

Would fail to lift the ponderous load from earth.

This the chief seised ; and, rushing on the foe,
Rose high, and summon'd all his force to throw.
But, as he wields the mass or rushing throws,
His mighty self no more the hero knows. 1190
His weak knees totter, and his blood congeals ;
Nor the vast stone its destined impulse feels.
Laboring through air it rolls, nor bears its weight
To the just mark ; but falls deceived of fate.
As oft in dreams, while sleep's soft languor lies 1195
On the lull'd bosom and day-wearied eyes,
Ardent we pant, and strain upon the race ;
Yet vain our efforts to prevail on space.
Dead is our strength : the limbs, the tongue, untrue,
Delude our wish : nor acts nor words ensue. 1200
To Turnus thus, whate'er his valor tries,
Success the paralyzing Fiend denies.
Then in his bosom various-passions roll ;
And hope ill breaks the cloud that wraps his soul.
To his own troops and walls he throws his sight : 1205
Pauses : and views the lifted spear with fright ;
Too weak for combat, and too close for flight.
No sister charioteer to guide the rein ;
No car he sees to whirl him from the plain.
While thus perplex'd he stands, with eyes of flame 1210
Æneas scans him for the fatal aim :

Then drives the javelin furious on its course. .
Not so tumultuous from an engine's force
Roars the huge rock : or lightning through the cloud
Bursts with a crash so vehement and loud. 1215
Like a black whirlwind flies the death-charged beam :
Divides the seven-plated shield's extreme :
Severs the corselet ; and, with rushing sound,
Through the thigh's fibrous centre bears the wound.
With doubled knee, beneath the enfeebling pain, 1220
The mighty Turnus sinks upon the plain.
A burst of groans, from all the Latians sent,
Fills woods and hills with echoes of lament.
The vanquish'd chieftain now a suppliant lies :
His hand extended, and upraised his eyes, 1225
 " True, I have merited," he says, " thy hate :
Use thy success : nor plead I with my fate.
Yet, if thy heart can feel a father's care,
Think what Anchises was, and Daunus spare.
And, Oh ! if but with life thy vengeance ends, 1230
Restore my breathless body to my friends.
Victor thou art, and all the Ausonian bands
Have seen their king uplift his suppliant hands.
Lavinia is thy bride : thy rage resign
When contest is no more, and all is thine." 1235
 Though fierce in arms, Æneas soften'd stood ;
Roll'd his eyes round, and check'd the hand of blood.

The more he paused, the more compassion stole
On his touch'd heart, and melted in his soul:
When, as his falchion droop'd (unhappy chance!) 1240
His friend's known baldrick flash'd upon his glance;
That spoil which, from the corse of Pallas torn,
A fatal trophy, was by Turnus worn.
Soon as the dire memorial smote his eye,
The victor's rage, with dreadful energy, 1245
Burst into flame: "And shalt thou live to boast
My friend's dear spoils, and unatoned his ghost?
Pallas—'tis Pallas who inflicts the blow!
He claims thy guilty blood, and immolates his foe."
Speaking he struck: and, with the furious sword, 1250
Life's warm recesses in the breast explored.
Straight the chill nerves relax: clouds veil the sight;
And the soul, groaning, springs in rage to night.

THE END.

NOTES.

A VERY general prejudice has prevailed against the last six books of the *Æneis*, on which we are now entering, as altogether inferior in matter and in execution to the six which precede them. I call it a prejudice, as I am satisfied that it rests on no solid foundation, and is to be overthrown by a just consideration of the nature of all works like the *Æneis*, and by an impartial perusal of the books which are thus slandered. Of every long narrative poem some parts will necessarily shine above the rest; and, where there is much variety of subject, one topic will be more accommodated to the taste of the particular reader than another. The sacking of an imperial city; the death of a queen, devoting herself on the funeral pile under the impulse of love; the descent of a hero to the regions of the dead, with a display of all the terrors and the joys of futurity, are subjects of peculiar interest and magnificence. But of the connexion of a long poem they could form only certain portions or links; and, if the impression of their brightness be to destroy the effect of the concatenated work, the inevitable fate of the Poet is to be lamented, and he is to be considered as falling the necessary victim of his own ambition and greatness. If the reader, in short, will be satisfied with nothing which is not intensely pathetic or proudly sublime, he must be contented with an imperfect poem, and must suspend his perusal of the *Æneis* when the hero has passed through the ivory gate. But the last six books of the *Æneis* possess as essential a place in the symmetry of the poem as the six which are stationed before them. They contain, indeed, the principal part of the action; and, with abundant and appropriate excellence, they will be found as fully adequate to the occupation of the places, assigned to them in the great work, as those which they succeed. If we examine them, we shall discover that, besides its perfect adaptation to the plan of the poem, each book is rich in variety and is

distinguished by its discriminated character and beauties. In the seventh, the arrival of *Æneas* in the Tiber; the description of the court of *Latinus*; the dreadful eruption of the Fury to confound the league and supply probable motives for the war; and, lastly, the catalogue of the forces must strike every reader as the productions of poetry, delighting us with the beautiful, the grand, and the picturesque. In the eighth, the whole episode of *Evander* must universally be felt as charming; and the shield, fabricated by *Vulcan*, with its Roman charge, as well as the workshop and the workmen of the artist-god, cannot be otherwise than admired. To the ninth, the affecting story of *Nisus* and *Euryalus* communicate a peculiar interest. In the tenth, a battle between a disembarking army and an army upon the shore, a battle signalized by the death of *Pallas*, *Lausus*, and *Mezentius*, and in which the Phantom, that withdraws *Turnus* from the field, is most poetically conceived and delineated, arrests our attention with its novelty and importance. To this book also a catalogue of the Tuscan auxiliaries gives ornament and variety. The eleventh very powerfully engages us with the funeral of *Pallas*, the dissensions of the Latin council, an equestrian conflict, and the death of *Camilla*; and the twelfth, distinguished by its sudden changes of fortune and its great opulence of matter, may justly be classed, with reference to poetic merit and effect, with the most admired books of the poem.

If the reader should object to the abundance of fighting, to the sanguinary detail of wounds and of slaughter, which occurs in this division of the *Æneis*, he must be reminded that such are the favorite subjects of heroic song; that these battles were historically as well as poetically necessary for the great catastrophe of the poem; that their narration is relieved with a remarkable variety of circumstances; and that they are confined to the last four books of the poem; of which, after all, they occupy one only entirely, whilst they leave a large portion of the remaining three to incident of a different nature. If it must be allowed that the battles, which constitute the bulk of the *Ilias*, are superior to those in the *Æneis*; and that *Homer* describes the conflict like a spectator of the field, when *Virgil* arrays his troops and mixes them in combat as he is sitting in his study,

still must it be granted that the battles in the *Æneis* are finely conceived and admirably delineated, and that there is more of what painters style *keeping* in these war-pieces, a more just subordination of power and effect in their several parts, than is discoverable in those of the Grecian bard. Where then are we to look for the imputed inferiority of this last half of the *Æneis*? If any where, it must be found in the less perfect revision which it has received: in that part of it which belongs to the mechanical and not to the ideal process. The mind of the poet prevails equally throughout its whole extent: but the carelessness of his hand may occasionally be traced in it. It might probably have been brought to a higher polish: but the feat could have been achieved only by Virgil himself. On this subject, Heyne and Trapp have prefixed some very judicious remarks to this seventh book; and to them I will refer my learned or my English reader, observing only that this portion of the *Æneis* stands not in need of the support of any critic; and requires nothing more, for the attainment of its just praise, than a full and impartial examination.

BOOK VII.

Ær. 1.—Thou too, whose fostering cares *Æneas* own'd, &c.

Tu quoque litoribus nostris Æneïa nutrix,

The introduction of *quoque* in this line (and I have not been inattentive to it in my translation) must refer to the death of *Misenus*, though separated from that of *Caïeta* by the interposition nearly of the whole sixth book. These two events, with the consequence of each having imparted a name to a place on the coast of Italy, were immediately connected in the mind of the Poet; and he was, unquestionably, not aware that his readers, with their attentions diverted from the first death by the intervening mass of important matter, might not instantly discover the object of that reference, which is here

made, when he is speaking of the second. The whole of the opening part of this book (to v. 37th of the original, and 48th of the translation) is peculiarly and exquisitely beautiful.

Verse 48.—Now, Erato! attend:

Some critics have advanced that this part of the *Æneis* is the commencement of a new and second action; and have adduced this invocation of the Muse in evidence of the truth of their assertion. But as well might they attempt to prove from the invocation of the Muses by Homer, when he is about to enumerate the forces of the contending armies, that he intended to begin an action distinct from the great action of his poem. This part of the action in the *Æneis* is evidently that to which all that has preceded it is directly referable; and to invoke the Muse is customary with our Poet, whenever any events of especial importance are to be related by him. His choice of Erato on this occasion, as the subject of his invocation, has fancifully been supposed to be in consequence of the love, which is imputed as the cause of the sanguinary conflicts of the succeeding books. If, in the beginning of the fourth book, the Poet had invoked this peculiar Muse, whose name designates her as the Muse of love, I should have concurred in the opinion of his appropriated design. But the poets, as is well known, frequently invoke any of the Muses indifferently, whatever may be their particular topic; and here, Erato, as I feel persuaded, is invoked merely as the representative of the sisterhood of Parnassus. Love, indeed, has very little concern with the action in the last six books of the *Æneis*. Without any reference to the princess, *Æneas* solicits for nothing more than an establishment in Italy; and it is remarkable that he mentions her only once, when, on the contingency of his victory over Turnus, he proposes to give her name to the city which he shall build. She was, as it were, forced upon him by Fate and the gods, for the incorporation of the two nations; and she seems to have engaged very little if any of his attention. Even with Turnus, who was the lady's avowed lover, pride and a sense of invaded rights, rather than love, appear to have been the influencing motives of conduct. The maiden, indeed, herself, as there can

be no question, was attached to Turnus, and prayed as is probable, very fervently, with her mother, for the destruction of the alien and intrusive Æneas. But her inclinations are without effect upon the action. She is the entire property of her father and of the state; and she is more a mute, among the persons of the drama, than Glycerium (for Glycerium does utter a few words behind the scene) in the *Andrian* of Terence. Lavinia, in short, has nothing to do in the piece but to blush and to weep and to wait the decision of the war.

Verse 58.—The sceptre, now in age, Latinus sway'd;

It has been objected that the character of Latinus is not elevated to the heroic standard, and is too little to fill the throne of Laurentum, and to satisfy the grandeur of the epic Muse. It must be confessed that the good old king has not much of the hero in his composition. He is good-natured, inoffensive, pacific, superstitious, perhaps also a little too submissive to his more heroic queen; and, if he had been committed in any way against Æneas, this objection to the unimportance of his character might be allowed to have force. But Turnus is the antagonist who is raised to throw splendor on Æneas; and the quiet Latinus is precisely fitted to the niche which is prepared for him. He is drawn with discrimination: his sentiments are never wrong; his counsels are always judicious, and none of his acts are of a nature to degrade him. On the propriety of introducing, into the epic, characters, (like the Thersites of Homer,) decidedly mean or burlesque, there may be a question: but in its action, (as in every action conducted by human beings) there must be a diversity, and, of course, a disparity in its agents; and if none are admitted into it of a species inconsistent with its general object, characters so adversarious to its nature as to disturb and counteract its effect, the poet cannot be charged with a fault.

Verse 216.—High in the city, 'midst a holy wood, &c.

This description of the sacred palace of Laurentum is highly poetic and picturesque. Circe must have been either the wife or the mistress of Picus, whom she treats with so much severity; for through her lay the claim of Latinus to his descent from her

father, the Sun; as we find the pedigree of the Latian king distinguished in the twelfth book:

.....*Cui tempora circum
Aurati bis sex radii fulgentia cingunt,
Solis avi specimen.*

Ver. 367.—But now from Argos, through the liquid day,
Jove's cruel consort held sublime her way.

This sudden disappointment of the just expectations of the Trojans, by the interference of Juno, forms a new embarrassment of the plot, which is happily conceived and productive of much effect. The evocation of the Fury, on this occasion, and her subsequent agency, are nobly imagined and in the highest strain of poetry. The sublimity of this part of the *Æneis* is particularly noticed by Juvenal, who alludes to it in a fine passage of his seventh satire. Dryden in this place has gone perversely out of his way to make Juno, inconsistently with her high dignity, pay a visit to the Fury in her Stygian home.

Thus having said, she sinks beneath the ground
With furious haste, and shoots the Stygian sound,
To rouse Alecto from the infernal seat, &c.

Verse 447.—Who, with the woman heaving in her
breast, &c.

The conduct of Amata is highly natural, though it may not be precisely fashioned according to the model of modern manners and etiquette. Nothing could be more justifiable than her preference of Turnus, as a son in law, to Æneas, a stranger and an exile. The excesses into which she was hurried, in her opposition to the Trojan alliance, were the consequences of Alecto's influence; the effects of the *Viperea anima* which the Fury had breathed into her bosom.

Ver. 504.—There, "Evoë! Bacchus!" shouts, "for only thou
Art worthy, Bacchus! of the virgin's vow.

Trapp, who seldom deserts his author, either from ignorance or under the seduction of fancy, wanders from him strangely in

this passage; misled, as it should seem, by Ruæus, whose interpretations are sometimes most perversely wrong. There can be no doubt that the three lines, beginning with *Evoë Bacche!* and ending with *pascere crinem*, are spoken by Amata; who consecrates her daughter to Bacchus, by promising that she shall bear his Thyrsus, join in the dances around his shrine, and cherish her hair, now sacred to him, that it may float in his orgies. Here Amata ceases to speak; and the Poet says, that, the same of what she had done flying abroad, the Latian matrons, repairing from their houses to the mountains, under the impulse of a similar enthusiasm, unite with her in her mystic ceremonies. All this appears to me to be spirited and clear: but Ruæus and Trapp make the passage quite flat, and distort it into something which approaches to nonsense, by removing the full stop after *crinem*, and blending, *Fama volat*, with the preceding sentence, e. g.

..... Loud she cries;
 Evoë Bacchus! who alone deservest
 The virgin bride: for thee (*so Fame reports*)
The female train the soft vine-javelins wield:
 Thee *they* surround: *their* consecrated locks
 For thee *they* nourish."

TRAPP.

Why, we may ask, should it be necessary for Fame to report that the Bacchants carried the thyrsus, that they danced round the god of their worship, and that they cherished a length of hair, when all these circumstances were the common subjects of popular cognizance? Into such absurdities will men of sense and learning occasionally be betrayed! A commentator may sometimes be guilty of a false interpretation: but, when his error is glaring, we feel surprised that a subsequent translator should adopt it.

The consecrating of the hair to some particular god was an act of devotion not unusual in the times of remote antiquity. In the *Ilias* (†. 141.) we find that Achilles had thus consecrated his locks to the river god, Sperchius.

Στάς ἀπάνευθε πυρῆς, ξανθὴν ἀπικίρατο χαίτην,
 Τὴν ῥα Σπέρχϊω ποταμῷ τρίψε τηλιδόωσαν.

In the *Bacchæ* of Euripides, when Pentheus threatens to cut off the hair of Bacchus, the latter replies ;

Ἰερὸς δὲ πλόκαμος τῷ θιγῶν αὐτὸν τρέφω.

In the sacred history we know that the locks of Samson were consecrated ; and that to keep the head unshorn was part of the vow of a Nazarite. Long hair was especially necessary for those who celebrated the mysteries of Bacchus, as, in these frantic orgies, it was thrown about in the wildest dishevel. This we learn from all the ancient representations of the Bacchantes or Mænades, whether given to us by the pen or the chisel. In a passage of the above cited drama of Euripides, this mad tossing of the locks, with the shoutings, the dancings, and the waving of pine torches, (the *flagrans pinus* of Virgil) practised in the nocturnal worship of their god by the *Bacchæ*, is admirably though concisely described.

Ὁ Βακχινὲς δ' ἶχον
Πυρσὺν φλόγα πύκασι,
Ἐκ γάρθηκος αἴσσι,
Δρόμῳ καὶ χοροῖς ἰριδίζον πλαγιάταις,
Ἰαχαῖς τ' ἀναπάλλον,
Τρυφιδὸν πλόκαμον εἰς αἰθίρα ῥίπτων.

BAC. 145.

Verse 530.—And call'd their rising walls by Ardea's
name. &c.

The common reading in this place is *Ardua*, as the original name of the city, altered, by the innovation of time, into *Ardea*. I am persuaded, with Heyne, that the sole name intended by Virgil was *Ardea*; and I cannot discover, with Trapp, any difficulty in the construction of the passage. "By our ancestors the place was called *Ardea*. *Ardea* remains a great name: but her fortunes are past." In the time of Virgil the city of Turnus was in ruins. The common reading gives an improbable etymology of the name from a modern Latin word, and rather perplexes the sentence. The more likely derivation of the name was from *Ardea*, a heron, which was a bird of augury. I shall not notice the other interpretation of the passage, which regards *avis* as the nominative case in apposition with *Ardea*,

and compels, of course, a translation very different from mine, viz. "The place was called Ardea, a bird:" for to be rejected it needs only to be exposed.

Verse 535.—Alecto now disarms her Stygian form, &c.

The Alecto of our author, as she acts in this instance, has been closely copied by Tasso; who, in his ninth canto, represents the same Fury as appearing in a similar way to Soliman, and urging him to blood and revenge. In the Jerusalem she assumes the semblance of an old man, as she does here of an old priestess, and her speech has much of the same character. Her portrait, however, by the Italian is very inferior, in terrible dignity, to that by the Roman artist, and will not bear to be placed by its side.

Verse 621.—A stag of beauteous form, &c.

The death of a tame stag, the favorite of a country girl, has been considered by some critics, and among others by the lively Voltaire, as a cause inadequate to the production of a war. But it seems to me that these ingenious men have taken either an imperfect or an erroneous view of the subject. The effective causes of the war between the Latins and the Trojans, were the invaded interests of Turnus, warmly espoused by the queen and possessing, by her influence and by his own popularity, as a native and an heroic prince, the sympathy of the Latian people. The death of the tame stag is introduced merely as an accessory to the principal causes, and for the purpose of exasperating the mind of the rustic population: and surely nothing could be better adapted to the design for which it was introduced. The stag, which was killed, belonged to the family of Tyrrheus, a man who, from his office, was of prime authority among the landholders and peasantry of Latium, a man also of considerable consequence in the state, as we subsequently find his sons commanding the rear of the Latin army: the creature, likewise, was killed (and this circumstance must not be overlooked) by strangers, intruding upon their coasts, who would naturally be the objects of popular animosity and suspicion. In the fray,

which, in the common course of things, ensues, Latian blood is shed, the blood of one of the sons of Tyrrheus himself, and of a man renowned throughout the country for the extent of his possessions and the amiableness of his character: nay, to give greater aggravation to the offense in this last instance, the man is slain as he is endeavouring to pacify the irritated parties, and to mediate a peace. Surely then the death of the tame stag, with all its dependence of concatenated events, cannot be regarded as too trivial to be admitted among the co-operating causes which hurried the Latins into war. If it had been assigned as the chief, or even as the sole cause of the hostilities between the nations, I am not certain that I could have condemned it for inadequacy to its effect. Nothing, in fact, is little which is naturally and firmly connected with an important result. The whole description of the stag is highly beautiful.

Ver. 662.—So loud the peal, that all the forests shake:

The hint of this sublime passage is derived from one in the *Argonautics* of Apollonius, in which similar effects are ascribed to the hissing of the serpent that guarded the golden fleece. But Virgil has finely improved what he has borrowed; and is, at the same time, much more happy than the Grecian poet in his application of the idea. To say that the hissing of a serpent, however large and terrible the creature might be, was heard over distant regions, is surely hyperbolical, and something approaching to bombast: but the peal of a horn, inspired with the Tartarean breath of a Fury, might alarm and shake the earth. To gratify my English readers, I will subjoin a translation of the passage in question from *Apollonias*, by my friend, Mr. Wrangham. The scholar may refer to the original in the fourth book of the *Argonautics*, v. 129.

..... ῥοίζει δὲ πτελώμενον &c.

The dragon hiss'd: the waving woods around,
And Phasis' winding banks return'd the sound.

In Colchian ears, from bright Titanus far,
 Rung long and loud the terror-breathing jar,
 Where, from Araxes sunder'd, Lycus glides,
 And with swift Phasis blends his hallow'd tides.
 Their common flood the mingling rivers pour,
 A mighty tribute on the Euxine shore.
 Sprung the new mother from her bed of pain,
 Shivering, and clasp'd her babe with closer strain;
 (Her babe, by that dire terror roused from rest)
 As scared he lay, soft-pillowed on her breast.

This passage in Virgil we find imitated by Statius (*Thebaid.* i. 118.) by whom all its terrible circumstances are considerably aggravated.

Verse 724.—Amsanctus' vale, &c.

The vale of Amsanctus, now known (as it is said) by the name of Nesanto, lies in the midst of the Appenines, and, according to the description of it, by Mr. Holdsworth who visited it, is a place admirably adapted to the egress of the Fury, on her return to Tartarus from the regions of light. The precise site of this horrid vale has been disputed: but I consider Mr. Holdsworth's account of it to be the best; and his description very accurately corresponds with that by Virgil. I will transcribe, however, from the page of a more modern traveller, the description of another place, reported by the tradition of the country to be the Amsanctus of our Poet. But I suspect, from the similarity of their situation, and the strong resemblance of their features, that both these places are the same, though one of them is distinguished by the name of Nesanto and the other by that of the Moffetta.

"Next morning he accompanied us four miles to the Moffetta, supposed to be the same with the *Amsancti vallis*, through which Virgil makes the Fury, Alecto, descend to hell. Its dark hanging wood, rumbling noise, and curling vortex agree perfectly well with the present appearances. We were led into a narrow valley, extending a considerable way to the south-west, and pressed in on both sides by high ridges thickly covered with copses of oak. The bottom of the dell is bare and arid.

In the lowest part, and close under one of the hills, is an oval pond of muddy ash-coloured water, not above fifty feet in diameter; it boils up in several places with great force in irregular fits, which are always preceded by a hissing sound. The water was several times spouted up as high as our heads in a diagonal direction, a whirlpool being formed round the tube, like a bason, to receive it as it fell. A large body of vapour is continually thrown out with a loud rumbling noise. The stones, on the rising ground that hangs over the pool, are quite yellow, being stained with the fumes of sulphur and sal ammoniac. A most nauseous smell, rising with the steam, obliged us to watch the wind and keep clear of it to avoid suffocation," &c.—Swinburne's Travels, vol. i. 128. Dublin Edition. 1783.

Verse 770.—A custom through Hesperia's realms obtain'd; &c.

All this passage, respecting the temple of Janus, is in a style of much grandeur; and the subsequent description, of the arming of Italy, is highly animated and what may be called picturesque. On the subject of the catalogue I have already offered some general remarks in my preface; and to descend into a minute commentary on its particular parts would lead me very far beyond my prescribed limits. In the eighth excursus of Heyne, subjoined to this seventh book, the scholar will find all the learned information which can be obtained on this display of the learning as well as the poetry of Virgil.

Verse 848.—Then Aventinus drove along the field, &c.

I am far from regarding it as the indispensable duty of the poet to exhibit, in the subsequent action of his poem, all the personages whom he may think it right to introduce into his catalogue. But Aventinus is here displayed with so much magnificence and such singular delineation, that I am sorry not subsequently to meet him in the tumult of the battle. This son of Hercules, when he was thus brought into the field, should not have been left among the undistinguished and nameless multitude.

Verse 899.—But he, who vaunted Neptune for his sire,
Not doom'd to feel the stroke of steel or
fire, &c.

Messapus, as it may be remarked, is not represented as absolute invulnerable; and nothing more is affirmed in this passage, respecting him, than that it was not permitted (*non fas*) to wound him. To the introduction, in this place, of an invulnerable hero I should strongly have objected, as more suitable to the romance of Ovid than to the epic propriety of Virgil, and as not adapted to the station assigned to this particular chief. In the presence of an invulnerable hero, who required not the protection of the shield and the cuirass, all the less privileged heroes, even Turnus and Æneas, would have been of inferior consequence, and could not properly have been placed in the first class of heroic power. But Messapus was defended from wounds only, as we may infer, by the watchful guardianship of his father, Neptune. He was not wounded, as we know: but, with less good fortune, (the consequence of his father's providence) he might have been wounded.

Ver: 918.—So justly in their ranks the troops engage,
They seem not men that feel the battle's rage:
But birds resemble, &c.

*Nec quisquam æratas acies ex agmine tanto
Misceri putet, cœriam sed gurgite ab alto
Urgueri volucrum raucarum ad litoru nubem.*

Trapp cannot reconcile himself to this assimilating of a body of armed men to a flock of birds. In his note on this passage, he says, "This simile is finely expressed, and is in all respects a very good simile. But, why a number of armed men, though *they were singing*, should be taken for birds rather than men, I confess I do not well understand. It were sufficient one would think that they *were so far like birds*," &c. But Trapp did not perceive the precise object of this comparison, which was to give the idea of that order and perfect regularity with which the

troops of Messapus kept their ranks when they engaged. When they are represented as marching in review and singing the praises of their king, they are likened to a flock of swans uttering their melodious notes over the Cayster; and here the harmony of their voices is the object to be illustrated: but subsequently the object of illustration is the exactness of the order which they preserve in the tumult of battle, implied by the word *Misceri*; and for this purpose the Poet says, you would not take them for men mingling in conflict; but for birds as they steer in phalanx over the sea. This is evidently the Poet's meaning; and he could not have exemplified by a juster image the regular array of a military body. The plan and order observed by certain gregarious birds of passage, in their transit to distant countries, have frequently been noticed: but never more agreeably than by Savary in his Letters from Greece. This entertaining traveller says: "A new scene now presents itself to view! An innumerable multitude of swans and cranes are sailing on the waters, ranged in files like soldiers in order of battle. Each of these files is upwards of a quarter of a league in length; and we have counted thirty of them, all swimming in a similar direction. The head of this army terminates in a point, and resembles the prow of a ship. They all keep their posts notwithstanding the motion of the waves, with which they alternately rise and fall. Their plumage, which is of a dazzling white, forms an admirable contrast with the transparent greenness of the waters. Further on we discover another troop, disposed in the same manner; and all have their heads turned towards Africa, to which they steer in concert.—But, hark! they are in full cry: their leaders have given the signal, and the winged navigators rise into the air, and fly all together, directing their course to the south. To cleave this element also with facility, they range themselves in the form of a triangle the vertex of which is a very acute angle."

LETTER X.

In this instance, as I shall in another from the same pleasing and intelligent traveller, I cite from a translation, not having the original immediately at hand.

Verse 929.—. Velinus' Rosean glades:

Rosea rura Velini, are the *campi Roseæ* (the fields of Rosea) a small district of peculiar fertility and beauty, bordering on the lake Velinus. Of this I was not, of course, ignorant (for no scholar could be ignorant of it) when, in my first edition, I wrote the passage in question—*Velinus' roseate glades*. But I thought that it was allowable, in so trifling an instance, to submit the precise meaning of the original to the taste of the English reader. I have now, however, restored *Rosea* to its rank as a proper name; and, as far as I know, I am the only translator of my author who has been thus faithful to him. My roses have vanished: but they have been strewn upon the altar of truth.

*Ver. 1026.—Great Turnus wields his arms: above his crest
Chimæra pours her flame-engendering breast:*

The Soldan in the ninth canto of the *Jerusalem Delivered*, is crested with a similar monster: increasing in apparent fierceness with the swelling fury of the battle. The passage shall be given, together with Mr. Hoole's translation; which in this instance is preferable, as I think, to that by Fairfax.

*Porta il Soldan su l'elmo orrido e grande
Serpe che si dilunga e' l collo snoda:
Su le zampe s'inalza, e l'ali spande,
E' piega in arco la forcuta coda;
Par che tre lingue vibri, e che fuor mande
Livida spuma, e che 'l suo fischio s'oda:
Ed or ch'arde la pugna, anch'ei s'infiamma
Nel moto, e fumo versa insieme e fiamma.*

A dragon on his casque the Soldan wore,
That stretching bends his arching neck before,
High on his feet he stands with spreading wings;
And wreaths his forky tail in spiry rings.
Three brandish'd tongues the sculptured monster shows:
He seems to kindle as the combat glows:
His gaping jaws appear to hiss with ire,
And vomit mingled smoke and ruddy fire.

Verse 1056.—To these Camilla brought her Volscian aid; &c.

This portrait of the Volscian heroine has universally been admired; and she is made by the Poet the subject of our warm interest from her birth to her death. Her presence also gives a striking variety to the scene. But after all, with the precedent of the fabulous Amazons and of the historic Norman dames, who fought by the side of their husbands in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, I cannot thoroughly reconcile myself to this introduction of a female warrior, who shows herself superior to the male combatants, not in courage only but, in personal prowess. The bodily force of women is checked, as we know, by the operation of Nature; and to see them triumphing in the exertion of their sanguinary might in the battle, rather shocks probability, if it be not offensive to our feelings. The supposition of Pitt, that the squadrons led by Camilla were all females like herself, strikes me as very strange. The four female combatants, Larina, Tulla, Tarpeia and Acca, who fought by her side, are particularly specified and discriminated from her other troops, who unquestionably were male. Pitt's translation of *tota cohors* (all the troops of Camilla) *Ad terram defluxit equis,*" is

The *beauteous* band alight with equal speed.

xi. 707.

BOOK VIII.

A LARGE portion of this book must be considered as episode, though some of it immediately belongs, and all of it (if we except the story of Cacus incidentally and most naturally introduced) is directly and solidly fastened to the main action of the poem. That remarkable variety in the *Æneis*, which was the subject of my notice in the preface, is here very forcibly displayed. From the busy scene in Latium, where all was tumult and alarm and warlike preparation, we are here suddenly transported to the sequestered residence of peace, and are entertained with the localities of that remarkable spot, which was subsequently to be crowned with the towers of Rome. To the Roman reader this part of the *Æneis* must have been peculiarly interesting: but for the reader of any nation it possesses a fascinating charm. There is not a book of the poem which I peruse with more pleasure: or one perhaps which has been more successfully labored by its author. The power and the triumph of the poet are every where exhibited throughout its course. For some able and judicious observations on the shield of *Æneas*, which forms the splendid termination of this book, I will refer my reader to a dissertation on it by the late Mr. W. Whitehead, which may be found at the end of the third volume of Dr. Warton's edition of the works of Virgil.

Ver. 4.—As clang'd the chieftain's arms, and rush'd his car;

Utque acres concussit equos, utque inpulit arma.

The clashing upon the shield with the spear, which I conceive to be what is meant in this place by *inpulit arma*, was a common signal of warlike rage and defiance practised by the Grecian and the Roman soldiers before they proceeded to battle; and I notice it merely to point the attention of my reader to a very noble

passage in the first book of the *Paradise Lost*, where the legions of Satan express in a similar manner their warlike defiance of Heaven.

He said; and to confirm his words out flew
Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs
Of mighty cherubim: the sudden blaze
Far round illumined hell: highly they raged
Against the highest; and fierce with grasped arms
Clash'd on their sounding shields the din of war,
Hurling defiance toward the vault of heaven.

Ver. 27.—As when, in polish'd brass, the trembling stream
Reflects the radiant moon, or solar beam; &c.

This simile is borrowed from the third book of the *Argonautics* (l. 754.) where it is employed by Apollonius to illustrate the agitation of the mind of Medea, trembling at the danger to which her lover, Jason, was soon to be exposed. In his accustomed style, Virgil has heightened and embellished what he has taken from the Grecian poet.

Ver. 38.—His limbs an azure mantle loosely dress'd;
And his green locks a crown of reeds compress'd.

I pause for a moment on this description of the river-god, 'Tiber, merely for the purpose of remarking on a note of Dr. Warton's, upon the passage, which has just met my eye. "To this remark" (a remark of no consequence by Spence) says Dr. W. "I shall beg leave to subjoin, that the moderns, as well as the ancients, are apt to fall into this mixed allegory; not only in speaking of rivers, and river-gods, but in (on) other subjects, where the deity presiding over, and the thing presided over are confounded and put indiscriminately one for the other. Thus Thomson:

Crown'd with the sickle and the wheaten sheaf,
While Autumn.....

Thus far we have some idea of a personage representing the season, Autumn, crown'd with a sickle (which by the way is odd) and the wheatshcaf. But what follows?

..... nodding o'er the yellow plain,
Comes jovial on.....

Here 'nodding' applied to the god, Autumn, is plainly an epithet belonging to the corn, over which he presided," &c.

In this remark of his, this ingenious man, for whose taste I feel much respect, is unquestionably wrong; for that part of the imagery, which he notices only as odd, is complete nonsense, and that part which he censures is perfectly accurate. To be crown'd with a sickle affirms an absurdity; but "nodding" is a human action, and strictly consistent with the personality (not deity) attributed by the poet to Autumn. If the epithet had been "waving," the critic's observation would have been just. May I trifle a little longer on this subject, and suggest that if Thomson had written "crown'd by the sickle" i. e. by the instrumentality of the sickle, as a conqueror may be said to be crowned in consequence of the power of his sword, the expression, with some effort of ingenuity, might have been defended.

From our Tiber Pope has drawn his Thames in his Windsor Forest.

High in the midst, upon his arm reclined,
(His sea-green mantle floating in the wind)
The God appeared.

Ver. 58.—..... Arcadian bands,
Evander's comrades, hold the neighb'ring lands.

Evander, as is generally agreed by ancient authors, was a king of Arcadia, who led a colony of his countrymen, (at a somewhat earlier period than that assigned to the event by Virgil,) to the banks of the Tiber, where he founded a town on that hill, upon which the first walls of Rome were subsequently erected. To this town he gave the name of Pallanteum, either from the name of a village, called Pallanteum, in Arcadia, or, as Virgil tells us, from that of Pallas, one of his royal ancestors: and from this

Pallanteum were derived the Roman Palatinus and Palatium. The particular cause of Evander's emigration is variously stated; and Servius informs us that it was the death of his father, of which he had been the accidental occasion. He was accompanied in his exile by his mother, Nicostrata; who from her prophetic strains (*fatidica carmina*) obtained in Italy the name of Carmentis. Of Argus, of whom Evander speaks as having been his guest, and murdered whilst under the protection of that sacred character, we have very little information. It is only said that, being suspected of treasonable designs, he was slain in an insurrection of the people.

Verse 111.—At the new sight of ships and martial brass,
The waves and forests wonder as they pass.

This navigation of the Tiber is described with much picturesque effect. Nothing can be more beautiful than the picture, which is here offered to the imagination, of armed vessels gliding amid forests over the bosom of a placid and sequestered river; and presenting to the pacific scene, for the first time, a spectacle of warlike exhibition. The contrast of the cottages of Evander with the proleptical view of their successors, the palaces of Rome; the address of Æneas to the Arcadian king, whom he finds sacrificing in a grove, with the reply of the venerable sovereign, and the subsequent story of the monster Cacus, are all in a strain of equal beauty and poetry, conceived by the mind and executed with the hand of a master.

Verse 199.—From Salamis the princely train pursued
Their devious course, and cold Arcadia view'd.

There is something peculiarly pleasing in all this passage, as it revives the past generation, and brings us into immediate fellowship with Priam and Anchises, in the full lustre of their fortunes and in their pride of heroic beauty and prowess. Arcadia, a mountainous country in the middle of the Peloponnesus, is remarkable for the coldness of its atmosphere, with reference to its latitude and to the general climate of Greece. From the

report of an intelligent and veracious modern traveller, Dr. Holland, who speaks from his own experience, an Arcadian winter may vie, in the intensity of cold, with a winter on the banks of the Elbe or the Vistula. For the information and entertainment of my readers, I will transcribe the passage, in Dr. Holland's narrative, to which I refer:

"After traversing it," (the plain of Tripolizza) "for some distance, the excessive cold and the impossibility of keeping the track compelled us to stop for the night at the village of Steno; where, in a wretched hovel, we huddled, together with a family of twelve people, over the embers of a wood fire. The cold, however, was such, that, even in this situation, we could procure no warmth. At seven the next morning my thermometer stood at 18° ; and I afterwards learnt at Tripolizza that, at six o'clock, it was as low as 16° of Fahrenheit. We continued our way to this city through the snow, actually crossing a considerable stream on horseback over the ice. Arrived at Tripolizza, we obtained a lodging in the house of Theodosius, the Greek dragoman to the Pasha of the Morea; which might have been comfortable but for a degree of cold which neither the construction of the Greek houses, nor the nature of the fuel, the Greeks employ, are at all fitted to obviate. At 3 P. M. this day, the thermometer was at 29° , and it continued below the freezing point for the three succeeding days which we passed in this city, the wind being chiefly from the north and north-east. It had been my design to have made an excursion from Tripolizza to the site of the ancient Sparta, which is little more than thirty miles distant: but the snow lay so deeply on the intervening country that the route was deemed impracticable; and no one would consent to attend us. A Tartar arrived from Patras on the evening of the 29th" (of Jan. 1813) "so much affected by the frost, that I was obliged to have recourse to active means to save one of his feet. In short, the degree and continuance of the cold were such as I scarcely recollect to have experienced in England, and this in the very centre of Arcadia."—*Holland's Travels*, p. 426.

To a country, of which the climate is exposed to such a winter as is here described, well might our Poet attach the epithet of cold; and speak of the *Arcadiæ gelidos—fines*.

Ver. 323.—His starting eyeballs, and his strangled breath.

It is strange that Dryden, Trapp, and Pitt should represent the eyes of Cacus as torn, or scooped out of their sockets, by the fingers, of course, of Hercules, when, immediately afterwards, the people are described as gazing on the terrible eyes (*terribiles oculos*) as well as on the countenance and the shaggy breast of this half-bestial monster. The *elisi oculi* are only the strained and projecting eyes of a strangled man.

Then from their sockets tore his burning eyes:

DRYDEN.

..... scoops out his eyes.

TRAPP.

And from their caverns tore the balls of sight.

PITT.

Ver. 332.—Potitius first and the Pinarian race, &c.

Of the Potitian and Pinarian families, in which the priesthood of the Grecian Hercules descended, some account is given in the first book of Livy. The former of these continued till the censorship of Appius Claudius, A. U. C. 448; the latter till a much later period: but the time of its extinction is not precisely ascertained. The *ara maxima*, said to have been erected by Evander, was in the *forum boarium*, or ox-market of Rome.

Ver. 362.—“Thy hand, unconquer’d Hero! also slew, &c.

This beautiful transition, from the third to the second person, has very generally been admired, and the fine imitation of it by Milton, in the evening prayer of our first parents in Paradise, has been the subject of equal notice and applause.

Thus at their shady lodge arrived, both stood;

Both turn’d and, under open sky, adored

The God that made both sky, air, earth, and heaven

Which they beheld; the moon's resplendent globe,
And starry pole:—"Thou also madest the night,
Maker omnipotent! and thou the day;" &c.

B. iv. 1720.

Doctor Warton, who cites this passage from Milton, cites another of the same nature from a poem, which I conceive to be too much neglected, the "Leonidas" of Glover.

..... If the hand
Of Oromasdes on precarious life
Shed wealth and pleasure, soon the infernal god
With wild excess or avarice blasts the joy.
"Thou, Oromasdes! victory dost give.
By thee with fame the regal head is crown'd:" &c.

B. iii. 55.

In the "Leonidas" are to be found some beautiful strains of poetry; and its author, however he may be now overlooked, was no ordinary man. His head was illumined, and his heart upright and large.

Verse 443.—Even then the dread religion of the place
With holy horror struck the peasant race:

To inthroned, from the remotest times, on the summit of the Capitoline hill a visible Divinity, arrayed in all the terrors of the monarch of the Gods, was a sublime idea, which has been executed as nobly as it was conceived. I never read the passage without being affected by its awful grandeur. The darkness, with which Virgil has in this place surrounded the majesty of the God and has described as emanating from his *agis* (*agida nigrantem*) is productive of the most sublime effect. In the Holy Scriptures darkness is attributed as an attendant on the glory of the Almighty. "It was dark under his feet."—"He made his pavilion of dark waters and thick clouds to cover him," &c. &c. How nobly Milton has availed himself of this idea is too generally known to require to be pointed out.

..... How oft amidst
Thick clouds and dark doth heaven's all ruling Sire

Choose to reside;.....
 And with the majesty of darkness round
 Covers his throne.

PAR. LOST. ii. 268.

There is something peculiarly sublime and awful in the simple idea of darkness.

Ver. 459.—And saw herds graze where now, in high command,
 Rome's forum and the rich Carinæ stand.

To a Roman, in the days of Virgil, this opposition of the former poverty of the place to its present grandeur, in consequence of the greatness of Rome, must have been wonderfully striking and particularly gratifying. To a modern Roman, who observes this identical spot restored to its former humility, in the *foro vaccino*, the effect must be of a very different character. The Carinæ were a street belonging to the subdivision of the *Exquilie* in the fifth region of the city. The houses of Cicero, Pompey, M. Antony, and many of the other great men of Rome, were in this street; and from this circumstance it is distinguished in this passage by the epithet of *lautæ*, rich or splendid. By Heyne, the Carinæ are placed in the fourth region of the city: but, on the authority of Olaus Borrichius, I conceive him to have been mistaken.

Verse 464.—Dare to spurn wealth, and like the god be great!

I cannot refuse myself the pleasure of citing Dryden on this occasion, who expresses sentiments in this instance, which must necessarily be mine, in language peculiarly forcible and happy. "What modern language," says this great man, "or what poet can express the majestic beauty of this one verse amongst a thousand others:

*Aude, hospes ! contemnere opes, et te quoque dignum
 Finge deo,*

For my own part, I am lost in the admiration of it: I condemn the world when I think on it; and myself when I translate it." Pitt, possibly, was not molested with any similar feeling when he translated it:

Thou too as nobly raise thy soul above
All pomps, and emulate the son of Jove!

Dryden has performed better: but much cannot be said even of his success.

Verse 539.—The thunder now was swelling in their hands:

This whole description, of the labors of the Cyclopean servants of Vulcan, is very grand and magnificent. Their thunderbolt is composed of three material and three ideal ingredients—the former referring to its cause, and the latter to its effect.

Ver. 579.—The morn's white ray, and song of earliest bird
Awake Evander in his lowly shed;

The ideas which are here suggested to us, in their association with the simplicity of life in the heroic ages, are delightful to the imagination. The substitution of *alba* for *alma* in the original, (*lux suscitât alma*,) was a favorite correction with the late learned and ingenious Gilbert Wakefield, on which I have heard him converse with the endeavour to support it. But it is not abetted by any MS. and, as unnecessary, must consequently be rejected. In my translation I adopt it; but that circumstance is of no consequence. G. Wakefield's proposed change extended to the following verse, which he would write,

Et matutinos volucrum sub culmine cantus.

Ver. 788-90.—For there the god of fire,

.

Had wrought Italia's deeds in days to come;

If I were to enter into any observations on this celebrated shield of Æneas, I should be led much beyond the limits as-

signed to my present notes. I must, therefore, refer my readers to the ingenious and just remarks on it which have been made by Mr. W. Whitehead. I shall content myself with suggesting, as a general caution to the reader, that the sculpture on the shield is here described and explained by the Poet; and that, consequently, the motion and successive action, seemingly attributed in some instances to the figures, belong to the explanation which sometimes mingles the future with the present. The painter or the sculptor can give only one point of action: but he who explains the painting or the sculpture will naturally illustrate its design.

Verse 832.—The shields of destiny, that fell from heaven ;

..... *lapsa ancilia cælo.*

The *ancilia* were small, unangular, and (as some say) oval targets which were hallowed by the faith of Rome, and consigned to the guardianship of a peculiar college of priests, twelve in number, and called the Salii. One of these shields was reported to have fallen from heaven in the time of Numa, accompanied by a voice, which declared that the city where it was preserved should be the most powerful of states. For its greater security, therefore, other targets were made so precisely resembling it, as not to be distinguishable from the genuine *ancile*. As it was impossible to translate a word, thus appropriated to a specific object of Roman superstition, I have called these targets "The shields of destiny," in allusion to the fable from which they derived their sanctity. I thought that some explanation of my expression, in this place, was necessary ; or I would not have obtruded on my readers this note of school-boy information.

"The fleecy crowns," *Lanigeri apices*, are the caps which were worn by the Flamens, or, more properly perhaps, the tufts of red wool, with which these caps were surmounted, and from which, as some imagine, the name of this class of priests was derived : *Flamines* from *flamma*, in reference to their flame-colored crests.

Verse 841.—And, far apart, in bright Elysium's breast,
Cato appear'd, presiding o'er the bless'd.

I cannot but be surprised at the opinion of those, who insist that the person, who is here so honorably distinguished, is not the younger but the elder Cato. The circumstance, of his being immediately opposed in this passage to Catiline, is surely decisive of the question in favor of the former. The murderous conspirator is placed in Tartarus, the undaunted patriot, by whom he was resisted, in Elysium. That, in another part of his poem, Virgil has assigned a different situation to suicides among the dead, is an argument without weight on the occasion. A poet is not to be compelled to such rigorous consistency; and, though the multitude of suicides might be condemned to a state of middle punishment, one illustrious soul might be exempted from their lot, and stationed, by the power of his virtues, among the blessed with the

..... *manus, ob patriam pugnando vulnera passi.*

Beside, it is to be remarked that the suicides, whom Virgil represents as suffering in Hades, are they who wantonly throw away their lives from the mere impatience of existence;

..... *qui sibi letum*
Insontes peperere manu; lucemque perosi
Projecere animas;

and not they, with whom the act of self-destruction was justified by the motive, or consecrated by the cause in which it was committed. The Athenian youth, who destroyed himself to avoid the contaminating violence of Demetrius, would not have been placed in a state of punishment by Virgil, or even, perhaps, by a Christian Divine. Even Dido, by the lax consistency of our Poet, is placed in a region separated from that of the common suicides. That the ear of Augustus was patient of the praise of the stern republican, who slew himself at Utica, is sufficiently proved by the

..... *Catonis*
Nobile letum.

of Horace.

Verse 894.—As o'er the waves Iäpix swells her sail,

Iäpix was a wind which, prevailing in Apulia, derived its Roman name from the name of that country, which anciently was called Iäpyx. Its course was to the south-east; and, therefore, directly favorable to Cleopatra in her flight toward Egypt. The wind, as may be inferred from the accounts of those who have recorded this memorable battle, shifted during the engagement from the south-east to the north-west, from the former of which points it had favored the sailing of the fleet of Octavius when it proceeded to meet the enemy; and from the latter, it now speeded the flight of Antony's forces towards the Peloponnesus and Egypt.

Verse 909.—Respects the people's offerings, &c.

Dona recognoscit populorum, &c.

Donatis refectisque militibus, XXXIV. diebus prædam RECOGNOVIT, says the historian respecting Alexander, after the battle of Arbela.

JUST. xi. 14.

BOOK IX.

IN this book we are brought back to the scene of war; and from the board of Evander we are hurried at once into the tumult of battles. Here, indeed, the contending parties are for the first time committed in the field; and the whole book is occupied with their conflict. As Æneas is absent, our attention is principally directed to the exploits of Turnus, who is here covered with glory that he may eventually augment that of his conqueror. The transformation of the ships, into sea-nymphs, has very generally been censured as a fiction too extravagant to be admitted by the epic Muse. Trapp, in particular, whose partiality for Virgil makes him slow in the discovery of his favorite's blemishes, is highly offended by it. He rejects every precedent which has been offered, from the classic mythology, for the violence of the change, and says: "After all which M. Segrain urges concerning the similitude in nature between a ship and a sea-nymph, for timber and cables to be changed into goddesses, is an idea which *common sense* will never endure." The introduction of such an obstinate and perverse thing as *common sense* into the question may not tend to decide it in favor of the Poet; and the defense of the incident by the French critic cannot be admitted as, in any degree, happy. But I cannot see any cause for all this turmoil on the occasion; and, though not blind to the faults of my author, I conceive that his conduct in the present instance is completely defensible. Poetic truth is constituted by an evident and strong connexion of the effect with the cause. In the case before us there is a full adequacy of cause for the production of the effect, and the latter is immediately and firmly united to the former. The mother of the gods, interested, as she might be supposed to be, for her consecrated pines, implores the power of Jupiter on their behalf. That part of her prayer, which seemed to involve a contradiction and was in opposition to the Fates, is

rejected by him: but he concedes to the powerful suppliant all that lay more immediately under his dominion; and by him, who is represented by the Poet as almighty, the creator of men and of gods, *hominum sator atque deorum*, the holy pines are converted into intellectual and immortal beings. Allowing the intervention of omnipotence, there is surely no improbability in the result, for why might not *timber and cables* be as easily converted into goddesses, as some other material substance had originally been into men and gods, by the power of Jove? I have nothing to do with the absurdity and the inconsistency of the Pagan theology. I must take it as the Poet is pleased to give it to me; and from these premises the conclusion is accurately drawn. The request is made on a sufficient motive by the person who had a right to make it; and the object of the prayer is accomplished by the power which was fully adequate to its accomplishment. Throughout the whole process, then, there is an obvious and strong union of the effect with its cause; and there is nothing inconceivable in the event. It is introduced, however, by the Poet with much caution, as an old tradition, the subject of ancient belief; and it is employed by him for profitable uses. With respect to the beautiful and pathetic episode of Nisus and Euryalus, I can only lament that the enterprise of these young and heroic friends is not made in some way or other to promote the great action of the poem. They perish only to excite our sympathy.

Verse 44.—A dusty tempest darkening all the field:

There is a fine passage in the "Anabasis," where the appearance of the army of Artaxerxes, in its distant and nearer approach, is described by Xenophon, which I cannot resist the pleasure of transcribing, particularly as I do not find it noticed by any of the commentators on this place in the *Æneis*. I have borrowed from it, as I will confess, in my translation, the fine circumstance of the flashing of the arms through the black cloud—which I have ventured to call a cloud shooting flames.—

ἡνίκα δὲ διίλη ἰγίνετο, ἰφάνη κοινορτὸς, ὥσπερ νεφίλη λευκή, χροῖω δὲ οὐ
 συχρῶ ὕσπερ, ὥσπερ μελανία τις ἐν τῷ πιδίῳ ἐπὶ πολὺ. ὅτι δὲ ἰγγύ-
 τιρον ἰγίγοντο, τάχα δὴ καὶ χαλκός τις ἤσπραπτε, καὶ αἱ λόγχαι καὶ
 αἱ τάξεις καταφανῆς ἰγίγοντο. *Αναβ. Κυρου. VIII. 8.*

"When it was now evening, there appeared a body of elevated dust, first like a white cloud, and, not long afterward, like a certain blackness diffused over the whole extent of the plain. Speedily, on its nearer approach, gleams of brass lightened through it; and spears and military array became visible." In this description, the Greek historian must be allowed to excel the Roman poet: but the subject of the former was greater; and, to equal the truth, in this instance, the fiction must have been improbably aggravated. The advance of the Latin army and that of the sixty myriads of the Persian king were objects of disproportioned magnitude.

Verse 77.—As when a wolf around the sheepfold prowls;

This simile was suggested by one in Apollonius, (i. 1243) who compares the son of Elatus, as he rushes, on hearing the cries of Hylas, to the fountain in which the beautiful boy was lost, to a wild beast attracted by the distant bleatings of the sheep, and made furious by finding that they were secured from his power.

Verse 182.—But Troy has perish'd once, let that suffice:—

*Sed periisse semel satis est : peccare fuisset
Ante satis, penitus modo non genus omne perosos
Fæmineum.*

This sentence is remarkably perplexed and obscure. Its meaning indeed is sufficiently obvious: but I cannot construe it: and I have not found any person who could.

Verse 400.—Yes! by my own and by my father's head, &c.

In the third book of Apollonius (v. 151.) Venus employs a similar oath to confirm the promises which she had made to her son, Eros,

"Ἴσῳ νῦν τόδε σιῖο φίλον κάρη, ἢδ' ἱμὸν αὐτῆς,

This similarity has not been noticed by any of the commentators.

Verse 580.—Like some rich flower, in Nature's purple dress'd;

In this exquisite passage Virgil has united the rich spoils of Catullus and of Homer, from the former of whom he has taken the circumstance of the flower being severed by the ploughshare, and from the latter the beautiful image of the poppy's reclining its head under the weight of a vernal shower. See Catul. Car. Ixii. 39. Iliad. 9. 306.

Ver. 633.—"And is it thus, Euryalus! I see
Thy face? thus comest thou to unhappy me?"

The complaints of the wretched mother, at the sight of her slaughtered son's bleeding head, are intensely pathetic and highly natural. The sympathy of the surrounding warriors, the tears of Iulus, and the contagious torpor of grief, suddenly dissipated by the alarm of the trumpets, are circumstances of a very affecting and striking nature.

Verse 778.—Then first in war his shafts Iulus tried,

Virgil has been accused, as I conceive unjustly, of inconsistency in his several accounts of the age of Iulus, as estimated by the actions attributed to him. When the father hurried through the flames of Troy the boy was able to run by his side, a feat to which he could not well have been equal at a more tender age than five. He must consequently have been twelve when he rides in the chase at Carthage; and he is now thirteen when, with the assistance of Alecto, he kills Silvia's stag; and in this battle, with the especial favor of Jupiter, slays Numanus. His weapon is the bow, which an heroic boy at that early age was capable of bending with effect; and nothing is attributed to him beyond his years. If he was carried in the lap of Venus from Carthage to Idalia, surely the deed was not incompatible with the power of a goddess; and if he was caressed

and fondled in her bosom by Dido, his age was not such as to make the former act indecorous in the queen; and for the latter, the circumstance of her recumbency on a couch will satisfactorily account. If we deduct one year from this estimate of the age of Iulus; and suppose him to have been only four years old when he accompanied his father in his flight through Troy, this difference will not give any improbability to his subsequent actions in the poem; and, to make him younger than four at the taking of Troy, seems to me as absurd as it is unnecessary; for a child of two or even of three years of age, at such a crisis of hurry and alarm, must certainly have been carried; a degree of speed and of strength being required on such an occasion which were quite incompatible with the weakness of absolute infancy.

Ver. 916.—No common spear had forced the giant's breast;
He falls with a falaric lance oppress'd:

Non jaculo : neque enim jaculo vitam ille dedisset :

When it is said, that Bitias would not have surrendered his life to a common javelin, nothing more is meant than that the armour, worn by this gigantic warrior, was so strong that it could not be penetrated by the spears which were usually thrown by the hand in battle: and to say this was certainly to assert enough. But Dryden, and his follower, Pitt, have made their author wildly extravagant; the translation by the former being,

A dart were lost within that roomy breast;

and by the latter, with an added impropriety of language,

In that huge bulk a vulgar lance was lost.

The falaric lance, thrown by Turnus on this occasion, was an immense weapon, employed chiefly in the defense of walls, and hence called *hasta muralis*. It was thrown from an engine. Livy describes it: (xxi. 8.) Heyne supposes it in this place to mean nothing more than a spear of a superior size.

Verse 922.—Thus in Euboïc Baiaë rushes down
The stony pile, o'er wondering ocean thrown:

The Roman nobles, who were fond of Baiaë as their winter residence, indulged their fancies and displayed their wealth by running vast moles, as the platforms of their houses, into the sea. To this ostentation of wealth Horace alludes in his address to his opulent contemporaries.

Cementis licet occupes

Tyrrhenum omne tuis et mare Apulicum.

OD. iii. 24.

About the time, also, of the writing of the *Æneis*, immense moles were projected into the sea at Baiaë, by Agrippa, for the formation of the Julian Port.

Ver. 1042.—Then fails his shield the battle to withstand;
And death no longer rushes from his hand.

This description, of the hero exhausted by the fatigues of battle, is derived from Homer, who in the sixteenth book of the *Ilias* (v. 102.) represents Ajax in a similar state. I will give the passage to my readers in Pope's translation of it.

Ajax no more the sounding storm sustain'd,
So thick the darts an iron tempest rain'd.
On his tired arm the weighty buckler hung;
His hollow helm with falling javelins rung:
His breath in quick short pantings comes and goes;
And painful sweat from all his members flows.
Spent and o'erpower'd, he barely breathes at most;
Yet scarce an army moves him from his post.

This passage, in the *Ilias*, had previously been imitated by Ennius; and the Italian reader is familiar with the fine description of the wearied Soldan, in the ninth book of Tasso's noble

epic. This I shall indulge myself by transcribing, together with its version by Fairfax.

*Fatto intanto ha il soldan ciò ch' è concesso
Fare a terrena forza, or più non puote.
Tutto è sangue e sudore, e un grave e spesso
Anelar gli ange il petto e i fianchi scote :
Langue sotto lo scudo il braccio oppresso :
Gira la destra il ferro in pigre rote :
Spezza, e non taglia ; e divenendo ottuso,
Perduto il brando omai di brando ha l' uso.*

Meanwhile the soldan in this latest charge
Had done as much as human force was able :
All sweat and blood appear'd his members large :
His breath was short, his courage wax'd unstable.
His arm grew weak to bear his mighty targe ;
His hand to rule his heavy sword unable :
Which bruised, not cut, so blunted was the blade,
It lost the use for which a sword is made.

BOOK X.

ALTHOUGH this book be replete with matter and rich in variety, it is the lowest, as I will confess, in my favor of all the books of the poem; and I am inclined to arrange it as the last in the respect of relative merit. Were I called upon, however, for the reasons which induce me thus to class it, I should be at a loss to assign them. The diction of this book may, possibly, betray a greater want of the revising hand of its author: and, possibly also, its battle may be too artificially managed, and its events too symmetrically disposed. In the composition of this book I think that I can discover, in more than one instance, an absence of that last perfect style which belonged to the pen of Virgil; and I cannot help wishing that the incidents of the conflict did not always happen so opportunely for the purposes of the Poet. When Pallas and Lausus are immediately opposed to each other, and must almost have touched, they are prohibited from meeting, that the former may die by the hand of Turnus and the latter by that of Æneas. When Pallas has just achieved sufficient glory for the object of his poetic creator, and has crowned his exploits by the conquest of Halesus, Turnus, under the direction of his sister (who, by the way, is very abruptly introduced to us) is suddenly brought against the young hero to remove him from the stage. On the subduction of Turnus from the field, Merentius is instantly produced to supply his place and to make a splendid display of his prowess, that his fall may give the greater renown to his conqueror, Æneas. In all this there is surely too open an exhibition of artificial contrivance, and we are too forcibly reminded, that the whole is the creation of the poet, to be for a moment deluded into the reception of it for truth. But as these remarks are altogether my own, and unsupported by those of any preceding critic, they very probably may be erroneous; and when I speak of the inferior merits of this book, I speak of it only in its relation to the other great constituent parts of the admirable

Æneis. Considered by itself, it must univerrally be admitted to be a fine poem, affluent in matter and beautiful in diction. The speeches, in the heavenly council, of the two contending goddesses, have been arraigned as discovering somewhat too much of rhetorical artifice. But I do not altogether feel the truth of the charge; and it cannot be denied that they are at once highly characteristic and poetic. The agitation of Juno's mind is evidently disclosed in the disorder of her arguments, and in the fallacies which she is hurried to advance. Her cause, on the admission of the supremacy of the Fates, is manifestly the worst; and by her management of it, under the confusion of passion, she makes it less speciously right. The catalogue of the Tuscan auxiliaries is richly poetic. In the formation of the phantom, and in the subsequent description of the rage and distress of Turnus, on discovering that he had been fraudulently withdrawn from the field of glory, the power of the great poet is nobly displayed; and into the death of Mezentius, preceded as it was by that of his pious son who had fallen in his rescue, so much interest and pathos are thrown, that we cannot but feel for the sufferings even of this most execrable of tyrants. In short, if the book, which is now before us, be the last in excellence, it is so only in the *Æneis*. In any other poetic production of human genius (with the exception perhaps of two) it would have shone in the first place, and, like the planet of its hero's mother, have "flamed in the forehead of the morning sky."

Ver. 85.—For Troy's poor sons their Troy we now implore;
To fight and perish on their native shore."

Though Venus was assured of the eventual safety and establishment in Italy of the Trojans, in consequence of the disclosure of the Fates which had been made to her by Jupiter, she pleads for them as if they were now just upon the verge of final destruction. But she was distressed by their immediate sufferings: she was solicitous to hurry on their fortunes to their last prosperous issue; and it was her object, by aggravating the present wretchedness of their situation, to interest the compassion and the interference of Jupiter and the heavenly synod in their favor. She speaks therefore of things as they were, and suppresses the confidence which she must have felt from her knowledge of their result.

Verse 123.—Æneas wanders, absent from his host:
Still may he wander, and to them be lost!

Æneas ignarus abest :—ignarus et absit.

On this Trapp remarks, "I do not understand the *sharpness* of this *repartee*. It has no more wit in it than a plain *Tu quoque*." I see nothing like a *repartee* or an endeavour *at wit* in the passage: it strikes me only as a burst of hostile and rancorous ill-will. "Is Æneas absent? what is that to me? I did not pervert his mind to induce him to the fatal measure. Still may he be absent, and by his absense be the ruin of his cause!" That this is Juno's meaning, in this place, is obvious from the consequence which she attaches to this absense of the chieftain's at this crisis of his fortunes, and from her artful endeavour to clear herself from the suspicion of having influenced him to this step by any exertion of her power over his understanding. Of this at least she was innocent; and she piously wishes that the effects of the folly, which she had not suggested, may continue and may be fatal.

Verse 249.—Ilva's iron-bowell'd isle, &c.

Ilva (the modern Elba) has accidentally risen into much recent celebrity in consequence of its having been the temporary residence of a dethroned Potentate, whose name will occupy and throw splendor over a large page of the history of the world. Of Napoleon Buonaparte the historian, in a succeeding generation, will record, that, with extraordinary intellect to discern and to combine, he possessed a mind, strong, ardent, comprehensive and sublime, which could soar and stoop, capacious at once of immensity and submitting to vulgar limitation: that his virtues were many and illustrious; his vices few, but fatally pernicious: that he betrayed the trust which was reposed in him, and crushed the cause by which he had been elevated: that he bartered the solid greatness, within his grasp, for a specious bauble which escaped from it; and, when he might have been a Washington at the head of Europe, preferred to be a Cromwell for the pue-

ilities of royalty: that he was the friend of toleration, the patron of the arts and sciences, an usurper, with whose prosperity his country flourished, and by whose ruin alone she was oppressed: that he lived to demonstrate the vanity of regal alliances; to be proscribed by monarchs who were indebted to his generosity for their thrones: to inflict a deeper wound on the fair fame of Britain, by his vain appeal to her magnanimity in his distress, than he had been able as a conqueror to inflict on it with his sword: that he lived, in short, to give an awful lesson to mankind on the inadequate compensation of power for violated principle; and on the instability of greatness not rising from the base of justice, how loftily soever the column may tower, and though it may be upheld by the force of armies, embraced by the majesty of kings, and crowned by the holiness of popes.

..... *I demens, et savas curre per Alpes,
Ut pueris placeas; et declamatio fias!*

But of this wonderful man, whose character it is impossible to draw within the compass of a note, the historian of after times may yet possibly have more—much more to record. Without the vision of a prophet however, I must not affect to throw my eye into the darkness which broods upon the future, and baffles penetration.

Verse 271.—The crime was thine, O Love! &c.

*Cujus olorinæ surgunt de vertice pennæ
(Crimen amor vestrum, formaque insigne paternæ.)*

This passage, as it is thus pointed (and I follow the pointing of Heyne) has puzzled all the commentators, and they can make very little of it with all their ingenuity. "Love was your family crime," say the best of them, and thus make love not only the crime of Cupavo's family, but, (according to the syntax of the sentence) the ensign also which he bore of his father's transformation. Trapp has a long note upon it, in which he endeavours to prove that Cygnus (the reading which he adopts for Cinyras) and Cupavo were brothers; and by this change of names, in opposition to the authority of the best MSS. and by this gratuitous

supposition, he would justify the use of the plural pronoun *vestrum*, in its reference to the two brothers. But the construction and the sense of the passage are easy and obvious.

*Cujus olorinæ surgunt de vertice pennæ ;
Crimen, Amor ! vestrum, formæque insigne paternæ.*

“From whose crest arise a swan’s feathers, the memorial of your crime, O Love ! and of his father’s form.” That *vester*, with its plural reference (like our *your*) was occasionally applied by Virgil to a single person, cannot be doubted, when we read in the succeeding book, *vestra verba*, addressed by Camilla to Ornytus, who had just fallen by her hand ; for surely to suppose, with Trapp, that her meaning on this occasion is not restricted to the man whom she had slain, but is extended to all his countrymen, is to suppose something very like nonsense. But many other singular applications of *vester* might be produced from Virgil’s page, if the point in question were worth the time and the trouble requisite for their adduction.

Ver. 296.—Their prince’s ship an imaged Mincius leads ;
Benacus’ offspring, crown’d with hoary reeds.

*Quos patre Benaco velatus arundine glaucâ
Mincius infestâ ducebat in æquora pinn.*

I feel convinced that Mincius in this place is not the river which conveys the galley to the sea, but an image of the river-god, crowned with reeds, which was carved as the frontispiece of the vessel. The circumstance of the crown of reeds seems to prove that it was the distinguishing ensign of the ship of the Mantuan Ocnus, as the Phrygian lions were of that of Æneas, the tiger of that of Massicus, the centaur and the triton of those, respectively, of the Ligurians and Aulestes. If I have Dryden, Pitt, and Trapp in this instance against me, I have Heyne, and the context, and the character also, as I conceive, of Virgil on my side. If Mincius had been the river in this place, the Poet would have spoken of the placidness of its waters or the verdure of its banks instead of unseasonably investing it with personality, and veiling its forehead with reeds. If the reeds had not been

intended as the chaplet of the carved prow of the vessel, but as the growth of the banks of the river, some other word, as I am persuaded, beside *velatus* (which is properly interpreted by *coronatus*, in the Delphin edition) would have been employed in this instance by Virgil. *Obductus*, indeed, would not stand in the verse: but even *vestitus* would be preferable for the expressing of the idea in question to *velatus*. In the succeeding paragraph, the sculptured Triton conveys (*vehit*) the host of Aulestes, as here the sculptured river-god, Mincius, conducted (*ducebat*) the forces of Ocnus.

Ver. 337.—Already where thou badest, the Arcadian horse
Stand in array with bold Etruria's force.

We are here informed of a circumstance, of which we were previously ignorant; that Æneas had sent before him, by land, a division of his forces, to keep the enemy in play, and thus to succour his camp till he should arrive with the body of his auxiliaries.

Verse 380, &c.—As when red comets, &c.

Or Sirius rising, with his torrid breath,
Loads the sick air with drought, disease,
and death.

The image of the comet in this fine passage belongs appropriately to Virgil; but that of Sirius, or the dog-star, he probably borrowed immediately from the *Ilias* (χ. 26,) where Achilles, as he rises on the sight of the unhappy king of Troy, is represented,

Παμφαίρονθ' ὡς ἄστὴρ ἱπποσύμνον πιδίοιο,
Ὅς γὰρ τ' ἐπώρης ἔστιν &c.

But there is another passage, not noticed, as I can find, by any of the Virgilian commentators, to which the Sirius of our poet still more nearly approaches. It is in the third book of the *Argonautics*, (v. 956.) where Jason, suddenly breaking on the view of Medea, is likened to this star, as it rises from the ocean, very bright and beautiful to the eye, but pernicious and bringing

destruction upon the herds. The scholar will, of course, turn to both of these passages in their original authors: but the English reader will perhaps thank me for transcribing Pope's fine translation of the first of them.

Him, as he blazing shot across the field,
The careful eyes of Priam first beheld.
Not half so dreadful rises to the sight,
Through the thick gloom of some tempestuous night,
Orion's dog, (the year when Autumn weighs)
And o'er the feeble stars exerts his rays:
Terrific glory! for his burning breath
Taints the red air with fevers, plagues, and death.
So flamed his fiery mail.

It has been observed with much truth by Heyne, that Milton's comet is arrayed in more sublime circumstances than Virgil's, and is altogether a grander object presented to the imagination.

..... On the other side,
Incensed with indignation, Satan stood,
Unterrified, and like a comet burn'd,
That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge
In the arctic sky, and from his horrid hair
Shakes pestilence and war.

P. L. ii. 706, &c.

Verse 426.—..... The rustic band
Feel the first fury of Æneas' hand.

..... *Primus turmas invasit agrestes.*

These rustic troops were, no doubt, the Latian peasantry; who, under the influence of Tyrrheus, had attacked Iulus and the Trojans, when the stag was killed; and had subsequently been arrayed and made part of the army, under the command probably of the sons of Tyrrheus. In the ninth book we find the Tyrrhidæ commanding the rear of the Latian army; but, by the new disposition which Turnus had just made of his forces, they were now stationed in the van. Æneas is here for the first time brought into the battle, and we must confess that he is intro-

duced with abundant grandeur and sanguinary effect. How the charge of deficient courage, advanced against him in the first instance by the flippancy of St. Evremond, could ever experience a moment's regard, really excites my astonishment. He is exhibited to us only in two battles, in this, and in that which follows the violation of the league, and in both of them he sheds blood enough to satisfy the greatest admirers of military prowess. For my own part, with Trapp, I should have been contented, if the number of his slaughters had been fewer. He is as irresistible as Achilles; and, in truth, he is made too nearly to resemble that chief, in the fierceness and rage and cruelty of his character, for the pious and temperate hero of the *Æneis*. Some part of my objection to the present book is, indeed, founded on this very circumstance. The death of Pallas, however, was a strong excitement of his fury, and may be admitted in its extenuation, if not in its complete defense.

Verse 453.—Phorcus' seven sons. &c.

Tasso has translated this Virgilian incident into his "*Jerusalem Delivered*," where Latinus, with his five sons, assails the Soldan. In the same passage, also, the Italian poet has borrowed from the Roman the twins of Daucus, whose wonderful resemblance confounded the distinction of their parents; but who were, at last, fatally discriminated by the different wounds, with which each of them perished. The Thymber and Larides of Virgil are the very Pico and Laurente of Tasso, who has copied, in this instance, the expressions themselves of his predecessor.

..... SIMILLIMA PROLES,
Indiscreta suis GRATUSQUE parentibus ERROR.

*Rimanean vivi ancor Pico e Laurente ;
Onde arricchì un sol parto il genitore :
Similissima coppia, e che sovente
Esser solea cagion di dolce errore.*

The whole passage is too long for me to transcribe: but it is to be found in Ger. Lib. canto nono. The imitations of the Man-

tuan by the Tuscan bard are so numerous, as I have before noticed, that I can select only a few of them.

Verse 474.—But the spear rases great Achates' thigh.

This combat of Æneas with the seven brothers, the sons of Phorus, is left unfinished. It is interrupted by the intervention of Clausus: but we wish to know something of the fate of Numitor, who is engaging, apparently on equal terms, with the slayer of his two brothers; and Æneas is suddenly and entirely withdrawn from our view, till the death of Pallas brings him forward again to fight and to destroy. This surely is not skillfully managed; and discovers evidently the hurried and unrevised composition of the Poet.

Verse 560.—The shepherd mid the stubble lights the blaze; &c.

According to the general interpretation of the word, *silvis*, in this place, which I have translated, stubble, it seems strange that the swain should be represented as voluntarily setting fire to the woods, and as subsequently rejoicing at the spread of flames, which were committing so much mischievous ravage. But I feel assured that *silva* is here used in the same sense in which it is in the Georgics, when the Poet says,

..... *subit aspera SILVA,*
Lappæque tribulique;

and is meant to express the superfluous and unprofitable growth spread over the surface of a field. To burn this is particularly recommended by our Poet as beneficial to the soil. See GEORG. i. 84. where, within the space of a few lines, the reader will find *silva* again expressing the inferior produce of the ground:

Aut, tenues factus viciæ tristisque lupini,
Sustuleris fragiles calamos, SILVAMQUE sonantem.

The *silva* therefore, at the destruction of which the husbandman is here described as rejoicing, is unquestionably the stubble or the trash, which he burnt to clear and top-dress his land.

Verse 604.—Now Turnus, by his sister warn'd, &c.

I have already suggested that Juturna (who must be the person intended) is here too suddenly and unceremoniously introduced to us. We had no previous intimation of her being in the battle; and we know nothing of her till her parentage and history are given to us in the twelfth book. It is somewhat difficult to conceive the manner of her appearance and agency on this occasion. She could not now be in the form of Metiscus, which she subsequently assumed in her alarm for her brother's safety. Was she here apparelled in clouds and, visible only to Turnus, seated by him in his chariot? or did she glide into the battle merely to direct his force against Pallas? Here, as it strikes me, is another evidence of the unrevised state of this book. There is something here too abrupt, and too much in the vague and fragment style (if I may so call it) of some of our modern poets; which is very easy to the writer, and very difficult to the reader.

Verse 682.—And murder triumph'd in the genial bed.

This alludes (as some of my readers may, perhaps, require to be told) to the story of the Danaïdes, or the fifty daughters of Danaüs, who, marrying the fifty sons of their uncle Ægyptus, were commanded by their father to assassinate each her consort during the endearments of the nuptial night. Of the fifty brides, Hypermnestra alone was so virtuous as to disobey the sanguinary mandate; and, with the hazard of her own, to preserve the life of her husband Lynceus. For this act of illustrious disobedience, (for which she had nearly been made the victim of her father's vengeance,) she has been consigned to immortal fame by the Muse of Ovid and of Horace. The Sapphic stanzas, in which the latter has celebrated the heroism of her conjugal fidelity, are exquisitely beautiful and pathetic: they form a part of the eleventh ode in the third book of the great Lyric poet of Rome. It has been asked, rather idly, why this subject, which stands no way connected with Pallas, or with any of

the agents in the *Æneis*, should be chosen for the sculpture on the young hero's baldrick? If it had been chosen by the Poet merely on the suggestion of his fancy, he would not, as I conceive, have been accountable for any offense. But the instant recognition of this baldrick was to be decisive of the fate of Turnus; and it was, consequently, necessary that its sculpture should be remarkable and conspicuous; so peculiar as not to be mistaken, and so impressive as immediately to carry its effect to the eye: and where, among all the stories of the fabulous age of Greece, could another subject be found so fully possessed of all these requisites for the Poet's purpose as that of such a slaughter, perpetrated by such hands, upon such persons, and in such a place?—the murder of the bridegroom by the bride upon the bed itself of the first nuptial intercourse! The baldrick of Pallas must have been instantly acknowledged by any eye which had only once previously seen it.

Verse 685.—Unhappy mortals! to the future blind:

This anticipation of the fatal result of the present triumph of Turnus, is beautiful and affecting. It was suggested by a passage in the *Ilias* (p. 201, &c.) where Jupiter on seeing Hector in the armour of Achilles, which he had torn from the body of Patroclus, makes some similar reflections. The English reader will find the subject of my reference in Pope's translation, xvii. 231. Milton indulges in a pathetic anticipation of a like nature.

O! much deceived, much failing, hapless Eve,
Of thy presumed return! event pervert!
Thou never from that hour in Paradise
Found'st either sweet repast or sound repose, &c.
P. L. ix. 404.

Verse 741.—Him flying o'er the field the chieftain drove;
And, as he fell, hung shadowing from above:

..... *Labsimque superstans*
Imolat, ingentique umbrâ tegit:

Many of the commentators (and Trapp is among them) conceive that the *great shadow*, with which Æneas here covers his prostrate enemy, is the shadow of death, and that the expression is only to tell us that he killed him. But this meaning seems to me to be cold, and inconsistent with the usual character of Virgil's style. The preceding *Immolat* makes the expression, under our review, as it is thus explained, tautological, and gives superfluous information.—“He sacrifices him, and he kills him:” if we respect also the strict and common reference of *ingens*, to corporeal bulk, it will not be very proper; and I much doubt if Virgil would have written *ingens umbra mortis*. But with the sense which I have assigned to it, the expression is highly just, poetic, and offering a clear and terrific phantasm to the imagination. The hero pursues his enemy over the field, and, when the foe falls, stands over and covers him with a mighty shadow.

And covers him with death's thick shade!

is Trapp's translation; Dryden and Pitt omit the shadow in their versions, and thus deprive the passage of its picturesque part. I find that Heyne is in this instance of my opinion.

Verse 775.—Who the still sceptre of Amyclæ held ;

..... TACITIS regnavit Amyclis.

Amyclæ here mentioned was a town in Italy, situated between Tarracina and Caieta; but in the epithet, attached to it, of *tacitæ* or silent, the poet alludes to a story belonging to the Lacedæmonian Amyclæ. In this latter town, as we are told, the citizens had been so often thrown into tumult by false alarms of the approach of the enemy, that a law was at last made to prohibit all similar alarms in future, and to enjoin on such a subject a general silence. When the enemy, therefore, actually approached, no man, under the inhibition of the law, gave an alarm, and the place was, in consequence of its silence, surprised. Unable to give, with any degree of grace, the full force of *tacitæ* in my translation, I have adopted an expression which may bear the allusion of my original, and yet will be intelligible without it.

Verse 811, &c —“Thy horses, Lucagus! have not betray'd
 'Thy hopes; or fled by shadowy fears
 dismay'd.

*Lucage, nulla tuos currus fuga segnis equorum
 Prodidit; AUT VANÆ VERTERE EX HOSTIBUS UMBRÆ.*

This reply of Æneas, to his late insolent and now prostrate foe, evidently refers to the consternation and flight of the horses of Niphaeus, which had just occasioned the death of their master. “You, Lucagus! cannot complain of your horses as having been too slow to assist your escape, or as having been ungovernable in their flight on the advance of the enemy, and thus being the cause of your disaster. They have been obedient and brought you fairly to the combat, and you now of your own accord desert them.”

Verse 840.—My suit, Almighty! would not vainly plead
 For leave to rescue Turnus ere he bleed;

The interposition of some Power, to rescue Turnus from immediate death, was now indispensably requisite: and the Poet has managed the business very skilfully. Juno solicits the prolongation of his life from Jupiter; and, though he assents only to a short extension of it, she still flatters herself that he may subsequently be wrought into a further concession on the behalf of her favored youth. With the encouragement of this hope, slight as it is, she proceeds to his instant rescue. The phantom, which she forms on this occasion, is admirably adapted to her purposes; and withdraws her hero from the battle by the effects of his own valor. In the fifth book of the *Ilias*, Apollo fashions a similar phantom in the likeness of Æneas: but the Homeric phantom is introduced for no apparent or for no adequate end: whilst that of Virgil is conducive to the most essential consequences, as without it the action of the poem could not well have proceeded.

Verse 931.—But now Mezentius to the fight succeeds,
By Jove impell'd;

Mezentius is here introduced into the battle in much power and with much terrific effect. His strength and stability are illustrated by their being compared with a rock amid the ocean, bidding defiance to the storm which rages in the waves and in the skies: his fierceness is imaged by that of a wild beast, keeping the hunters and the dogs at bay, and forcing them to the safety of a distant war; and our ideas of the loftiness of his stature are elevated by its being likened to that of the constellation, Orion, represented as rising from the depths of the sea, walking on the earth, and hiding his head among the clouds. His acts are distinguished by a peculiar ferocity of valor; and he dies, as he had lived, equally reckless of men and of gods. His concern for his son, and his anxiety, in his expiring moments, to preserve his body from violation, are all which discover him to be human, or susceptible of any of the softer sentiments of our weak nature. The sublime representation of Orion is altogether original with our Poet.

Verse 951.—Whom, in that fatal night's disastrous gloom,
In which Cisseïs' flame-impregnate womb
Gave Paris to the light,

By Homer, Theano is said to be the daughter of Cisseus, and Hecuba of Dymas: but Virgil in this instance follows Euripides and the tragic poets, who assigned to these personages of fabulous antiquity what parentage they pleased. In this passage, the reading of the common editions,

*Cisseïs regina Parin CREAT: urbe paternâ
Occubat:*

sadly disturbs the sense and the grammar. The true reading,

*Cisseïs regina Parin. PARIS urbe paternâ
Occubat,*

was happily restored by the sagacity of Bentley.

Verse 1020.—From Jove's high palace, touch'd with
human woe,
'The gods behold the frantic scene below.

There is something very finely imagined in this description of the gods looking down on the battle and pitying human folly and human woe.

Verse 1072.—..... while the son, beneath
The high-raised falchion springing, braved
its death,

The pious magnanimity of Lausus on this occasion, his consequent death, and the generous sorrow of his conqueror are most interesting and pathetic circumstances, which must touch the heart of every reader. The simile, which occurs at v. 1079, is particularly apposite, and belongs appropriately to our Poet.

Verse 1118.—Meanwhile the sire, reclining on the ground,
With Tiber's wave refresh'd his glowing
wound.

The picture, which is here drawn of the old wounded monarch in a state of panting exhaustion, reclining against a tree amid the circle of his selected youths, with his neck supported, and his beard floating over his breast, is very fine: its lineaments are specific, and its coloring vividly bright. All the objects stand extantly forward and strike upon the eye.

Ver. 1160.—"Rhoëbus! we long have lived, if long there be
In the poor term of mortal destiny.

This address of Mezentius, to his favorite war-horse, is in the spirit of those old and heroic times, when the horse was so

necessary a part of the hero's appointment in the field as to be raised, by its martial usefulness, into a sort of equality with man. The horse, in this instance, is with much propriety made the subject of our particular attention, as by his wound is occasioned the death of his master. The reflection, on the short duration of every thing that is mortal, is here peculiarly impressive and pathetic. A similar sentiment is very forcibly expressed by Cicero, *Quamquam, O Dii boni! quid est in hominis vita diu!* (De Senec. 19.) All that Mezentius says and does, in this the last hour of his life, is highly magnanimous and heroic. Of him it may be said, as of the thane of Cawdor in Macbeth,

..... There was nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it.

BOOK XI.

THIS book is crowded with beauties, and must be read with nearly uniform pleasure from its commencement to its close. The funeral of Pallas, with the lamentation of the hoary father over his body: the answer of Diomede, in its report by Venulus: the characteristic speeches of Drances and Turnus: the wild and romantic history of Camilla, with her death in the succeeding battle; and the equestrian fight with the rout of the Latins, are all in a strain of genuine and high poetry, which at one time melts us with the soft tones of the lute, and at another stirs our blood with the animating alarm of the trumpet. The whole book is full of interesting business, and it leaves us in panting expectation of the great result of the action of the poem. The two heroic leaders of the contending armies are here withheld from engaging, that they may be exhibited with more prominent effect in the terminating book.

Verse 1.—Night came and pass'd; &c.

I cannot but consider the word, *Interea*, as forming an extraordinary commencement of the present book. The last concluded with the death of Mezentius; by which event, as, in the absence of Turnus, he was the champion of the Latian army, we may naturally suppose that the battle was decided in favor of the Trojans. We may also without difficulty imagine that, the contest having continued throughout the day, night at this crisis covered the flight of the Latins, and gave to their enemies, whom it prevented from pursuing, to repose on the field of battle. This was all in the common course of things, and there was no occasion for the Poet to relate it to us. But with what propriety in this place can a word be employed, which distinctly informs us that *during* the course of these actions, the morning

arose? *Interea* (*inter ea*, between these things, or as they are passing) is susceptible only of one precise meaning; and I must necessarily regard its introduction, in this place, as one of the smaller effects of the Poet's unrevising haste. In this instance I have ventured to *substitute* instead of *translating*; and, as I have in other instances, to pay more respect to the meaning, than to the expressions of my original.

Verse 156.—And, if his heart desire at once to end
The strife of blood, with me alone contend :

The proposal to decide the war, by a single combat between the chiefs, is here first made by Æneas. He is the challenger; but it is for the purposes of humanity, to save any further effusion of the people's blood. The offer also is made just when he had obtained an important victory, when the impulse of disinterested heroism alone could induce him to forego the advantages which he had gained, and to place himself at once on a level with his defeated adversary. It is observable, too, that in this reply of his to the Latian legates, he advances no claim on the Latian princess. He challenges Turnus, only as this prince, having obtained by the popular suffrage the controul of Laurentum, was the sole author and continuator of the war. This remark, which will be found to be strictly just, and which I have made in another place, will rescue Æneas from the obloquy under which he has generally suffered, as the invader of another man's rights, and as the ravisher of a betrothed virgin. He sought Latium, as he tells the legates, only because the Fates had directed him to it as to his place of rest; and, deprecating the wretchedness of war, he solicits for nothing more than that establishment for his gods and his exiled host which Heaven had commanded him to obtain. When Lavinia is offered to him by her father, he does not reject her; and this is the whole amount of his offense. Turnus, who pursued an alliance in direct opposition to the gods, and who, for the objects of his own selfish ambition, overruled the sovereign and the father, and involved a nation in ruin, was unquestionably the guilty party; and his death, which is the consequence, is not more than the strict award of justice.

What Drances urges in the council on this topic is unanswerably true. Of Drances who is here for the first time introduced to our notice, it may be remarked that the epithet *senior* can mean only that he was the oldest of the legates. Had he been positively old, the challenge made to him by Turnus of sallying upon the enemy and thus proving his courage, would have been evidently and grossly improper. They, who discover Cicero in this orator of Laurentum and Marc Antony in Turnus, are some of the same visionaries, who clearly discern Augustus in Æneas, and Antonius Musa in Iäpis! Some of these observations I have anticipated, that I might not delay my reader by obliging him to stop frequently on our future road.

Ver. 632.—"Tritonian Virgin! war's great regent! hear!
Break in his hand the Phrygian robber's spear!

This prayer of the matrons to Pallas, and their procession to the temple of the goddess, is borrowed (as it may scarcely be necessary to observe) from the sixth book of the *Ilias*; and I wish, as I must confess, that the Power in the present instance had been some Divinity more particularly the object of Latian adoration. The Grecian or Trojan Pallas seems to have been hastily chosen on this occasion by the Poet. The passage in Homer may be found in $\S$. 305. Pope's translation will inform the English reader that the Roman bard has followed the Grecian in the prayer of the matrons with nearly literal punctuality. In the latter indeed, the supplicatory address is extended to a somewhat greater length.

Oh, awful Goddess! ever dreadful maid!
Troy's strong defense! unconquer'd Pallas! aid!
Break thou Tydides' spear, and let him fall,
Prone on the dust before the Trojan wall.
So twelve young heifers, guiltless of the yoke,
Shall fill thy temple with a grateful smoke,
But thou atoned by penitence and prayer,
Ourselves, our infants, and our city spare.

vi. 378.

Ver. 646.—So the stall'd courser, bursting from the rein,
Free, and now joyous master of the plain, &c.

This fine simile, as is generally known, is taken, also, from the *Ilias*, (ꝑ. 506.) where it is admirably expressed and admirably applied. The several partisans of the Greek and of the Roman poet have adjudged the palm, each according to his fancy, to the former or to the latter. The balance, with respect to beauty of diction, appears to me to be nearly equal: but the similitude is more happily apposite in the former. The reader would have occasion to complain if I omitted to transcribe for him the translation of the Homeric passage by Pope.

The wanton courser thus, with reins unbound,
Breaks from his stall, and beats the trembling ground.
Pamper'd and proud, he seeks the wonted tides;
And laves, in height of blood, his shining sides.
His head, now freed, he tosses to the skies:
His mane, dishevell'd, o'er his shoulder flies.
He snuffs the females in the distant plain;
And springs, exulting, to his fields again.

vi. 652.

Tasso has copied this simile on two occasions; in his ninth book (stanz. 75.) where it is applied to Argillan breaking from his confinement, and rushing to battle; and in the sixteenth (stanz. 28.) where the object of it is Rinaldo, disengaging himself from the charms of his mistress and returning to the field. This, which of the two does not bear the most resemblance to the classic originals, has been cited from Fairfax's translation, by Dr. Warton. The first I will now give to my readers in its original language, and in ours from the old translator.

*Come destrier, che da le regie stalle
Ove a l' uso de l' arme si riserba,
Fugge, e libero al fin per largo calle
Va tra gli armenti, o al fiume usato, o a l' erba.
Scherzan sul collo i crini e su le spalle,
Si scote la cervice alta e superba:*

*Suonano i pie nel corso, e par ch' avvampi,
Di sonori nitriti empiendo i campi.*

As a fierce steed, soaped from his stall at large,
Where he had long been kept for warlike need,
Runs through the fields unto the flowery marge
Of some green forest, where he used to feed:
His curled mane his shoulders broad doth charge;
And from his lofty crest doth spring and spread:
Thunder his feet, his nostrils fire breathe out;
And with his neigh the world resounds about.

Verse 715.—Lo! Amasenus foams across his way;

The circumstances of this escape of the infant Camilla were suggested to our Poet by those which are recorded respecting the escape of Pyrrhus in his infancy; when, carried in the arms of his nurse from the pursuit of his enemies, he and his party were stopped in their flight by a torrent, which separated them from a town where he could be protected. In the historic narrative, indeed, it is not the infant that is tied to the javolin and thus hurled across the swollen river; but a sheet of bark, on which were inscribed the name and distress of the young suppliant, for the information of the people collected upon the opposite bank; who, from the noise of the wind and of the waters, were unable to hear their implorers.

Verse 810.—Alternate Ocean thus, with ceaseless roar,
Now rushing on the land, usurps the shore:

This excellent and happy simile is the undivided property of our Poet; for that passage in the *Ilias* (λ. 305.) which has been adduced as the most like to it, can scarcely be supposed to have suggested its first embryo hint. The English reader may find the subject of my reference in Pope's translation—xi. 305.

Ver. 854.—Like the famed Amazons of Thrace, who stood
In pictured arms, and shook Thermodon's
flood:

Upon this passage Trapp remarks, "In this simile the ideas seem *too near akin*. It is almost comparing a thing to itself." I conceive that, in this instance, the ingenious critic has not taken a right view of his subject. A simile may be employed either to illustrate or to elevate, and on the present occasion its object is the latter. To illustrate the strength or the activity, the fierceness or the beauty of these female combatants, the Poet could readily have found images adapted to his purpose; images which would have reflected a stronger light on each of these attributes of his Italian heroines: but, to illustrate them in their peculiar character as female warriors, the whole compass of nature would not supply him with a single object of comparison. They constituted in fact an entire genus, and could not be resembled to any thing but themselves. As he could not therefore make our idea of them, by any simile, more perspicuous, his purpose was to make it more grand; and he accomplishes his design by resembling them to the renowned Amazons of Thrace, assembled in their victorious legions under their martial queens, and shaking the field with their shouts of triumph. It must be recollected that these Italian virgins were only five in number, combating amid a host of men; and that they were distinct in every respect, excepting that of their military prowess, from the genuine Amazons. The peculiar custom, from which the Amazons derived their name, of extirpating one breast, that it might not impede their use of the bow, was not observed, as we know, by Camilla; of whom it is said only that she fought with one of her breasts exposed. She was simply an Italian huntress, who with her four female friends, her associates, doubtless, in the chase, now distinguished herself by fighting for her country. Of the Amazons, or of their country I shall forbear to say any thing; as all the requisite information on the subject is at every reader's hand, without his

being under the necessity of looking for it in Herodotus, Diodorus Siculus, or Pausanias. Thermodon was a river, not of Thrace but, of western Asia, which discharged itself into the Ruxine, near Themiscyra, a town of Pontus. Its modern name is the Pormon.

Verse 971.—Thus, when a snake, her hooky talons' prize,
The tawny eagle rends amid the skies; &c.

This simile is borrowed from a passage in the *Ilias* (μ . 200) but it is considerably varied and ornamented. I will transcribe the passage in question, for the English reader, in its translation by Pope.

Jove's bird on sounding pinions beat the skies:
A bleeding serpent of enormous size,
His talons truss'd: alive, and curling round,
He stung the bird, whose throat received the wound.
Mad with the smart, he drops the fatal prey;
In airy circles wings his painful way:
Floats on the winds, and rends the heavens with cries:
Amidst the host the bleeding serpent lies.

B. xii. 233.

Ver. 993.—Bright mid the war, in Phrygian armour dress'd,
.....
Chloreus in pomp a foaming steed controll'd,
&c.

The sumptuous dress of this Phrygian warrior is particularly described, and made the subject of our especial attention, as the pursuit of it occasioned the death of Camilla and the consequent defeat of the Latins. The description is exquisite; and we cannot wonder that such gaudy spoils should attract the pursuit of our heroine, who with all her manly force and magnanimity had still the woman in her heart. The remark is obvious, suggested by the *Faminea amore* of Virgil, and made, before me, by Addison, and, possibly, also by many others.

Verse 1048.—As when a wolf the lordly bull has slain; &c.

This simile is peculiarly apposite, and exquisitely expressed. The guilty and terrified savage is placed before our eyes in very distinct and vivid portraiture. The hint of it (and little more than the hint) is taken from the *Ilias*, (6. 586.) where Antilochus, having slain Melanippus, retires on the advance of Hector. But all the more specific touches of the piece belong to our poet. I will transcribe the passage from Pope's translation, observing only that the expression in *italic* is an ornament borrowed by the translator from the *Conscius audacis facti*, of Virgil. On more than one occasion, Pope has ornamented his Grecian original with some of our Virgilian spoils.

So when a savage, ranging o'er the plain,
Has torn the shepherd's dog, or shepherd swain;
While *conscious of the deed*, he glares around,
And hears the gathering multitude resound,
Timely he flies the yet untasted food,
And gains the friendly shelter of the wood.

xv. 702.

Dryden in this instance has been neither happy nor correct:

As when a wolf has torn a bullock's hide,
At unawares, or ranch'd a shepherd's side; &c.

Ver. 1056.—To draw the lance she strives: but fix'd remains
The steel within the bones, and mocks her
pains.

Nothing can be more exquisitely described than the death of Camilla; and her dying speech to Acca is short, pathetic, and sublimely magnanimous. She is grieved only to be thus stopped in the career of victory; and she is interested for nothing but the safety of her friends. Her very last breath issues in a direction for the conduct of the war. Trapp has observed that the line, which relates to the departure of her

soul, is the same which is employed on the death of Turnus; and, imagining this to be a distinction intended for our heroine, he censures Dryden for varying the two lines in his translation. I must regard this as a mere fancy of the critic's; and I must ascribe the repetition in question, with some others of a similar nature which occur in the last three books of the *Æneis*, to the unrevised state of the poem.

The line is a fine one; but perhaps there may be something too much of fierceness expressed by it to suit the departure of a woman's soul. If the fault objected in this instance to Dryden be really a fault, I must also hold up my hand at the bar as a criminal.

Verse 1168.—At once *Æneas* in the horizon sees
The Latian armour mid the dusty breeze; &c.

The approach of the two armies is here finely described, and our expectations are raised to the utmost for the conflict which is to decide the war: but the approach of night disappoints us; and we are left in a state of extreme and anxious eagerness for the result of the succeeding book.

BOOK XII.

IN this book the great Poet has exerted all his powers; and, with the pride of an Olympian victor on his car, stands at the goal, which he has nobly attained, in the conscious elevation of triumph. This book, indeed, may be regarded as an adequate close of the magnificent *Æneis*, and may justly be classed, as to relative excellence, with the most admired portions of the preceding poem. It is filled with the most sudden and surprising, but, at the same time, the most probable changes of fortune; and it every where impresses us with the strongest effect of the concentrated interest of the drama. If there be any parts of it which seem to discover the want of its author's last revision, those parts are of very trifling consequence. I cannot regard the appeal of Latinus to his sceptre as happily introduced; and I feel strong objections to the immensity of the stone, which Turnus is prevented from throwing with effect only by the interposition of the Dira, as to a fact better suited to an Orlando than to the Latian chief, and more consistent with the extravagance of gothic romance than with the sober dignity of the classic epic. When the enraged Achilles dashes his sceptre on the ground and declares that, as it never could again be united to its native tree, so he never more would be united with Agamemnon, we feel the propriety of the act as strongly illustrative of the sentiments of the agent; and when some of the chiefs of the Homeric heroes throw stones, which no two men in the age of the poet were able to lift, we are not offended by any improbable display of human strength, as it might have subsisted in those earlier times, when man was trained to war from his cradle, and his bodily force, on which his future fame was to depend, was assiduously fostered by simple living and a continued course of robust and martial exercise. But the case in both these instances is different in Virgil. The pacific Latinus refers to his sceptre only to declare that he will be true to his engagements; and the

circumstances of this regal ensign being cut from its parent tree, of its having once bloomed, and of its now being adorned by the hand of the workman, are all, if not improperly, at least superfluously introduced: and as for the rock wielded by Turnus, which twelve chosen men in Virgil's time would have been unable to raise from the ground, its mass is so stupendous as fairly to overwhelm our credulity in its utmost exertion of power. I cannot agree with the judicious Heyne in placing the trial of his arms by Turnus, on the night preceding his single combat with his enemy, among those parts of the present book which the revising poet would have erased. On the event of this combat depended empire, life, love and glory: and is it unnatural that the mind of a young and ardent hero should be so agitated and inflamed, at the near approach of such a momentous decision, as to fit on his arms, to examine and to exult in them? Objections have been made to the machine of the Dira; and this immediate interposition of Jupiter, to depress the powers of Turnus, has been considered as derogating from the heroism of Æneas, whom this supernatural intervention alone could enable to obtain the victory. But the objection is altogether frivolous. The superiority of Æneas to his rival had already been sufficiently discovered. In the tenth book, nothing less than the exerted power of Juno could rescue her favored youth from the Dardan hero's hand, and obtain for him a short prolongation of life. In the beginning of this book, the manifest disparity, of their prince to his opponent, influences the Rutulians to break the league; and this inferiority of his force is acknowledged by the manner and the countenance of Turnus himself. When Æneas retires from the field in consequence of his wound, Turnus rushes upon the Trojans with irresistible impetuosity; and when his great adversary returns to the battle, the Latian hero cautiously avoids the encounter with him. When compelled at last, by the distress of the city and the imperious requisitions of honor, to stand the single engagement, Turnus rushes to the adventure in the phrensy of despair, and with the conviction that its issue would be fatal to him. In the subsequent combat, he is disarmed by the superior power of his adversary's armour and is saved only by flight; and, finally, when armed with his own Vulcanian sword, he is evidently in

such a situation that, from the disparity of weapon alone, he must necessarily fall. The introduction of the Dira, therefore, can be intended only to invest the great consummating action of the poem in a pomp of sublime horror, adapted to its importance. The death of Turnus alone was now necessary for the establishment of the Trojans in Italy, and consequently for the future existence of Rome. Was an event of such momentous issue not to be distinguished from the common deaths of a battle? Virgil thought that it was: and every reader of taste will, as I feel assured, approve of his conduct in this instance, and will admire its successful result.

The remarks of Segrais on this book, are made with his accustomed sagacity and fine taste: but Trapp's preface to it seems to me to be so full, and so much, in every way, to the purpose, that nothing but its length prevents me from transcribing it. I would particularly recommend it to my English readers.

Verse 1.—When Turnus saw, by adverse Mars depress'd,
The heart subsiding, &c.

We have just left the two armies opposed to each other, and prevented from immediately engaging only by the approach of night. As soon, therefore, as the day reappeared, we might naturally expect to see them rushing to the sanguinary conflict, which was to decide the fortune of the war. But we are disappointed; and a new event, which had indeed been previously suggested but which was now withdrawn from our attention, breaks suddenly upon us with the strong effect of surprise. In the present depressed state of the spirit of the Latins, the consequence of their repeated defeats, the sentiments of Drances, respecting the single combat of the rival heroes, becoming popular, their general reception is so far discovered as to be felt by the sensibility of Turnus; and, with the quick jealousy of honor, he resolves to answer the public demand on his prowess by accepting the challenge of his adversary. His rage on this occasion, under the pains of questioned and irritated courage, is illustrated by that of a wounded lion; and he is placed before our eyes with all the impression of the most vivid poetic painting. His fiery address to Latinus; the quiet, humane, and judi-

cious reply of the hoary sovereign; the pathetic dissuasives of Amata; the silent pleading of the tears and the blushes of Lavinia; the martial ardor of the young hero, now augmented by love; the haughty defiance which he sends to his rival; his rushing to his palace to view his horses, to examine and essay his arms, are all circumstances which must forcibly strike and be felt by every sensitive reader. All that immediately follows is in a style of equal grandeur and poetry. The morning opens with peculiar magnificence; and the conditions of the combat are ratified before the altars of the gods with a greatness of solemnity without example; for the religious ceremonial which precedes the combat of Paris with Menelaus, in the third book of the *Ilias*, shrinks from a comparison with the subject of our present attention. The simile of the lion is taken from that in the *Ilias* (i. 136.) where Diomedes, returning in fury to the battle after he has been wounded by Pandarus, is likened to the same lordly savage, enraged and not subdued by the dart of his assailant. But the Homeric simile is finely improved and adapted to his particular purpose by our Poet. The simile of the bull preparing to rush upon his enemy is original in Virgil, and is derived from his own *Georgics* (iii. 232.): How Orithyia, an Athenian princess carried away into Thrace, could give the sires of the horses of Turnus to Pylumnus, an Italian prince, has, very idly as I think, been made the subject of a question by more than one critic. A poet, surely, is not to be confined by such very narrow limitation as to be obliged minutely to account for every circumstance to which he may occasionally allude. It will be sufficient that he abstains from shocking probability. In the present instance no violence is offered to probability. Thrace and Italy are not so far disjoined as to make the supposition of an intercourse between their sovereigns, even in those early times, an incredible circumstance. Pylumnus might even have visited the Thracian queen, and have received this present from her munificence. The horses of Thrace were famous in poetry; and those of Boreas had been already celebrated by Homer (*Ili.* v. 223.) That I may not retard my reader with many more remarks in our progress through this book, which alone would supply the subject of a volume of notes, I will now observe that the league, by the agency of Juturna working

with the loyal fears of the Rutulians as with her instrument, is as naturally broken as it had been solemnly ratified.

Ver. 412.—O cease, my Hosts! nor thus invade my right!
By the seal'd league, 'tis mine alone to fight.

The conduct of Æneas, on this occasion, rushing unarmed among the enraged combatants, endeavouring to recall his troops from any further outrage on the sanctity of the treaty, and claiming Turnus and the decision of the war for his own sword, is, surely, highly noble and magnanimous, and equally worthy of the pious man and the hero. The wound, which he receives in his unarmed state amid the fury of the fray, is a most probable incident, and is productive of a new and unexpected change of fortune in the scene. How different is the conduct of Turnus! Far from wishing to compose, he avails himself of the disorder; and no sooner does he see his great antagonist wounded and compelled to retire from the field, than, unmindful of the treaty to which he had just sworn, he rushes on the Trojans in their consternation, and satiates his sanguinary fury with slaughter. From the moment of his appearance in the poem, his lawless violence, in opposition to the oracles of the gods and to the authority of his sovereign, exempts his fall from every charge of injustice; and, though we may be induced by the power of the poet to pity him in his last distress, our compassion is only the result of our weakness. His irresistible progress through the conflict, with his chariot wheels tearing through heaps of carnage and his horses' hoofs throwing on every side gory dews, is greatly and terrifically described: but the picture, noble as it is, must be allowed to be inferior to that, drawn by Homer, of Hector's chariot and horses, in the eleventh book of the *Ilias*, (λ. 531.) I will gratify my English readers with a translation of the passage in question by Pope.

Thus having spoke; the driver's lash resounds:
Swift through the ranks the rapid chariot bounds.
Stung by the stroke, the coursers scour the fields,
O'er heaps of carcasses and hills of shields.

The horses' hoofs are bathed in heroes' gore;
 And, dashing, purple all the car before:
 The groaning axle sable drops distills:
 And mingled carnage clogs the rapid wheels.

xi. 654.

But the beauty and the energy of the Greek language are not transferable to the English or even to the Roman. If Virgil, however, be inferior to his great master in this passage, I conceive him to be superior in that which immediately precedes it, where Mars is described as driving in all his terrors to the battle. This certainly excels, in imagery, its prototype in the *Ilias*, (v. 298.)

Verse 481.—So when Edonian Boreas wildly raves, &c.

This fine and apt simile belongs appropriately to Virgil. The Edoni were a people of Thrace, and Edonian is here used generally for Thracian.

Verse 515.—But now the son of Iäsus is near,
 Iäpis, most to sovereign Phœbus dear:

The dissertation on the character of Iäpis, by the famous Atterbury, which is inserted by Dr. Warton in his edition of our author, is one of those vague and shadowy things which may amuse the ingenious man in his idleness, but which cannot for a moment arrest the attention of him whose pursuit is truth, and who seeks her as she stands upon the ground and not as she dissolves from his embrace in the rainbow. From the beginning to the end of this essay, to identify Iäpis with Antonius Musa the physician of Augustus, gratuitous assertion supplies the place of evidence; and the prelate cannot find any thing to support his hypothesis, but the single circumstance of the poetic and the historic personage being alike practitioners of the healing art. Antonius Musa recovered Augustus, when he was in Cantabria, from an inflammation of the liver; and Iäpis is here endeavouring, in vain, to extract the shaft from the thigh of Æneas. Can any person, therefore, doubt of the identity of these medical men! This fancy of the bishop of Rochester's is still

more light and baseless than that of the bishop of Gloucester's, which I have noticed in my preface to the sixth book; and its futility cannot be more strongly expressed. Atterbury seems to be one of those many men, who have obtained more celebrity from their contemporaries than has been determined to be their due by the impartial award of posterity. He was certainly a man of talents, and (in a limited sense of the term) a scholar: but for the green laurel, about his brow, he is indebted to the partiality of Swift and of Pope.

Ver. 545.—And culls from Cretan Ida's bloomy brows
The flower of dittany; &c.

On the subject of the dictamnus, or dittany, I will cite a passage from Savary's Letters on Greece (Let. 23.), in which that pleasing and scientific traveller, who has since filled a high character on the theatre of the world, gives a very satisfactory account of this celebrated plant. "Among the medicinal plants of Crete, dittany holds the first rank. It is astonishing how highly the ancients have extolled its virtues. Theophrastus, who gives us the received opinions of his time, says, 'Of all the known plants which the earth has produced, dittany is the most precious.' The father of medicine, the celebrated Hippocrates, ordered an infusion of it to be given in several disorders of women, and especially during the pains of labor. For this reason the statue of Diana was, according to some writers, crowned with dittany. I will not here repeat, with several authors, that the wild goats, when wounded by the arrows of the hunter, freed themselves from them by eating this precious plant; that it possessed the virtue of healing them even when the arrows were poisoned; and that its odor was so powerful as to drive away venomous reptiles, and destroy if it only touched them. These accounts are evidently exaggerated: but, on the other hand, we are possibly too indifferent to the real utility which medicine might derive from this plant. Its leaf is extremely balsamic, and the flower diffuses a delicious fragrance. The inhabitants, at present, apply it with success on many occasions. An infusion of the dried leaf, with a little sugar, yields a liquor more pleasing to the palate, and more finely flavored than tea.

It immediately removes languor of the stomach and restores it after digestion. Dittany is peculiar to Crete, and is to be found in no other country. It grows in the crevices of the rocks, and at the foot of precipices. Pliny has not sufficiently discriminated it in his description. 'Dittany,' says he, 'has slender branches, resembles pennyroyal, and is hot and rough to the taste. Its leaves only are used; it has neither flower, nor seed, nor stalk.' Virgil knew it better; and his description of it is more consistent with truth." With modern botanists its name is *origanum dictense*.

Ver. 592.—Thus when, from bursting constellations hurl'd,
Black tempest traverses the watery world,

This sublime simile was suggested by one in the *Ilias* (J. 275, in Pope's translation, iv. 314.), but it has been greatly ornamented and improved by our Poet. From the circumstance of their rising at the stormy period of the year, certain constellations were supposed to be the causes of the inclement weather, which prevailed during their ascendancy. Hence in our Poet we read of the tempestuous Orion, the watery Kids, and the showery Hyades, whose name is derived from their imaginary connexion with the rain of our atmosphere. In the present instance, to denote the greatness and the suddenness of the storm, the constellation, from which it issues, is said to burst, to give ample room for the magnitude of the eruption, which was an aggregate as it were of all its stores of tempest. This I regard to be the Poet's meaning in the *abrupto sideris*, which I cannot with Heyne, believe to be used simply for *abrupta nube*. It would be difficult, as I conceive, to produce a passage in which *sidus* and *nubes* are employed to express the same idea.

Verse 624.—As the black swallow, &c.

'This apposite simile belongs entirely to our Poet.

Verse 689.—As, fierce from adverse quarters, fire invades
The grove, &c.

This accumulation of similes is finely poetic. The similes are original only in their combination; as the former of them may be found in the *Ilias* (λ. 155.) and in the *Argonautics* (ι. 1026.); and the latter in a passage, which I have already cited (in a note to the second book) from the *Ilias* (δ. 452.)

Ver. 733.—Now his bright Mother prompts Æneas' mind
To turn his hosts, &c.

This sudden resolution of Æneas, to assail the city, produces a new change in the scene, and accomplishes, by very probable means, the catastrophe of the battle and the poem.

Ver. 775.—So when the shepherd in their rocky cell
Has found the bees, and smoked their citadel; &c.

For this simile Virgil is indebted to Apollonius; who, in the second book of his *Argonautics* (v. 130.) compares the confusion of the routed Bebrycians to that of bees, attacked with smoke in a rock: but from the hand of our Poet, the property, which is thus borrowed, derives much ornament and enhanced value. In the same book also, (v. 88.) Apollonius likens the combat of Amycus and Pollux to that of two bulls, encountering for their favorite helter; and thus precedes Virgil in the simile, which illustrates the fury of the single fight between Æneas and Turnus. In this last instance, however, there is no pretence of competition between the sketch of the Greek poet and the finished and terrific painting of the Roman.

Ver. 795.—And, eager to resign detested breath,
Ties to a lofty beam the knot of hideous death.

Trapp observes on this mode of death by which Amata finishes her career, "This is an ugly death for a queen; and I wish

Virgil had sent her out of the world another way." But Virgil was not, perhaps, solicitous for the honor of a woman, whose violent opposition to her husband and the gods had plunged her family and her country into such an abyss of woes. It must be observed also that hanging was not an infamous mode of death in the heroic ages; and that it seems to have been in peculiar request with the ladies of that period; Deianira, Clitè, Epicaste, Phædra, Phillis, Anticlea, and other illustrious females having despatched themselves by suspension.

Ver. 813.—When the breeze, fraught with blind and shapeless fears,
 Wafts a dread murmur on his boding ears;

There is something peculiarly striking and fine in this *illatabile murmur*, these confused and indistinct sounds of distress which, borne to the distant ears of Turnus, alarm him in the midst of his imaginary triumph, and at once check his career. Why some of the translators should introduce Sages with an arrow sticking in his face; and why Dr. Warton, in a note on the passage, should point out to us the beauty of such an image, I cannot affect to conjecture—*adversa sagittâ Saucius ora*, wounded in the face by an arrow, is all that Virgil says upon the subject. *Adversa* can mean only that the face was fully opposed to the flight of the shaft.

Verse 849.—And is it thus,—thus terrible to die?

Usque adeone mori miserum est?

When the execrable Nero, deserted by all the world, was debating, in the last exigencies of his fallen fortune, on the measures to be pursued by him as the means of safety, one of the by-standers, as Suetonius informs us, repeated aloud this question of the Rutulian hero's in his distress. But it was long before the tyrant, as cowardly as he was cruel, could prevail on himself to profit by the hint.

Verse 899.—As when, from some high mountain's forehead rent,
A rock precipitates with fierce descent : &c.

In the thirteenth book of the *Ilias*, Hector rushing upon the Grecian phalanx is compared to a rock bounding from the summit of a mountain, and bearing all before it in its course to the plain: and if any thing can excel, in poetic representation, the rock of Virgil, it is that of the Grecian bard. It will be found in the original in *v.* 137, and I will gratify my English readers with it in its admirable translation by Pope.

As from some mountain's craggy forehead torn,
A rock's round fragment flies with fury borne;
(Which from the stubborn stone a torrent rends,)
Precipitate the ponderous mass descends:
From steep to steep the rolling ruin bounds:
At every shock the crackling wood resounds.
Still gathering force, it smokes; and, urged amain,
Whirls, leaps, and thunders down, impetuous to the plain:
There stops.—So Hector, &c.

There is also a fine imitation of this simile by Tasso, in the eighteenth book and 82d stanza, to which I shall content myself with thus directing the attention of the reader.

Verse 923.—Towering in high supremacy of state,
He seems like Athos, or like Eryx great: &c.

This description of the hero, leaving the city which was just in his possession, and, on the demand of personal glory, towering in his pride as he rushed to the decision of the single combat with his adversary, is certainly very noble and sublime. In the *Ilias* (*v.* 754.) Hector, with his white plumage, is compared to a snowy mountain: but in the passage under our review, the specification of the mountains wonderfully enlarges the idea; and the image of Apennine, shaking his forests and exulting in his snowy head, is particularly magnificent and

grand. The agitation also of the woods counteracts the idea of quiescency which would otherwise be attached to the immovability of a mountain. Milton's imitation of this Virgilian imagery in the fourth book of his *Paradise Lost*, where Satan is represented standing,

Like Teneriff or Atlas unremoved,

is too generally known to require its being pointed out.

Ver. 958.—To prove the event that shall the fight betide;
Whose scale shall mount, whose, charged with
death, subside.

In the last of these two lines, I have not given, as I will confess, the precise translation of my original: for I feel assured that Virgil intended to express in this whole line only the sinking of the scale which contained the fates of the unfortunate combatant. I cannot persuade myself that *Quem damnet labor* ought to be understood otherwise than according to the obvious meaning of the words: "Of whom the labor shall be fatal; and which scale shall sink under the weight of death." It is not unusual for our Poet to express the same idea in two different forms, when from the last of them it will acquire strength: and we ought not in any instance to exchange the plain meaning, which is under our hands, for one which is to be laboriously and circuitously obtained. I am not surprised at the interpretation of this passage by Servius; *Quem damnet labor*—"Whom his successful labor shall oblige to the discharge of his vows:" for in numerous instances Servius blunders strangely in the explanation of his author; and, blind to what is under his eyes, sees what is invisible to every person excepting himself; but I am astonished that he should be followed in the present case by Trapp, who is generally the critic of common sense. My translation, however, is innocently wrong, as it does not betray the general meaning of my author. Dryden adopts Servius's interpretation, and supports it with the old commentator's arguments; and Pitt, as usual, treads in the steps of Dryden.

Verse 1040.—Meanwhile to Juno,

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Spake heaven's great Lord :

Nothing can be more artificially and happily interposed, at this crisis of the poem, than this conference between the two Potentates of Olympus. No footstep of Troy was discoverable in the language or the manners of Rome; and this circumstance would naturally be objected as a strong argument against her Trojan parentage; for surely it was improbable that the conquering and the more civilized people should be so entirely lost, amid the conquered and the more rude, as not to survive and be visible in some at least of her arts, her laws, or her more polished dialect. To account for this unexampled event, the chiefs of the gods are here introduced, and the name and the memorial of Troy are finally abandoned to the implacable enmity of Juno. The heroic leader, indeed, of Troy is to be deified; and her exiled sons are to be safe, to flourish, to reign, to be the remote founders of an universal and eternal empire: but Troy is to exist only as she is blended with Latium, and the common offspring of the two nations is to be entirely Latin in language, dress, and customs. Every trace in short of the renowned Phrygian city and people is to be so blotted from the earth as to be sought for in vain by the investigating eye; and this is to be in consequence of the resentment of the queen of the gods—*sævæ memorem Junonis ob iram*, which was proposed in the exordium of the poem as the cause of the perplexities of its action. Juno triumphs finally over the city of Dardanus, though Æneas, under the shield of Fate, plants the germ of Rome, and becomes the progenitor of her Cæsars. An example of the same skilful management had already been given by Homer, in the seventh book of the *Ilias*, to account for the entire disappearance of the Grecian fortifications; and Milton with equal judgment, in the eleventh book of his immortal epic, has contrived to prevent our inquiries for the Paradise of Eden.

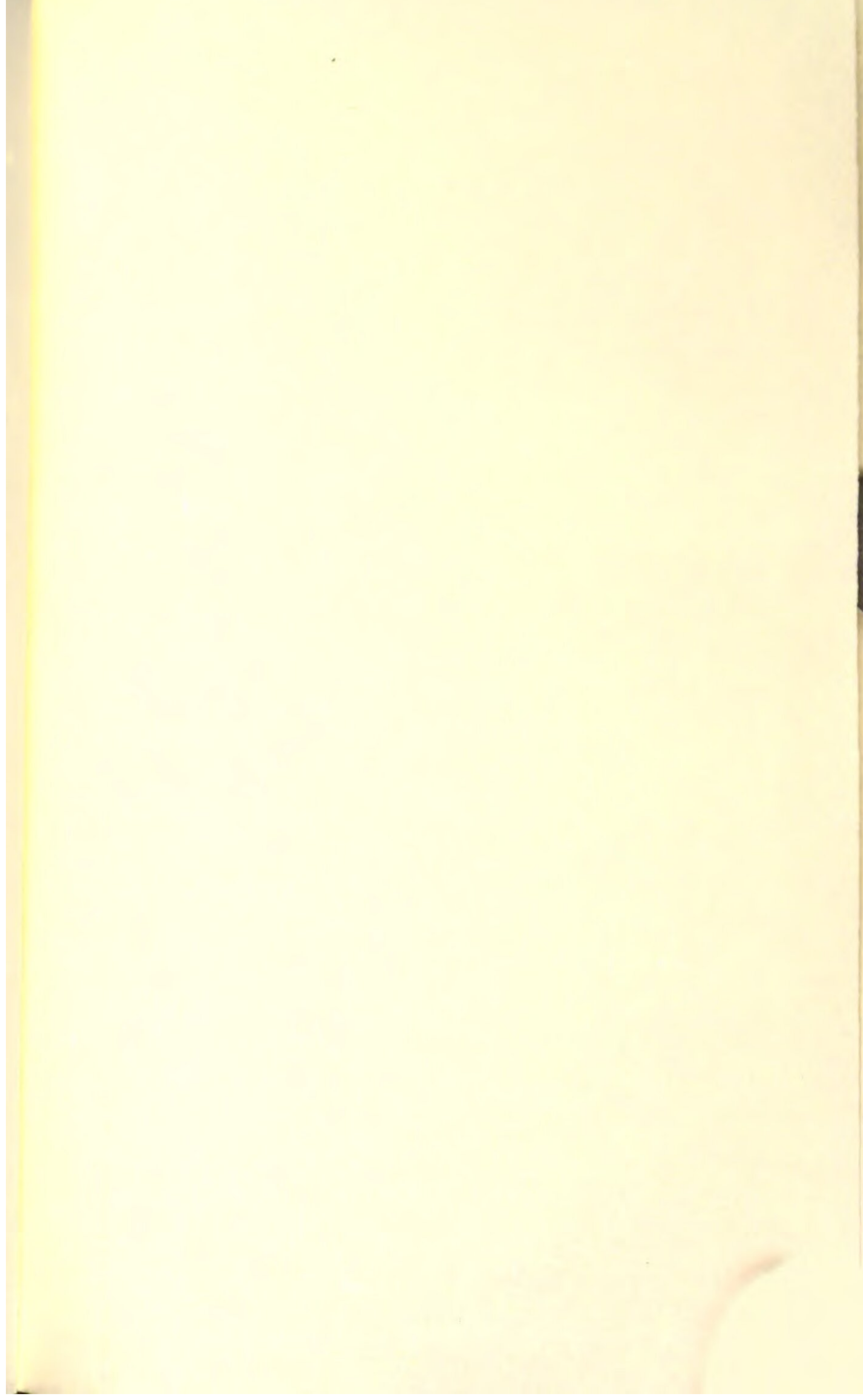
Ver. 1253.—And the soul, groaning, springs in rage to night.

If we should be shocked by this act of a hero's plunging his sword into the bosom of a suppliant enemy, we must recollect the sentiments of those times to which the act is referred: and we must not forget the source from which our own greater softness of heart, and our more benignant as well as more pure system of morality are derived. Before the promulgation of the Gospel, revenge was one of the foremost virtues in the popular code of morals, and the death of the enemy, by whom he had fallen, was regarded as the most grateful offering to the Manes of the slaughtered hero. In the present instance, the death of Turnus had been especially demanded from the hand of Æneas, by his host and friend, the father of Pallas; and, after all, the hero would have extended mercy, if his rage had not been suddenly inflamed by the sight of his friend's spoils insultingly worn as a trophy by his victor. We must, likewise, remember that this friend had been particularly confided to Æneas by the fond and anxious father; and that the youth had been slain, with circumstances of great aggravation, by a man of much superior force, who seeks the combat with animosity; who wishes that the father were present to witness the fall of the son; and who engages with a consciousness of that disproportioned power which assures him of the victory. It was, in fact, a revengeful murder, rather than the fair slaughter of an enemy.

The action of the *Æneis* is now complete; and the poem is drawn to a perfect end, as it has proceeded from a satisfactory beginning, and passed through a connected middle. Its body of information, on the subject of which it professes to treat, is whole and entire; and it leaves us nothing, which it may be necessary for us to know, previously to its commencement or subsequently to its close. By the death of Turnus the last obstacle to the establishment of the Trojans in Italy was removed. Amata had before been taken from the scene; and Juno had just been reconciled to the consummation, which she had hitherto opposed. The scheme of the Fates is accomplished;—the great catastrophe of the drama has been effected, and all the interest of the piece is now finally terminated. Any con-

tinuation of the *Æneis* indeed, even by the hand of its mighty author, must necessarily have languished, and been at most a beautiful superfluity. For what could properly have been made the subject of a thirteenth book? Would it be satisfactory to us to see the walls of the new colony ascend? to view the aged Latinus, humbled by defeat and broken by afflictions, brought to the embrace of his son-in-law and victor? to behold Lavinia, stained with tears for the loss of her mother and her lover, given to the man who had won her with his sword; who had been the cause of all her misfortunes; and whose hands were still red with the blood which had been most dear to her? All this we know must inevitably happen; and the certainty of our knowledge in this respect is all that is requisite for the integrity of the action of the poem. If the events themselves had been shown to us in their state of actual occurrence, the exhibition would have tired us with its impertinence, and hurt our feelings with its impropriety. I could easily dilate upon this subject; and I could also advance something on the last and supernumerary book of the *Odyssey*; a poem which ought to have terminated, and which possibly, as it came from the hand of its author, did terminate, with the hero reposing in his own recovered palace, and in the arms of his faithful consort. On all these topics I could say something; and, indeed, am tempted to say much. But the subject has been amply treated by other critics: and my readers, patient as they may have been, must at length be desirous of my valediction. I will now then take leave of them; and, if I could hope that they would be kind at my request, I would address them with the Roman dramatist's final and emphatic

PLAUDITE!



Vergilius Maro, Publius, v70-v19

The Aeneis of Virgil

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